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TRANSACTIONS AND REPORTS

OF THE

NEBRASKA

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, January 1, 1892.

To the Hon. John M. Thayer, Governor of Nebraska:

SIR:—In accordance with the provisions of law we herewith submit our report of the proceedings of the State Historical Society for the past four years.

Very respectfully,

J. STERLING MORTON,
President.

HOWARD W. CALDWELL,
Secretary.

I.—HISTORICAL PAPERS.

AMERICAN STATE LEGISLATURES.

By Albert Watkins.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 15, 1890.]

The convention which lately formed the constitution of North Dakota was nearly equally divided on the question of departing from the rule of all states of the union in providing for a single instead of a dual legislative body. This action suggests an inquiry into the reasons for thus dividing legislatures, especially where there is no appreciable difference in the composition of the two houses, as in the case of the Nebraska legislature. I give notice at the outset that the object or expectation of the inquiry is rather to show that the dual system is more a clumsy mechanical device of the people to hinder business which their creatures, the legislatures, are created to do, than an undertaking to prove that this arbitrary, clumsy device could be now advantageously or safely abolished.

I am not, however, so much appalled at the unanimous facts of forty-two dual legislatures *in esse* which confront me, as the average prudence would have me be, when I consider how far and how largely we are ruled by habit and prejudice and what average legislatures ought to be rather than what they are. I think a strong case may be made against the legislative house divided against itself that the purpose of its being a house at all may fall, in view of the considerations as to what legislatures ought to be and might be made to do by intelligent selection of their members and proper constitutional and parliamentary restraint.

The composition of the two houses of the Nebraska legislature is the same in every particular except the unimportant ones that the upper house is furnished with an ex-officio presiding officer, and that the districts from which the senators and representatives are sent are not strictly identical. But in general senators and representatives may be classified in groups by counties. Moreover members of both houses are elected at the same time for the same term, receive the

same pay and are made unlike only by dividing them into unequal bodies and christening them with different names, before requiring them to perform precisely the same legislative duties in form and in fact.

None of the reasons which led to the invention of the dual system applies to the separation of the Nebraska legislature. Continued adherence to the dual system in the absence of the inherent difference in the composition of the two houses, which originally caused and justified separate organization and action, must be explained as a merely arbitrary clog to the operation of representative bodies. The plan seems to be an illogical, though possibly to some extent an effective attempt to prevent legislatures from doing those things which they ought not to do, by throwing obstructions in the way of their doing those things they ought to do, and which they are created to do. Twelve states, namely, Georgia, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee and Vermont are like Nebraska in having the terms of the members of the two houses equal. In all other states the terms of members of the upper house are double those of the lower, except New Jersey, which elects senators for three years and representatives for one year; in Connecticut and New York the terms are respectively two years and one year; in all the rest in question, four years and two years. These last states referred to conform to one only of the main reasons given by constitutional writers for separating legislatures into two houses, namely, that by giving members of the upper house a term double that of the lower house, the former will bring greater experience to their duties and at least half of the members of one house in any legislature will have had the experience of one session. The thirteen states named fall short of supplying this reason for division. But the same results could be secured if desirable by re-electing such members of the single house as show themselves trustworthy and efficient in their first session. But as the dual legislature can only be defended as the result of distrust by the people of their chosen representatives, so the same distrust of their own political work would make them question their ability to re-elect deserving members so as to profit by their experience.

Our federal and state legislatures were modeled in respect to the

two houses after the British constitution. The house of lords was a result or development of the great struggle of the feudal barons between themselves and also more or less in common against the crown, which resulted in the establishment and recognition of the monarchy on the one hand, and certain powers, among them legislative functions, on the part of the nobility, ecclesiastic and lay, which came to constitute the peers or upper house of parliament. Their original function was to formally consent to the levying of taxes on their domains by the king. The commons were summoned to parliament first in the thirteenth century when the increasing wealth of the cities and boroughs excited the covetousness of the crown and the increasing spirit of independence which received a great impetus from the great charter, rendered it discreet to obtain formal consent to taxation on their property from the commons as well as from the insubordinate nobility. At the first the functions of the commons were to consent to taxation and to petition for redress of grievances. The crown formulated and executed the laws. The parliament simply suggested such measures as they thought desirable. In our day the process is reversed; the executive formally suggesting to the legislatures such laws as he thinks should pass; and his suggestions to his parliaments are probably oftener barren than were the like suggestions of the parliaments to the executive in those early times.

While the commons and the lords for a century sat in the same hall, Westminster, they always voted separately, and finally, in the reign of Edward III, they occupied separate halls. Previous to the French revolution we find the legislative body of France, which was the best example of the development of the feudal system, divided into two houses, the nobility, spiritual and lay, and the commons.

Hamilton, who was essentially a monarchist of the English type, in spirit, used the self-same arguments for the provision for a senate in the federal constitution which had been for several centuries used in defense of the English house of lords.

To Hamilton the chief task in constructing the new constitution, ostensibly for a popular government, was to protect the government against the people. His idea in this regard was the idea somewhat modified which had sustained or justified despotic government of the world, with here and there an exception, throughout history. In the Federalist he sets forth at length the supposed necessity of a check

on the functions of a representative legislative body. Thus: "There are particular moments in public affairs when the people stimulated by some irregular passion or some illicit advantage or misled by the artful misrepresentations of interested men, may call for measures which they themselves will be most likely to condemn. In these critical moments how salutary will be the interference of some temperate and respectable body of citizens, in order to check the misguided career and to suspend the blow meditated by the people against themselves, until reason, justice and truth can regain their authority over the public mind. What bitter anguish would not the people of Athens have often avoided if their governments had so provided a safeguard (as an aditional body in the legislative department) against the tyranny of their own passions? Popular liberty might then have escaped the indelible reproach of decreeing to the same citizens the hemlock on one day and statues on the next. It adds no small weight to these considerations to recollect that history informs us of no long-lived republic which had not a senate. Sparta, Rome and Carthage are in fact the only states to which that character can be applied. In each of the two first there was a senate for life. The constitution of the senate in the last is less known. It is at least certain that it had some quality or other which rendered it an anchor against the popular fluctuations and that a smaller council drawn out of the senate was appointed not only for life but filled up vacancies itself. Liberty may be endangered by the abuses of liberty as well as the abuses of power; there are numerous instances of the former as well as the latter, and the former rather than the latter is most to be apprehended by the United States.

"In republican governments the legislative authority necessarily predominates. The remedy for this inconveniency is to divide the legislature into different branches and to render them by different modes of election and different principles of action as little connected with each other as the nature of their common functions and their common dependence on the society will admit.

"Another defect to be supplied by the senate lies in the want of due acquaintance with the objects and principles of legislation. It is not possible that an assembly of men called for the most part from pursuits of a private nature, continued in appointment for a short time, should, if left wholly to themselves, escape a variety of errors.

"The instability of the public councils arising from the rapid succession of new members, however qualified they may be, points out in the strongest manner the necessity of some stable institution in the government. To trace the mischievous effects of an unstable government would fill a volume."

But the senates of Nebraska and of the twelve other states named being of equal terms and chosen at the same elections and by the same modes from virtually identical constituencies fulfill none of the purposes of a second or upper house cited by Hamilton.

As for the contention that no republic without a senate or second house has been long-lived—that is scarcely applicable to modern conditions. The fact that our states differ from all those cited in illustration of this point, in having written and firmly established fundamental laws or constitutions as a barrier against hasty and radical legislation all but destroys the force of the argument, and the radically different conditions of our society as compared with any other which has ever attempted republican government completes the destruction.

Moreover the distinction between the republics, so called, of Athens and Sparta, in respect to their duration is of no practical importance. If Sparta, beginning with the Lycurgan establishment of government may be said to have lived 500 years, Athens from the time of Solon lived about 400 years. Neither had a regular or steady republican government; the modern well defined system of representative bodies existed in neither. One of the legislative bodies of Athens consisted of a popular assembly which would be fatal to order or stability in our day even in our country; and on the other hand the Spartan government was not republican at all, for the popular assembly, composed of all citizens thirty years old and upwards, had only a veto power. It could reject the measures of the senate but could initiate none. Moreover during a portion of Sparta's existence the Ephors, five in number, governed the republic with despotic power. If, after having reached under a more popular government than that of Sparta, a development in art, literature and philosophy unrivalled in previous history, and which inform the art, literature and philosophy of our own times, Athens was at last overcome by the superior brute force of Sparta, it was only to be followed to political oblivion by her destroyer a short hundred years later.

Republican Rome, like the later imperial Rome, was always on the border, or in the midst of disorder and revolution. At times the consuls proposed all laws which the senate might enact, and practically governed with despotic power. Again, the tribunes of the people or plebians were virtually the law makers and more or less absolute rulers of the republic. But the senators, irresponsible to the people, illustrated the conclusion to which enlightened reason would lead us by becoming distinguished more than for anything else as the frequent tools of ambitious military usurpers of the government or other conspirators against such semblance of popular liberty as Rome enjoyed. There is much more reason to believe that a single representative legislature, chosen by the people, unhampered and uncorrupted by the senate for life, depository of vice and defiance of popular rights, would have given Rome a free and stable government longer than she enjoyed the uncertain and capricious pretense of republican liberty by the help of an unrepublican senate, or even appreciably longer than the people of Athens maintained a real republic.

President John Adams passionately cites the career of the Italian republics of the middle ages as examples of the fatal effects of single legislatures, and Chancellor Kent singularly enough quotes this irrelevant nonsense with approval to sustain his own views in the Commentaries. I need scarcely refer to the general incapacity of the Latin race for self-government and to the particular sterility of the middle age Italian soil for real republicanism in support of this stricture. By parity of reasoning we might convince John Adams and Chancellor Kent that whereas the Christian religion of the Italian republics and of their time, ere it had become permeated, enlightened and humanized by the revival and spread of the old Greek culture, is known to us and to history chiefly as a machine for human butchery, therefore the Christianity of our day is bad and ought to be abolished.

Justice Story advocates the division of legislative bodies because it secures a deliberate review of the same measures by independent minds in different branches of the government and organized upon a different system of elections; because it affords great security to public liberty by requiring the co-operation of different bodies which can scarcely ever embrace the same sectional or local interests in the

same proportion as a single body. "The value of such a separate organization will of course be greatly enhanced the more the elements of which each body is composed differ from each other in the mode of choice in the qualifications and in the duration of office of the members."

"There should be dissimilarity in the genius of the two bodies to prevent sudden passion."

"The senate must be less numerous than the house and have a proper, that is, longer term of office. Better acquaintance with legislation through longer terms would prevent mutability in public councils and would keep alive a sense of national character." This sense of national character perhaps was not foreseen by Mr. Story to be a sense that everybody is a millionaire, or at least that all senators are millionaires; that nobody who is not a millionaire can be a senator, and that if anybody is only a millionaire and nothing more, he is eligible to the senate and very likely to get there if he wants to. To this complexion of a plutocracy of commonplaces, has this senate come at last; conceived as it was by an avowed aristocratic monarchist and hater of popular government (Hamilton) and so chosen in that undemocratic way by the legislatures as would insure its degradation and growing condemnation by the people. Story repeats Hamilton's irrelevant imaginings about Rome, Sparta and Carthage and in substance much more of his obsolete undemocratic conjuring.

Chancellor Kent's arguments for the dual houses are in substance a copy of Hamilton's and Story's, based on the assumption that popular government is dangerous and ought to be hampered and emasculated as much as possible.

If we examine into the organization of the legislative bodies of European states we find almost universally illustrated the proposition that the second or upper house is established not for the influence the mere duplication or division of the legislature has on legislation, but to keep the titled, aristocratic and hereditary sheep separate from the ephemeral plebeian goats. Where the upper house is not composed of nobles or other aristocrats with hereditary privileges, among which is their right to seats in the legislature, then the members are distinguished from those of the lower house by the greater length of their terms, difference in mode of election, or other devices for secur-

ing greater experience and less direct relation to the popular sentiment. The senate of the French republic, for example, is composed of 225 members, chosen for nine years by the departments, and seventy-five life members.

The general legislature of Austro-Hungary consists of 120 delegates, sixty chosen annually by the Hungarian diet, and sixty by the Austrian reichsrath—forty by the lower and twenty by the upper house respectively.

The Austrian legislature consists of a house of lords composed of hereditary nobles and prelates and an unlimited number of life members appointed by the emperor; and a house of deputies of members chosen by the provincial diets for six years. Even the provincial diets are composed of two classes—archbishops and bishops, and delegates elected annually.

The Hungarian diet comprises an upper house called the "table of magistrates," which has the formidable composition of three archdukes, thirty-one archbishops and church dignitaries, twelve imperial banner-bearers, fifty-seven presidents of counties, 219 counts, eighty barons and three regalists. The table of deputies or lower house is composed of 444 members, elected for three years, and which meets annually. Verily this legislature is after Hamilton's own heart, "so broken into different branches as to render them by different modes of election and different principles of action as little connected with each other," etc.

The Prussian landtag or house of lords is composed of noble heads of chapters, heads of universities, burgomasters of towns of 50,000 people, and unlimited members appointed by the king for life or a definite time. The house of deputies has 432 members elected for three years. The provincial assemblies merely apportion taxes; they cannot originate measures.

Bavaria's upper house or reichsrath comprises nobles, prelates and other members appointed at pleasure by the crown. The lower house is composed of deputies selected by electors chosen by the people.

The "storthing" of Norway is composed of members elected by deputies: one for every fifty inhabitants of towns, and one for every 100 inhabitants in rural districts. These deputies choose the members of the storthing from themselves or other qualified voters. This

legislature is then arbitrarily divided into two houses in the ratio of three to one and they have annual sessions.

In Sweden the upper house is chosen by electors for nine years. The members must own real estate to the amount of 80,000 riks dollars. They receive no salary. The members of the lower house must own property amounting to 1,000 riks dollars. They receive salaries (1,200 riks dollars.) The legislature has annual sessions which may last four months.

Some of the cantons of Switzerland are governed by popular assemblies; others by a grand council, which in turn choses a "little council" for an executive. In many of these cantons legislation may be referred to the people, who exercise a veto power.

The senate of the Dominion of Canada is appointed by the governor-general on the recommendation of the privy council. The upper house of the local legislature of the province of Quebec is composed of twenty-four life members appointed by the executive. Ontario (province) has a single legislative body of eighty-eight members, elected by the people and to whom the executive council is responsible. Nova Scotia has an upper legislative house of twenty-one members, appointed by the executive for life. In New Brunswick a like life council of fifteen members constitutes the upper house.

Thus the local or provincial legislative bodies of the principal countries of Europe and North America have upper houses or senates radically different in composition and organization from their respective lower houses. Where the legislature is composed of two houses, this rule is without exception, save in the case of Norway and the states of our union.

Since the foregoing was written I find that Bryce, in the *American Commonwealth*, explains the origin and existence of the dual system in our state legislatures as I have done, thus: "An American state legislature always consists of two houses. The origin of this very interesting feature is to be sought rather in history than in theory. It is due partly to the fact that in some colonies there had existed a small governor's council in addition to the small representative body, partly to a natural disposition to imitate the mother country with its lords and commons. Now, however, the need of two chambers has become an axiom of political science, being based on the belief that

the innate tendency of an assembly to become hasty, tyrannical and corrupt needs to be checked by the co-existence of another house of equal authority." This reason is equivalent to that given to the writer hereof by one of the committee of five who made the first constitution of Nebraska. He said that there were some suggestions made in this committee in favor of a single legislative body, but they were not considered as of much weight or importance, for the reason that in his Carlylean opinion members of the legislature did not materially differ from the rest of mankind in being mostly fools, and that the natural, or rather humanly natural, jealousy and opposition between the two divisions of fools was necessary to hinder as much as possible the naturally mischievous antics of fools. This seems to be the somewhat exaggerated gist of the defense of the division of state legislatures on the Nebraska plan. It also drives the thoughtful citizen to search for a remedy for this most unfortunate state of affairs. In pointing the way to this conclusion I have fulfilled the chief object of this paper. To point out the means of reform whose great necessity is suggested by the conclusion, by our knowledge of the distrust and even contempt with which state legislatures are popularly regarded, is the greater task. It is easy to concede that virtue brings happiness, but no man has been able to put in practical operation a device to make ordinary men embrace this virtue, much less members of our state legislatures. The constitution of Vermont rises theoretically to the demands of the situation in this provision: "The house of representatives of the freemen of this state shall consist of persons most noted for wisdom and virtue." I am inclined to the opinion that there was real virtue in this demand, which, in juxtaposition with the facts here stated would be taken as a jest in the Nebraska constitution, for Vermont held to the single legislative body for fifty years, or until 1836. I dissent from the Carlylean estimate of humanity to the extent of holding that if this provision of the Vermont constitution were acted upon by the people of the several states in choosing members of the legislature the dual system and the principal evils of legislatures, of which the dual system is a sign, would be abolished together.

It is a noticeable fact that the most important recent discussions of our state legislatures and legislation appear in English publications—that of Mr. Bryce in the *American Commonwealth*, and that of Dr. Shaw

in the *Contemporary Review*, the data of the one evidently gathered largely from the other. Most of the facts I have here cited relative to the organization of legislatures I had collected by an examination of the constitutions of the several states before finding that many of them were set forth in the *Commonwealth*.

I am not prepared to admit that the fact that our states all adhere to the double house system is a conclusive argument that it is a necessary or a better system than the single house would prove if it were fairly tried. It has not been fairly tried. The experience of Pennsylvania and Georgia for a brief period many years ago followed by a change to the dual system does not prove the impracticability of the single plan any more than the adherence of Vermont to the single plan for fifty years in the same early times proves its superiority. The rash and sudden passage of measures by a single legislature could be guarded against by requiring their consideration at any three different times with wide intervals. The prompt passage by the Nebraska house of representatives in 1885 of an appropriation to reward the slayers of Griffin in the notorious treasury robbery fiasco, may be pointed to as an example of the dangers of a single house, yet it might be replied that proper restriction would have prevented the final passage of the appropriation until the better and cooler public opinion had become effective to bar it altogether. On the other hand the stupid, arbitrary and very hurtful hindrance of public business and defeat of important and needful measures by a combination of only 18 members of the Nebraska senate of 1889 could not have been perpetrated if the little easily packed senate had been merged with the house, making a single body too large and diverse for successful combination or manipulation, and where all members would have the benefit of the discussion of all measures. While it is certain that the merging of the two houses of the Nebraska legislature would save upwards of $30,000 in expenses biennially, it is by no means certain that it would not biennially save the defeat of many good measures or secure the more thorough investigation and understanding of all measures. While occasionally a rash measure might pass the single house, which would be arrested in the time-consuming routine machinery of the second house, yet I am not rash enough to believe that in general the people's best judgment and real interests might not be better and oftener represented

in the statutes and less often defeated by sinister combinations and influences under the single than under the dual system. Hamilton was chiefly solicitous to conserve the interests of the aristocratic class from the vulgar hands of the mistrusted people by the conservative non-popular senate. Does not much of the fear for the rashness of the single legislature rest upon a like solicitude for the peculiar interests of corporative combinations which confront the popular interests and will in every legislature?

The people of France when they rose to the mighty task of overthrowing, so as never to rise again, the intolerably brutal and despotic feudalism of 1,000 years' growth—the most daring if not the most momentous stroke for liberty in modern times—intuitively insisted on a single legislative assembly for the work. A divided chamber could not have done that heoric work. The doomed king shrewdly sent his messenger to order the vulgar commons to disperse and return to their separate chamber. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have heard the orders of the king." "Yes," said the president, "and I am now about to take the orders of the assembly." The orders of that single assembly annihilated the titled brutes that for ten centuries had ridden through their lives of riotous luxury on men as their beasts of burden.

The first and at the first the all-important provisions found in our state constitutions are heroic declarations against all manner of possible trespass on popular rights by the executive. Now these bulwarks against one man power are followed and superseded by others against the encroachments of the people through their representatives. These are interesting evidences of the growth and change of institutions and public opinion. Dr. Shaw points with approval to the minute directions and prohibitions for the guidance and restriction of legislatures which are increasing in our constitutions. The constitution of California with 27,000 words is phenomenal in this regard, but that of the just formed state of Washington with 20,000 is much longer than the constitutions of the older states, though most of these have been much lengthened by the addition of minute provisions, many of them in the nature of legislative enactments.

Bryce's remedy, consisting of choosing members without reference to localities, so as to have districts free to send peculiarly fit men to the legislature, is so repugnant to our well settled notions of local

government, involving the strictest plan of local representation, as to be impracticable.

The veto power of the executive originally exercised in only one state, Massachusetts, but now in all but four, is apparently a salutary corrective of legislative error.

The general provisions in state constitutions against special legislation and restricting indebtedness are proper and valuable. The state of Iowa was one of the earliest and most radical in this regard, the limit of indebtedness being $100,000. The Washington constitution fixes the limit at $400,000—unless extended by a vote of the people. This state also prohibits the voting of subsidies for railways or any other similar purposes whatever; prohibits the issuing of railway passes to, or their use by, public officers, and provides that corporate property shall be taxed by the same mode and plan as private property; provides that no county officer shall be eligible to office for more than two terms in succession, and that the legislature shall pass maximum freight and passenger rates for railway companies.

The constitution of North Dakota is surcharged with provisions in the nature of mere statutory enactments which swell the instrument to the enormous proportions of 28,500 words. It locates in detail the state public institutions, thirteen in number; in a lengthy section prohibits the governor from using his official influence or promise to affect legislation, and from menacing members with threats of the veto power, prescribing severe penalties. It contains an enactment against trusts and combinations; prohibits child labor; provides that "the public schools shall instruct in those branches of knowledge which tend to impress upon the mind the vital importance of truthfulness, temperance, purity, public spirit, and respect for honest labor of every kind." The modern Shakespeare would find sermons enough in constitutions without looking for them in stones. We find in this prolific instrument also the exchange of "black lists" between corporations prohibited; state indebtedness limited to $200,000; strict limitations of county and municipal indebtedness, and prohibition of the giving of donations or bonuses to corporations or individuals by counties or municipalities. While Doctor Shaw approves of these voluminous constitutional enactments because they restrict so much the power and scope of the legislature, yet judged by Judge Cooley's conception of the true character of a constitution,

fully one-half of the stuffing of the North Dakota constitution would have to be eliminated. That eminent jurist says: "But since, while constitutional provisions are in force, they are to remain absolute and unchangeable rules of action and decision, it is obvious that they should not be made to embrace within their iron grasp those subjects in regard to which the policy or interest of the state or of its people may vary from time to time, and which are, therefore, more properly left to the control of the legislature, which can more easily and speedily make the required change. A constitution is not the cause but consequence of personal and political freedom; it grants no rights to the people, but is the creature of their power; the instrument of their convenience. It is but the framework of the political government and necessarily based upon the pre-existing condition of laws, rights, and habits of thought. These instruments measure the power of the rulers, but they do not measure the rights of the governed. It is easier to tell what a constitution is not than what it is." This last remark was made before the constitutions of California and North Dakota.

But the jurist to the contrary notwithstanding, the decided tendency of the people to legislate directly for themselves as shown in these constitutions, illustrates, just as does the division of homogeneous legislatures, the distrust of the people in their representative bodies.

The common bribery of legislatures by various combinations and corporations to violate the popular will probably justifies the growing tendency of the people to give minute orders in state constitutions relative to the control of such combinations. I am inclined to think that these minute provisions of constitutions have come to stay, as a logical development and not as a fad, even as Justice Cooley himself is now the official defender of the principle of minute control of corporations, the advocacy of which a short ten years ago won the stigma of a demagogue, which was the crushing and only answer. Two things done will lead to great improvement of the character and work of state legislatures, viz: the settlement as definitely as possible of the question of legislative control of corporations, and the overthrow of the spoils system in parties. The first will destroy or weaken the motive of the venal and characterless men for getting

into the legislatures and their means of getting there. The latter, by weakening party ties, will open the way for better men into legislatures, will inspire them with the willingness, if not the ambition to get there, and will give freer play to those members who are of good inclinations, and so a vastly increased advantage over the bad. Mr. Bryce says: "The best men in both parties support the civil service commission, the worst men would gladly get rid of it." I would modify this somewhat by saying: "The most thoughtful men are coming to support it, the most thoughtless oppose it."

There is a crying need for the scholar in politics and other independent and thinking men to leaven the sordid legislative lump. Doubling the term of Nebraska's senators would at least give some logical reason for their existence. Longer sessions of the state legislatures instead of the short limit, which is the tendency of the later constitutions, would doubtless be beneficial in securing more deliberate and careful work. One of the authors named herein maintains that there is a tendency toward longer sessions and cites in proof the cases of Nebraska and Colorado, where these sessions have been lengthened respectively from forty to sixty days and from forty to ninety days. But this does not hold good when it is considered that twenty-six of the states now limit the sessions; and in the constitutions of all four of the states just admitted the limit is not only made but confined to sixty days.

The Wisconsin plan of unlimited sessions and a salary of $500 for members would seem to be more rational than the prevailing tendency toward limited short sessions.

Another illustration of the distrust of and the tendency to muzzle legislatures is the fact that up to 1830 in no states were judges elected by the popular vote. Now only the legislatures of Rhode Island, New Jersey, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia elect judges, and these of the supreme and appellate courts.

When these restrictions are made as complete and comprehensive as they reasonably can be made; when the quality of membership of the legislature is so greatly improved as a reasonably intelligent and honest selection would improve it; and when the initiative to legislation shall be placed more in the hands of expert boards, such as boards of charities and reform, bureaus of statistics and industries,

of education, etc., then the need of the dual house artificial clog to the exercise of the definite powers and duties of the legislature, if it exist now, will be lessened or abolished. And these practical reforms only will still the all but universal cry: "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, or for some Buddhistic Nirvana where the wicked legislatures cease from troubling and the weary people are at rest—from them."

POLITICAL SCIENCE IN AMERICAN STATE UNIVERSITIES.

By Amos G. Warner.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 9, 1889.]

It has been said that students are apt to think too little of the amount that they do not know—to underestimate the extent of their ignorance. This is not true of students only but of mankind in general. Many have seen the ignorance of others and desired to educate them. The heads of paternal governments have desired to educate their subjects to obey. The infallible head of a world church has desired to educate all mankind to believe what he taught. The rich have desired to educate the poor to be contented and happy. The upper classes, whether political or industrial, have been anxious to educate the lower classes into the belief that "whatever is, is right." Philanthropists have sometimes been seized with an eleventh hour desire to educate posterity. And yet, however exceptional it may appear, the American people seem to have said in their hearts: "Go to, we are ignorant, let us educate ourselves."

The conscious need of self education developed early in our history. A university was planned for Virginia before the pilgrims landed in New England, and practical steps were taken to establish one at so early a day that the tenants of its lands were swept off by an Indian massacre. Massachusetts took the practical lead, however, when her great and general court established Harvard college to fit youth "for ye university." In 1660 the colonial assembly of Virginia voted "that for the advance of learning, education of youth, supply of the ministry and promotion of piety, there be land taken upon purchases for a college and free schoole, and that there be, with as much spede as may be convenient, houseing erected thereon for the entertainment of students and schollers." It is not the purpose to follow through the development of our educational system, but merely to note the fact that wherever the American has settled new territory

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he has established new colleges and universities. The ordinance of 1787 which provided for organizing the northwest territory decreed that "means of education should forever be encouraged." Another step was the act of 1863, from which a part of our own endowment comes. This act was passed while, at least for all rhetorical purposes, the guns of the confederacy were shaking the senate chamber at Washington. Andrew D. White notes this fact, and would exalt the calm and confident dignity of this act above the auctioneering by Romans of the land on which Hannibal's soldiers encamped.

So much for American confidence in higher education, and for the willingness of our national and state governments to provide it. As we turn to consider the claims of political science in the curricula of our state universities, I would speak for a moment of European experience in this matter.

In the early part of the present century Germany was recovering from a great humiliation. The armies of Napoleon had swept over her, and when she drew herself together to avenge the insult it was in a humor that must henceforth forbid a German sovereign to keep in pay, as the great Frederic had done, a French corrector of bad verses. With genuine Teutonic thoroughness the work of fortifying the national sentiment was aided by the founding and strengthening of universities. In this work of revivifying German patriotism Barthold Georg Niebuhr, the acknowledged founder of the modern historical school, took an important part. He had been a politician before he had become an historian, and he studied the politics and even the economics of Rome that their lessons might be available in furthering German independence and German unity. Professor Maurenbrecher of Leipzig in reviewing the effects of this attempt to make the history of the past of practical service in dealing with the problems of the present says that for the most part history is not an experimental science, but in this case a chance to experiment occurred. Niebuhr, Droysen, Ranke, and others, by the study of ancient and modern history had concluded that the unity of Germany might be accomplished and most feasibly under the leadership of Prussia. Bismarck experimented and verified the conclusions of the historians.

At least four of the great modern historians, Ranke, Maurenbrecher, Freeman and Seeley, have taken for the subject of their

professional inaugurals, this relation of history to politics. One of the Germans mentioned satirizes those who like ancient history merely because it is ancient, and Seeley says that the only reason for studying the past is to make use of its lessons for guiding us in the present. History is, he says, the gymnasium and the arsenal of the statesman. He even goes so far as to say that the best way to understand the past is to begin by a study of the present. "No doubt," he says, "in that peaceful world of the past you escape all that is most uncomfortable in the present—the bustle, the petty detail, the slovenliness, the vulgarity, the hot discomfort, the bewildering hubbub, the humiliating spites and misconstructions, the ceaseless brawl of objurgation and recrimination, the painfulness of good men hating each other, the perplexingness of wise men flatly contradicting each other, the perpetual sight of failure or of success soon regretted, of good things turning out to have a bad side, of new sores breaking out as fast as the old ones are healed, the laboriousness and littleness of all improvement, and in general the commonness, and dullness, and uneasiness of life. We escape from all this in the past, but after all we escape from it only by an illusion." "Past history," he says, further on, "is a dogmatist, furnishing for every doubt ready made and hackneyed determinations. Present history is a Socrates, knowing nothing, but guiding others to knowledge by suggestive interrogations."

You will doubtless agree with me that Prof. Seeley, for the sake of a sharp antithesis, has somewhat overstated the case against past history; but it would have been hardly possible for him or any man to overstate the importance of the study of present history, the study of present politics and economics. A knowledge of Adam Smith or Mill is now required of all students of modern history at Oxford, and they are asked to trace the economic history of the periods that they especially investigate. At this university is Prof. Freeman, author of the much quoted saying that "history is past politics, and politics present history."

I dwell thus on the connection between history and politics because I speak primarily to an historical association, because "the studies of history and politics mutually aid and vitalize each other," because I feel that in this university the study of history needs to urge no further apology for its existence, and because a very large

share of all that is helpful and progressive in modern political economy has been secured to it by the use of historical method. We are prone to trace great influences to great men, and this, perhaps justifies Maurenbrecher in ascribing to the influence of Niebuhr and his followers not only the modern historical school, but the incentive for the development of comparative jurisprudence and historical economics.

But new and now united Germany is not the only modern nation, as we have seen, whose leaders wished that its people might be strengthened by the influences of colleges and universities. At the beginning of our own national history there stand two party chiefs, one a representative of the south, the other of the north; one a republican, the other a federalist; one the formulator of principles to which a great party still gives allegiance, the other the author of measures and policies whose influence is still powerful; one the author of the declaration of independence, the other the defender and establisher of our constitution. If Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton agreed in nothing else they at least agreed in thinking that education, and education in politics, is essential to intelligent citizenship. Hamilton was a graduate of King's (now Columbia) college, and was a prime mover in establishing the university of New York; Jefferson was from William and Mary's college and was the prime mover in establishing the university of Virginia. Many of the promoters of this institution were themselves graduates of William and Mary, which was the oldest college in the south, and the oldest, except Harvard, in the country. Besides Jefferson, it had graduated Peyton and Beverly Randolph, John Marshall, and given his commission as county surveyor to Washington.

Jefferson was especially anxious that political science should be taught in the university of Virginia, which he was instrumental in founding, and of which he was the first rector. He himself translated a text book from the French to be used for that purpose. I will not give the details of the management and curriculum of this somewhat exceptional foundation, which has been to the south "The University." A study by Wm. P. Trent of the subsequent careers of about 9,000 students who attended it up to the year 1874, the semi-cen-

tennial of its founding, gives the following rather remarkable results:

Members of congress	62
Congress of C. S.	31
Members of state legislatures	348
Judges	167
Generals and brigadier generals, C. S	30
Authors and artists	59
Mayors	22
Consuls and secretaries of legations	11

These figures show what powerful influences flow from our universities, and perhaps the strong tendency to politics is the outcome of the teaching of political science.

Many seem to think that our constitution was given to this country by special inspiration. As a matter of fact it was evolved not only by "the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity," but by careful and scholarly study of the old Greek confederacies, such as the Aetolian and Achaian leagues. Careful notes regarding the constitutions of these old confederacies were found among Washington's papers, he having obtained them from James Madison.

Washington himself supposed that in his will he had made adequate provision for the founding of a national university, and he declared "that the primary object of such an institution should be the education of our youth in the science of government."

The first notably successful teacher of political science in this country was probably Francis Lieber. He went to college at Columbia, South Carolina, as professor of history, philosophy and political economy. The influence the university obtained in the practical politics of the state was remarkable. In the legislature there was a distinct university party made up of young, energetic and aggressive men, who usually managed to have everything their own way. Lieber's friends took part in practical politics with a view to securing the chancellorship of the university for him. He was defeated and resigned his place, going to Columbia college, New York, to teach modern history, political science, international law, civil law and common law. That is what Oliver Wendell Holmes would call a settee of professorships.

I might go on to trace the development of this study in various institutions, to show it has gradually been separated from the chair of philosophy and joined to that of history; how Ann Arbor and other western institutions have encouraged it from the beginning; how in some

of the leading universities it is given not a part of the time of one professor, but all the time of several; how political science, at least in its rudiments, is taught in more than 2,500 institutions in this country, and how the publications of workers in this field are becoming more and more numerous and more and more useful. Yet I take it that if the tale were fully told we should be disappointed at the smallness of the amount that is done as compared with the amount that obviously needs doing. The achievements of our colleges and universities in this direction have not fulfilled the promise of the early years of the republic, nor the wishes and hopes of our early leaders. There appear to be two main reasons for this state of things.

The first reason is that, administrative and industrial problems have not, until recently, been pressing. With unoccupied land, undeveloped resources, and no need of a standing army, we could trust indolently to the divinity that is said to care for fools, children and the United States. Emerson says that "men are as lazy as they dare to be" and we have found it easier and pleasanter to hurrah than to think, to let the eagle scream than to let our conscience speak. But I suspect that the time has come when we are beginning to remember that there is a place known as a "fool's paradise," and to wonder if possibly we have been living there. Professor, now President Charles Kendall Adams, asks these questions among others when referring to American contempt for all forms of European governmental machinery: "Is it certain that our municipal governments are better than theirs? Are our systems of taxation more equitably adjusted than theirs? Do our public and private corporations have greater respect for the rights of the people than theirs? Can we maintain that our legislatures are more free from bribery and corruption than theirs?" Dropping the comparison with Europe I would go on to ask if we have indeed excluded corporations from politics by putting them beyond government control? Are trusts desirable, and if not, what are we going to do about it? The same of pools? Is trades unionism desirable, and if not, how is the laborer to defend himself? What reply can we make to the exaggerated but half plausible statement that only the rich can escape justice and only the poor can obtain it? Are we entirely certain that we shall eliminate anarchy by hanging a few anarchists?

These and questions like them are beginning to be recognized as

questions for even this country, and perhaps this country especially, to face. In this state of affairs President Adams is right in saying that our people want "not political cant but political candor; not eloquent frivolities, but earnest discussion." Under these circumstances the study of political science will be pushed. We can no longer—we do no longer, ignore the need of it.

But however much popular indolence and indifference may have had to do with the neglect of political science in our schools and colleges, I think that the chief hindrance to its more extended cultivation was the unsatisfactory state of the science itself. When Thomas Jefferson was planning with rare and almost startling liberality the course to be pursued at the university of Virginia he still thought that it would be advisable to prescribe some orthodox text book in this branch, though in the other departments the professors were allowed to choose their own. His republican soul revolted at the idea that any text book smacking of federalism should be tolerated. So he ruled out Blackstone in the department of law, and himself translated a text book on political economy from the French. His partisanship in this matter, his stickling for political and economic orthodoxy as he conceived it, is a sad example of a habit of which Americans are only just beginning to cure themselves. Sydney Smith tells us that "orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy." It has been so in this country regarding political economy. There was but one politico economic question that pressed for a solution and that was the question of protection vs. free trade. Two parties were accordingly formed, the free traders especially arrogating to themselves the title of orthodox economists. Their confession of faith was simple. "Do you believe that free competiton doeth all things well?" If you answered yes, you were admitted to a seat in the sanctuary; if you ventured to doubt, you were cast at once into an outer darkness supposed to be peopled only by sciolists, and cranks and demagogues.

In his recent address at Philadelphia Gen. Walker said that this classifying economists into two divisions, as protectionists and free traders, was no more sensible than it would be for men to range themselves as "war men" or "peace men," it being understood that a war man believed in war all the time, and sought every possible occasion for it; while the peace man would not go to war under any

circumstances whatever. The absurdity of it is obvious, yet how many instructors in political economy have been selected without reference to their standing on this question? A few certainly, of whom Dr. Ely says he is one, and of whom I am happy to consider myself another, but most of those thus happy have received their appointments within the last few years. No later than last spring a college president came to the Johns Hopkins university looking for a teacher in political economy and said that inasmuch as one of those from whom a handsome legacy was expected was a large manufacturer, it would be just as well that the future professor should be at least a mild protectionist.

At the time the science of political economy was born its professors had excellent opportunities for saying "don't." Not only was the interference of government with commerce as then practiced obviously harmful, but even where the government had interfered directly on behalf of the poor, as in the case of the poor laws, its action had often been ill advised and conspicuously mischievous. The result of pruning the powers of government in certain particulars were so entirely satisfactory that the doctrine of *laissez faire* became a dogma, and a scientific dogma is a nuisance. Translated into English it is the doctrine of governmental do-nothingism, and found expression in Jefferson's saying that that is the best government which governs least. It was said that the "natural" organization of society presupposed free competition. That word natural is the most slippery tool in the whole workshop of social science. In one sense of the word it is proper to say that it is more natural to have the small pox than to be vaccinated, more natural to get wet than to carry an umbrella. As usually used in economic discussion it is a mere verbal screen behind which to beg the question. I only know of two prominent writers on economics who are, at present, using this word to any great extent—one is Prof. Summer and the other is Henry George.

Another doctrine by allegiance to which the self styled orthodox economists of the country helped to side track themselves and their science was the doctrine of the trusteeship of capital. It was held that the interests of employer and employe are so nearly identical that the employer, in looking after his own interests, will by that very act adequately protect the interest of the laborer. Walker, in the address already quoted, draws the parallel between this doctrine and

the older one of the political trusteeship of the upper classes. It used to be said that the lower classes did not need the suffrage because their interests were so bound up in the community at large that they never could be oppressed. England, you remember, once thought that the colonies ought to be content to let her manage all their affairs because it must always be to her interest to see them prosper. But the doctrine of political trusteeship has gone down. It was found that each class was the best guardian of its own interests. So, also, have gone down the arguments by which it was sought to defend the aristocratic organization of industry. Books were written to prove labor and capital allies and not enemies, but the laborers steadily refused to accept the conclusion that the capitalist could do no wrong. The fact is now acknowledged to be, as Prof. Clark has shown, that while capital and labor are necessarily allies in production they are necessarily antagonists when it comes to distribution. The economists had "cried peace, peace, when there was no peace" and had discredited themselves accordingly.

The second and most cogent reason, therefore, for the neglect of social and political scientists seems to me to have been the blunders of the scientists themselves. They were apostles of do-nothingism, though they lived in a time when many things needed doing. But the question will be asked, and is very much in order, if economists have made so many blunders how can we be sure that they will not make just as many more? What assurance have we that the new economists will teach more wisely than the old? I reply by saying that the new political economy asks you to accept none of its conclusions except such "as you yourself find apt and reasonable." It evolves no "economic harmonies" from its inner consciousness when all about it is nothing but economic discord. It is not a machine where a lot of definitions are put into the hopper and assorted rules for the management of the universe are taken out in the meal bag.

A new instructor in biology had just been employed at one of our eastern colleges and the president, a rather pompous scholar of the old school, said to him: "I suppose, sir, that you will begin with great fundamental principles?" "No, sir," said the young biologist, "I shall begin with a clam." So in political economy we no longer begin with a doctrinaire explanation of the industrial world, but begin to study the industrial world at whatever points it happens to

touch us. The old text book and the earlier teachers of political science began by telling us how things ought to be; the newer shade begin not with dogmas but questions; (1) What are the existing facts in a given case? (2) How have these facts come to exist? (3) What rules can we derive from them for our future guidance? Buckle says of even Adam Smith that his facts were subsequent to his argument; they were illustrations rather than proofs. The modern endeavor in this science as in others is to make the arguments subsequent to the facts.

We hear a great deal about the historical method, also the comparative method, also the biological method, also the statistical method, also the scientific method of study and research. They do not differ greatly, and the fact that we have so many names for practically the same thing shows that the workers along many lines have arrived at a common conclusion by converging paths. What are any or all of these methods good for? Simply this, to enable us to see things as they are. It was said of Alexander Hamilton that he excelled in "argument by statement." That is he stated a question so lucidly and so completely that when he had done nothing remained to be said; formal agreement was gratuitous. Prof. Seeley says that "to produce persuasion there is one golden principle not put down in the rhetorics; it is to understand what you are talking about." The teacher of political economy is not so much to teach truths as ways of finding out truths, not dogma, but method; he is not to fill the minds of his class with facts, but to train their minds to discern facts.

Let us take one of the most difficult problems or series of problems in the whole range of modern economic and industrial science and divine if possible what is necessary to a solution. Let the question be a living one, and nothing less than the transportation problem. We see that railroads are at once necessary and dangerous; that they have made and unmade cities; that they have shown favoritism and so built up monopolies in nearly everything capable of being monopolized; that they have raised and lowered their rates to influence the market price of the great staples. We have seen millions upon millions wasted in building parallel lines for which there was no use; we have seen competition between these parallel lines that was not competition proper, but merely a fight to the finish; we have then

seen resulting pools and combinations and two or three roads trying to make a living off of business one could more than do; we have seen the outcome of this to be at once exorbitant rates and worthless stock—robbery at both ends and bankruptcy in the middle; we have seen the courts of a state influenced by railroads until legal authorities caution us against following their decisions on corporation questions; we have seen legislatures and public officers corrupted until the result has been described as "a devil's dance of public servants in every posture of official dishonesty;" we see our own legislature, realizing that something must be done, about to go forward—into the dark.

I believe that there is one word that will indicate the way out of all these labryinthine difficulties. That word is "publicity." If we once had all the facts in the case, if we could once state the problem fully, "a wayfaring man, though a fool," might solve it. If the railroads take more than justice gives they are thieves, and if we allow them less than justice demands we are robbers. It will at once be urged that publicity is impossible in the railroad business; that the corporations could not live a day if a full statement of their affairs had to be made. I know that it is no answer to this to say that there are those who "love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil," but I should like to draw a parallel between these corporations and some that were avoiding publicity from the beginning of this century down to 1863. I allude to the private and state banks that were issuing paper money. In 1856 and '57 the territorial assembly of Nebraska was as much exercised over the problem of controlling the banking corporations as our legislature now is in trying to control the railroads. Probably there are many here, who, like myself, cannot remember a time when we had multifarious and vexatious issues of paper money ranging in worth all the way from face value to worthlessness. Early in this century the evils began and grew. The secretary of the United States treasury could not tell at a given time how much money was afloat, and in guessing at it he gave himself a margin of eleven millions. "Wildcat," "coon-box" and "red dog" banks were numerous and mischievous. Large issues of notes took place unsecured by anything but the capital of banks that had no capital at all. State bank inspectors were fettered, bribed, cajoled, and hoodwinked. The papers published the rates of discount on various sorts of money as

regularly as our dailies now print the weather reports. Violent alterations of expansion and contraction of the currency followed each other. The cost of domestic exchange was ridiculously high. At this time it was said that banks could not thrive if they must keep books that could be understood and that an inspector was allowed to see. Banks were said to be private corporations, and it was alleged that the government had no right to meddle. Yet how did we get out of these monetary quicksands? How awake from this financial nightmare? By letting individual competition have its perfect work? Not at all. We escaped by positive legislation which created banks of issue that must conform to specified rules laid down by the government, and that must submit to regular and most searching investigation. The circulation of all other banks was taxed out of existence. The national banking act was modelled after the general banking act of the state of New York, and in the construction of the latter a Columbia college professor of political economy, Dr. McVicar, had had a very considerable share.

Now a college teacher cannot get all the facts about the railroad problem and so settle it, but he can probably find some new facts if he tries. He can systematize, and make more useful the old ones, and above all he can point the students to the way by which alone the solution of such a problem is to be reached, and he can teach by precept and example, thoroughness and caution in the work of investigation.

The nearer the student can be got to the facts the better it is for him. In some degree this science is susceptible of laboratory work. The students attending lectures on municipal and state charities at the Johns Hopkins were encouraged to visit the various institutions and take work on the visiting committees of the local societies. When one of the college fellows, while trying to get work for a man out of employment, found that it was necessary to have what is called a "political pull" in order to get the man a place as a stable cleaner for a street car company, he realized as never before the beauties of ward politics, and the fact that by leaving the management of our street car lines to private corporations we have not put them outside of politics. When another of these visitors found that he could not get justice for a poor woman until he brought the police magistrate a letter of introduction from a wealthy leader of the dominant party,

he realized as never before how alleged justice might appear to the poor and defenseless in this land of the free. Some of the Hopkins students, through interest in the labor problem, joined the Knights of Labor. Many more subscribed for labor papers. Andrew D. White advises students of political science, as soon as old enough, to attend political caucusses, and have themselves appointed on petit juries.

But in the main, our study of facts must be a study of recorded facts. Statistics is a word that we nearly all are afraid of. Wright speaks of it as an "unlovely" science. It has been said that figures always lie, and there is truth enough in the statement to make us handle them with extreme caution. Edward Atkinson applies to statistics Sam Weller's remark about veal pie. Sam says that "weal pie is a wery good thing if you only know who makes it." Certainly the statistics contained in our state and government reports are unlovely, and for the most part useless enough. Prof. James asserts that it is all the president and his cabinet can do to make head or tail of even the department reports. We have produced the bulkiest census report on earth, and yet we have not very much reason to boast about its scientific value.

In Germany there is the closest possible connection between the university of Berlin and the Prussian statistical bureau. The work is under the direction of Engel, the professor of political economy at Berlin, and permission to join his statistical seminary and to be employed in the work of the government comes as a prize for faithful and successful work in the department of political science. As one result of this employment of trained experts upon the bureau it may be said that the census of 1875 was completed on noon of the day appointed and within the estimated cost. This is a marked contrast with our own experience. Some branches of the tenth census are not yet finished, and it has required appropriation after appropriation to carry through the work. The proposition for a civil service academy at Washington to train men for expert work in this and other lines as Annapolis and West Point train men for military service has already been made by Dr. Adams, of Baltimore, and has been received with some favor by the secretary of the interior. There is said to be hardly a professor of political economy in Germany that is not engaged in government work of some sort. Is it too much to

think that the state governments may at last find it advisable to draw on men trained in the state universities for the really expert work in statistical and administrative science, of which an ever increasing amount is waiting to be done?

Gideon Wells and Dr. Ely have done excellent service on state and city tax commissions, and anyone who knows the condition of the systemless system of taxation in Nebraska can understand that similar work ought to be done here. Prof. James of the university of Pennsylvania undoubtedly saved several millions to the city of Philadelphia by his study of the relation of the modern municipality to the gas supply. At a critical period of our financial history Andrew D. White of Ann Arbor and Cornell was able to give a congressional committee facts of immense significance regarding the history of paper money in France.

At least if the state universities are not allowed to supply experts, they can supply good critics of the work of other men. I do not use the word "critic" as standing for a faultfinder, but rather in the sense of one able to appreciate all the facts that are contained in the state and national reports. Contrary to the general opinion, this country greatly needs a race of small politicians; men small in their political aspirations, but who intellectually and morally have reached the full stature of manhood. As we do not find great artists except where there is a public that knows what good art is, so we shall hardly find the highest type of politician except where there is a large and intelligent public taking an unselfish interest in politics. A state university will inevitably train many political leaders, but it would be worth its cost if it did nothing more than scatter through the state, in the offices and editorial rooms, in the pulpits and on the farms, citizens trained to see political facts with clearness and disposed to hold our public servants to strict accountability.

First, then, a professor of political economy in a state university is a teacher of method. Secondly, he is a gatherer and a student of facts regarding industrial society. He does not say to the student "go," but "come." He ought to be able to show how to investigate by investigating.

The third function of such a professor and the last of which I shall speak tonight is to be an interpreter between class and class. In the autumn of '85 I was going through a fair sized rolling mill in

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Akron, O., and stopped to talk with one of the puddlers. In the pause of his exhausting work he was communicative enough and I inquired about the labor unions, etc., in the place. At first I had spoken of myself as a western farm hand, and gave desired information about the condition of agricultural labor in the west. All went well until the fact came out that I was the son of the one who owned the farm upon which I worked and then the other fellow shut up like a clam. I belonged to a class that he did not trust. I have been with a company of men who were planning nothing more incendiary than a co-operative store, and yet they convened with all the caution of conspirators; they talked about the "competitive system" as about some tangible and tyrannous power against which they were darkly plotting. A labor paper in reviewing one of Dr. Ely's books said that it was glad to have such ideas as some the books contained advanced by one "in a position to reach the upper classes." We have heard a good deal about reaching the lower classes; here is indicated another side to the problem. It is possible for two classes to occupy the same country, speak the same language and yet not understand each other. Who shall mediate between them? The press should, but for the most part it declines to do so. It prefers to be partisan on one side or the other. In a great measure people have ceased to trust it. This is not mainly through the influence of notoriously venal papers—papers where a sordid counting room buys its editors in the cheapest market and sells them in the dearest, but rather through the pervasive but often unrecognized influence of class prejudice. The pulpit should mediate between class and class and in some cases it does, but its influence is not adequate.

It is said that a man ought to be honest without receiving pay for it. It is true. How much more then ought he to be honest if he is paid for it? That is the case with a teacher in the state university. He is the representative of no class, no party, but of the people. In a denominational college he may have to avoid collision with dogma; in a college whose funds are invested in railroad stocks, he may be advised to treat the railroad question gingerly; in others he may be obliged to think one way or the other on free trade—in a state university he should owe allegiance to truth alone. We talk glibly about a constant search for truth and forget what it implies. It im-

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plies, among other things, that a man shall be constantly searching for what is false in his own opinions and for what is true in the opinions of other men. A teacher of political science in a state university owes it to all classes to keep up that search intelligently and assidiously so long as he holds the position. So may he mediate between classes by understanding not only the real interests, but even the feelings and prejudices of them all.

These, then, are the three chief functions of the state university worker in political science—to teach, to investigate, to be an interpreter between classes. In this work he needs intelligence, industry and honesty, but the greatest of these is honesty.

Prof. Seeley spoke of present history as a Socrates continually propounding questions. There are times when present history is not a Socrates, but a Sphinx, when we must answer its political and industrial riddles or be destroyed. Guess work will not always do. Washington was right in thinking that in educational institutions supported by the government training should be given in the science of government.

HISTORY AND ART

By Sarah Wool Moore.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 10, 1888.]

Some score of years ago Thomas Bryan of New York City, a man of refined tastes, and of wealth sufficient to gratify those tastes, placed his valuable collection of pictures, in the accumulation of which he had passed many years, upon the walls of the New York Historical Society rooms.

Like most American collectors he felt the force of that fatality by which, in our country, what one generation amasses the next as industriously disperses; and, anxious that his labor should not be altogether futile, that his treasures should be safely and permanently housed in an atmosphere congenial to their spirit, where appreciative eyes might in quiet pauses rest upon the suggestive creations of the artist, where those creations could bring to the study of the great past, not merely vivid illustrations, but an actual survival of the freshest and most joyous part of its life, he turned—and in fact he had no other choice—to the New York Historical society. Those glowing canvasses still remain where his hand placed them, though the great city has long since provided costly, fire-proof buildings where such collections are eagerly received and magnificently lodged, and much dispute has arisen as to the propriety of removing Mr. Bryan's trust. But the society will never consent to part from a guest which has added such grace to the place of its long occupancy.

There is certainly no very strained connection between the provinces of fine art and the history of nations and of states.

The Muse Clio, like her sisters, acknowledges the inspired leadership of the patron god of the higher æsthetics. Amid the recital of the multitudinous struggle, the disaster, the oppression, the slow dragging progress of the races, her pen must willingly linger over the story of the arts as if in *them* the fable of the golden age was stirring into life, and mingling itself with the thread of authentic history.

In the ordinary course of human events the infant years of nations and of states have been absorbed in the individual struggle for exist-

ence; the state must have time to materialize, and, as Buckle says, "as long as every man is engaged in collecting the materials necessary for his own subsistence there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits;" but, the prosperity of a state once assured, the mind relaxes its strenuous endeavor and that beneficent and instructive hunger for beauty makes itself felt. Then the artist and the artistic artisan come to the front; the state demands them and develops them, and their growth reacts again upon its prosperity, giving it an impulse from within—the best pledge of vitality, the most substantial evidence and enduring monument of civic or territorial importance. Naturally, as yet, Nebraska has no art history. That may begin with an organized art life—a life that does not hang every hour on the verge of extinction; but Nebraska has art possibilities, and happy will it be for the state, if, in the year 1988 the task of preparing for your society a chronicle of art growth in our midst, be one somewhat onerous. To no other source could art culture look with more confidence for sympathy and encouragement than to such an association as is here represented; an association whose avowed object—to rescue from oblivion the little beginnings of great things, to the successive steps which have led on to the results we see—prepares it to realize the significance of the little beginnings of *to-day* and to have faith in them. Few besides students of history are aware how important and how practical this matter of art culture is. In the different states of our union where it has prominence, an accident, rather than any deliberate action on the part of the people, has generally thrust it forward. Thus Cincinnati has become a conspicuous art center through the bequests of Longworth, Springer, and West. Around the splendid gifts of Corcoran at Washington, Walters and Peabody in Baltimore, Mr. Fred Layton in Milwaukee, Rogers in Buffalo, are already crystalizing schools of design. The St. Louis school of fine art, the most highly organized school of our country, is however, an example of what persistent and determined endeavor may do. This school has been contemplated as an essential part of Washington university for twenty-five years, and the bequest of Wayman Crowe of a two hundred thousand dollar building was the first of a series, which, most judiciously expended, have made the institution a power in the city and in the state.

This *power*, being interpreted, means home production of home decoration; it means a "race of powerful designers for art and manufactures;" it means rivalry with other centres and artistic competition; it means, in short, commerce—not, as now, the exchange of raw material, but material stamped with the thought of man, its value thereby augmented an hundred fold.

They are not dreamers, they are practical men who see beautiful forms in common iron, in rough quarried stone, in wood and glass and steel, in our textures and draperies, in our fire place tiles and house furniture.

In search of such articles, in artistic form, the wealth of the state will go out, and invariably will find them grouped around the source of their strength—some school of design, some art academy—as palms round the springs of the desert. Are not such institutions, then, worth cherishing at home? The East has its scores of private galleries, some of them, like the portrait gallery in the Wentworth house, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, dating back a couple of hundred years; but what the West cannot purchase, perhaps it can produce.

A wise and discriminating judge recently said that "the expenditure of fortunes for paintings which go to private galleries is not so healthful a sign of interest in art as the unselfish activity in behalf of art education, which is now to be noted in the West but not in the East." I believe that the Greeks had no private galleries; the master-pieces of art were there the possession of the state: cities, as such, were the purchasers of single pieces of statuary.

For a private man to claim the ownership and exclusive enjoyment of a creation of Phidias or of a creation of Æschylus would be an equal impertinence. "The Greek understood that art is an education, and as such a necessity; and instead of repressing it and doing all he could to confine the knowledge of it to a few, he displayed his master-pieces in every public building, square, and avenue, where they were the common property of all, the poor as well as the rich, the uneducated as well as the educated; and so it came to pass that the people learned through daily contemplation of the best art, to discriminate between what is true and what is false in art."

We Americans need to cultivate that same generous policy. With

William Morris we ought to say, "We do not want art for a few any more than education for a few or freedom for a few." If the national government would regard the importation of foreign works of art as educational material and levy upon them, where imported for private enjoyment, not a meaningless tax on money value, but a real claim, in behalf of the people, on their educational value—namely, the enforcement of public exhibition so many days in the year—the art atmosphere would cease to be so rarified, would soon lose its crudity. Works of art should be welcomed to our country as are intelligent emigrants, there should be no admission fee; but, like the peoples who crowd to our shores, they should be required to play their part in the development of our race. As it is, there is a duty of 25 per cent. on photographs and engravings, of 55 per cent. on plaster casts, and of 30 per cent. on works of foreign artists; and "thus the American 'artist' is 'protected' from the advantage of acquaintance with the richest store houses of information regarding his art." But the horizon *is* brightening. We are told that by a recent treasury decision secured by Mr. Henry Marquand, pictures painted before 1700 are now admitted free as 'antiquities.' Thus master-pieces of renaissance art, to obtain which all other nations will make almost any sacrifice, will not, at least when the rare opportunities to secure them come, be *kept from landing* here by our custom house.

This concession is worth much, yet the general status is not so good as in 1878 when the tariff indiscriminately on paintings and statuary was only ten per cent. ad valorem.

Things being thus, private collectors heavily taxed and permitted to immure from the knowledge of neighbor and fellow citizen art creations whose influence should be felt throughout the community—while in Italy every prince throws open the doors of his picture gallery once or twice a week—an added responsibility rests upon corporations, societies like your own, institutions like our state university, colleges, academies, schools, seminaries, municipal corporations. For, toward them, the attitude of the government is as liberal as the most exacting could desire. Under articles classed free from duty in the tariff act of 1878, as also the revised tariff of '82 and '83 we read: "All works of art, collections in illustration of

the progress of the arts, sciences or manufactures, photographs, works in terra cotta, Parian, pottery or porcelain, and artistic copies of antiquities in metal or other material, hereafter imported in good faith, for permanent exhibition at a fixed place by any society or institution established for the encouragement of the arts, or science, and not intended for sale nor for any other purpose than is hereinbefore expressed, * * shall be admitted free of duty." This provision has, as yet, produced little effect, for *institutions* have not applied their wealth in these directions, individuals *have* done so. When the reverse becomes true will begin the art education of the masses of our people. In 1824, more than sixty years ago, Edward Everett called attention to the fact that *republics* have done the most for art. "The cost of Giotto's tower was at the rate of $300 for each superficial foot, equal to five millions old currency or, estimating the relative value of money, twenty-five millions." It has been worth all that to Florence. Painting was the language of Venice and of the Netherlands. The Athenians applied to monumentalizing the city the revenues of the Delian Confederacy—some 9,000 talents, or ten million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, when, according to Leake, the equivalent of one thousand talents was capable of obtaining as much art and labor as two or three times that sum at the present time, since a family of four could subsist on one hundred dollars per annum. Our own republic is now struggling with a problem, unique at least in modern history. What shall be done with the enormous surplus in our treasury—a surplus which will amount June next to the sum of one hundred and forty millions (140,000,000). Shall the tariff be wholly abolished, or shall smoking be enforced? Would that the spirit of Athens or Florence could enter into the councils of our rulers. It might suddenly occur to them that we need national institutions such as lands, less favored in a pecuniary sense, glory in. Institutions in Washington like the British Museum and National Gallery, repeated on a smaller scale in each state capital; museums of casts, academies after the pattern of the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, free to all whom nature has made the elect—institutions belonging to the people and where the people can enjoy the actual treasure which *money* only represents.

Allow me to quote a fragment of conversation in point between Mathew Arnold and Cardinal Antonelli. They are speaking of

public schools. Antonelli says, "Illiterate as the Italian population is said to be, yet if you mix with the people at any festival and listen to their criticism of what they see—e brutto, e bello—you will find their criticism to be almost invariably right. And a people of whom that can be said must surely be allowed to have a certain sort of education." "I (Arnold) thought of the stolid insensibility to ugliness—the inability to discern between good and evil where the beautiful is concerned which so easily besets our Anglo-Saxon race, and I acquiesced in what the Cardinal said. And at the same moment there rose to my memory the admirable sentence of a Moravian schoolmaster in the 17th century, John Comenius, 'to train generally all who are born men to all which is human.' Surely to be offended by ugliness, to be delighted and refreshed by beauty is eminently human; just as—on the other hand—it is a proof that our humanity is *raw* and undeveloped if we confound the two together or are indifferent to them. For we are then 'in bondage,' as Goethe says, 'to the common and inferior,' out of that bondage we are to rise, and to know that however general it may be around us, it is not less a bondage and an evil." Has the state of Nebraska any concern in the attitude of our general government towards these matters? Certainly, since our government is representative. Let the constituencies demand from their representatives intelligent action. The American race is not restricted to the Anglo-Saxon element. Many peoples jostle each other in our thoroughfares. The very nations to whom belong the great artistic traditions have colonized vast tracts of our land. The French, the Spanish, the Dutch, the Flemish, the German, the Italian. Their blood already mingles with the Anglo-Saxon and gives it deeper color, gives it quicker action. And to us are coming from those older civilizations every year throngs of citizens. Is it too much to hope that out of the healthful friction produced by the mingling of many gifted peoples as citizens of a common country, a spark of diviner fire shall be kindled than has yet blazed upon the world? The world at least, forbodes it, expects it of us. Let us give ourselves the chance. If it be not in us to outstrip others, we still desire to have an intelligent knowledge of the subject and of ourselves. We want to know what is in us, and none too soon shall we now demand the means of doing this. The nation, as a nation, is certainly moving towards this

goal; the initiatory step was induced by the Centennial, and where there is any action at all, the progress is not slow. For, "Art is long"—its nature cannot be changed, "an artist needs many seasons for maturing;" and one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in this country is the impression that talent exempts from labor, instead of being the incentive to it, and a reason to hope it may be rewarded. Hamerton, in one of his popular books, has described the training necessary to become a competent art critic; but what conscientious, incessant labor a professional artist gladly subjects himself to, few appreciate. "Our amateurs," says Ruskin, "cannot be persuaded but that they may produce some kind of art by their fancy or sensibility, without going through the necessary manual toil. That is entirely hopeless. Without a certain number, and that a very great number of steady acts of hand—a practice as careful and as constant as would be necessary to learn any other manual business—no drawing is possible. On the other side, the workman and those who employ him are continually trying to produce art by trick or habit of fingers, without using their fancy or sensibility. That is also hopeless. Without mingling of heart-passion with hand-power no art is possible. The highest art unites both in their intensest degrees; the action of the hand at its finest with that of the heart at its fullest." What training schools do we not need before our youth may come to comprehend the exactions of art! Our youth have a respect for manufacture "the work of the hand," an admiration for applied art "the work of the hand and intelligence," but for fine art—"the work of hand, head and heart," the whole powers of the whole man, they have very inadequate appreciation.—Else, the lofty career of artist would beckon them, would become the passion of many a brilliant boy who foolishly fancies that other professions afford greater scope.

See this as we may, it still remains true for all the world that wherever the gentle art guest is cherished, is made *at home*, the works of man shall put on distinct dignity and beauty, the life of man shall be lifted from the clod; for he shall see himself surrounded by embodied thoughts.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

By J. S. Kingsley.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 15, 1890.]

As we read the ordinary historical references to that insanity which two centuries ago swept over New England, we have but the slightest conception of the sad reality; but in turning over the records preserved in the old court house in Salem the whole tragedy is brought before us with almost the vividness of yesterday.

Salem witchcraft has given rise to a considerable literature, but it is to-day out of print and can only be found in the larger libraries. It is my purpose this evening to give a brief outline of the delusion and to make sufficient draughts upon the records to show you the outrageous character of the evidence which condemned twenty persons to death. It is an easy task to detail the events in their chronological order but the psychological aspects of the subject are more difficult. It is almost impossible to say how far the principal actors were innocent and deluded, and how far they were actually guilty of a conspiracy against their fellow men. That the pastor of Salem village, Samuel Parris, was guilty, seems almost beyond doubt.

Salem witchcraft did not start in the Salem of to-day nor was it confined to the county of which it was the county seat, but Salem has to bear the whole notoriety. Pilgrims to that quaint old city visit the "witch house," "witch hill," and are shown the witch documents and the witch pins; but few of them ever visit the actual scene of the excitement or see the other localities made historical by it. The witchcraft delusion of 1692 had its start in Salem village, near Danvers Center, then a part of Salem, a small village of farmers whose center, like that of every New England village of that day, was the church.

Thanks to the care with which New England preserves its town and parish records, we are able to place ourselves *en rapport* with

the Salem of 200 years ago, a condition necessary to fully understand our subject. By the softening effects of time the old Puritans have had their disagreeable features smoothed down and their good points brought into strong relief. It takes but a short time among the old records to change all this and to show these people as thoroughly human and as rather uncomfortable to live with. We find, indeed, that card playing, dancing and play acting were crimes, that every man was taxed for the support of the church, but we also find gossips then as well as now, we find church members placed in the stocks for drunkenness, and above all we find a spirit of illiberality in matters of religion which would not be tolerated for a moment today. Differences of opinion were not allowed and yet half of the churches were rent with discord.

So it was at Salem village. Ever since the church was founded it was the scene of bickering and quarrel. Three pastors in succession had been forced to resign and in 1692 the fourth, Samuel Parris, was at the crisis of his pastorate. To further complicate matters, both Salem and Ipswich had granted the same land to different colonists, and by a strange coincidence the lines drawn by the land troubles coincided with those caused by the quarrels in the church.

Again we must recall the fact that 200 years ago a belief in witchcraft was universal, while demonology occupied an important position in the literature of the day. A few elements of the prevailing belief will make what follows clearer. Every one believed in a personal devil, a monster of wickedness who employed most of his time in inducing people to sign away their eternity for a little temporal power. He had his limitations. He could not take the shape of a human being, nor could he harm anyone except through the agency of those who had signed their names in his book with their blood and had thus become covenant witches. It is interesting to note that works on demonology were common and that Mr. Parris had at least one book on the subject.

It is difficult to explain the first appearance of the Salem craze. It may be that it was at first a mere childish frolic to pass away the winter hours, but it soon became anything but that. All that is known is told us by Robert Calef, writing only six years after the trouble began: "It was in the latter end of February, 1691-2 when divers young persons belonging to Mr. Parris' family, and one or two

more of the neighborhood began to act in a strange and unusual manner, viz.: As by getting into holes, and creeping under chairs and stools, and to use sundry odd postures and antick gestures, uttering foolish, ridiculous speeches, which neither they themselves nor any others could make sense of. The physicians that were called could assign no reason for this; but it seems that one of them (Dr. Griggs) having recourse to the old shift, told them he was afraid they were bewitched."

It can readily be imagined that the news of a sensation like this rapidly spread through the small rural community. From far and near the neighbors gathered to see the actions and to condole and pray with the parents. The prominence into which the children were thus brought inspired them to continue their pranks and to outdo their former efforts. They quickly dropped the puerile acts mentioned above and began others far more mysterious. March 11th Mr. Parris invited several ministers to join with him in a day of prayer. During the ceremonies the children were for the most part quiet, but continues Calef, "one, a girl of 11 or 12 years old, would sometimes seem to be in a convulsion fit, her limbs being twisted several ways, and very stiff, but presently her fit would be over."

Those who began the excitement were Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Parris, aged nine; Abigail Williams, his niece, aged 11; Ann Putnam aged 12; truly a precious lot to keep the whole colony in a turmoil for a year and cause the death of twenty innocent persons. Youth may be urged as a partial excuse for them, but what can be said for the others who later joined the accusing circle? Mercy Lewis, Elizabeth Hubbard, and Mary Walcot were 17; Elizabeth Booth was 18; Sarah Churchill and Mary Warren, 20; While Mrs. Ann Putnam and Mrs. Joseph Pope were married women.

The afflicted children were urged to tell who had bewitched them. For a time they were silent but in a few days they accused Tituba, a slave in the family of Mr. Parris. She was arrested and confessed herself a witch and admitted having tortured the children. Two others—Sarah Osborn and Sarah Good—were next accused and quickly arrested. They were both old, unfortunate people whose manner of life was such that the charge against them was readily believed. Unlike Tituba, when brought up for examination in the village church, they denied that they were witches, Sarah Good,

says the old record, making her answers "in a very wicked, spiteful manner."

Up to this point it would not be difficult to imagine that the accusing children were responsible for all, but from this time all evidence goes to show that some older person directed the whole affair. There was a method in their madness; the accusations took such direction and the accusers were so little contradictory in their statements that we are forced to believe that some cooler head planned it all and actually drilled the so called afflicted ones in what they were to do and say. The evidence is strong that the pastor, Samuel Parris, was the chief sinner, and upon this supposition the next person "cried out upon was well chosen." It seems as if the prime movers realized that every tendency toward scepticism must be repressed, while if the community could be persuaded that the devil had his followers within the very walls of the church, the subsequent paying off of old scores would be an easy matter.

Martha Corey was a devout woman, well along in years, but being possessed of sound common sense she did not hesitate to express her opinions of the actions at the parsonage. On the 19th of March she was arrested and four days later Rebecca Nourse, an aged lady of acknowledged worth, was also made a prisoner. The probable explanation of the charges against the latter lies in the fact that all of her relatives were on the wrong side in the church and land quarrels. In short, these two, Martha Corey and Rebecca Nourse, are types of all who in the year the delusion raged were charged with witchcraft. Out of the hundreds accused it can be shown in almost every instance that scepticism of the genuiness of the manifestations or opposition to the pastor in the parish quarrels existed.

From this beginning the growth was rapid. In April nineteen were accused; in May thirty-five; but after this the records are imperfect and we have no means of knowing how many were arrested beyond the fact that they amounted to hundreds, and with one exception all upon examination were committed to prison.

These preliminary examinations and the subsequent trials were most outrageous travesties upon justice and to-day one's blood fairly boils as he reads the old records of the most diabolical evidence ever admitted in a court of law. The examinations were held sometimes in the meeting house, sometimes in private dwellings, but all

were alike. Every available place was filled with an audience hostile to the prisoners. Judges and jury entered upon the trials firmly convinced of the guilt of the accused, and their every act was directed towards confusing and entrapping the prisoners. Any one in the audience was permitted to speak so long as his remarks chimed with the prevailing belief. No counsel was allowed the accused nor was anyone allowed to say a word in their behalf. There was a total absence of dignity and the room was in a perfect uproar. What contributed most to the pandemonium were the actions of the accusers, and no words can describe them. At one moment they were shrieking as if undergoing the torments of the damned, writhing upon the floor or falling in a dead faint; at the next they were seeing visions or accusing the prisoners of torturing them right before the very eyes of all present. A few extracts here and there from the evidence preserved will show its character.

"Mary Walcot, who hurts you?—Goody Cloyse."

"What did she do to you?—She hurt me."

"Did she bring you the book?—Yes."

"What was you to do with it?—To touch it and be well."

"Then she fell in a fit."

This fainting, apparently of a hysterical character, was very common in the trials and was intended to convey the impression that the afflicted ones were being tortured for giving their evidence. To restore them it was sufficient to cause the accused to touch them. This was done in the present instance and the examination continued:

"Doth she come alone?—Sometimes alone and sometimes with Goody Nourse and Goody Corey and a great many I do not know."

"(Then she fell in a fit again.)"

"Abigail Williams, did you see a company at Mr. Parris' house eat and drink?—Yes, sir; that was in the sacrament."

"How many were there?—About forty, and Goody Cloyse and Goody Good were their deacons."

"What was it?—They said it was our blood and they had it twice that day."

In explanation it may be said that accounts of witch sacraments appear several times in the evidence, and the witnesses describe baptisms, a devil's supper, sermons, and the like, fashioned after those of the orthodox church. Notice of these meetings was given by

blowing upon a horn which was heard by witches alone as far as Andover and Boston. To these meetings the witches came in the oft described manner.

"We ride upon sticks and are there presently.—Do you go through the trees or over them?—We see nothing but are there presently."

In the examination of Abigail Williams referred to a moment ago Mr. Parris was conducting the examination, and the questions asked and the answers received, lend plausibility to the view that the witnesses were really coached in what they were to say. This also appears in the trial of Mary Black, a colored girl. She was asked:

"Why do you hurt them? I did not hurt them.

"Do you prick sticks? No, I pin my neck cloth.

"Will you take out the pin and pin it again?"

She did so, and the afflicted ones cried out that they were pricked, one in the stomach, one in the leg, and one in the arm until the blood came. The extent to which the girls inflicted pain upon themselves can be seen from the statement of Lawson, an eye witness, that "one, in the time of examination of a suspected person, had a pin run through both her upper and her lower lip when she was called upon to speak." A bottle of pins said to have been presented in evidence is still preserved with the records of the trials.

The few extracts already given are fair samples of the evidence presented in every case, but there are two trials which demand special mention. When Martha Carrier was arrested, four of her children were taken with her and these infants were forced to confess.

"It was asked Sarah Carrier by the magistrates:

"How long hast thou been a witch? Ever since I was six years old.

"How old are you now? Near eight years old; Brother Richard says I shall be eight years old in November next.

"Who made you a witch? My mother; she made me set my hand to a book.

"How did you set your hand to it? I touched it with my fingers, and the book was red; the paper of it was white.

"She said she had never seen the black man; the place where she did it was in Andrew Foster's pasture, and Elizabeth Johnson, jr., was there. Being asked who was there besides, she answered, her

aunt Toothaker and her cousin. Being asked when it was, she said, when she was baptized.

"What did they promise to give you? A black dog.

"Did the dog ever come to you? No.

"But you said you saw a cat once; what did that say to you? It said it would tear me in pieces, if I did not set my hand to the book.

"She said her mother baptized her, and the devil or black man was not there, as she saw; and her mother said when she baptized her, 'Thou art mine forever and ever, Amen.'

"How did you afflict folks? I pinched them.

"And she said she had no puppets, but she went to those she afflicted. Being asked whether she went in her body or in her spirit, she said in her spirit. She said her mother carried her thither to afflict.

"How did your mother carry you when she was in prison? She came like a black cat.

"How did you know it was your mother? The cat told me so, that she was my mother. She said she afflicted Phelps' child last Saturday, and Elizabeth Johnson joined with her to do it. She had a wooden spear about as long as her finger of Elizabeth Johnson, and she had it of the devil. She would not own she had ever been at the witch meeting at the village. This is the substance."

Think of it! On such evidence by her own children Martha Carrier was convicted of witchcraft and hanged.

After a few weeks of the excitement, the girls began to speak of a minister among the witches. At first no name was given, but rather such hints as to thoroughly arouse the audience. One cried out, while in a trance: "Oh dreadful, dreadful! Here is a minister come! What! are ministers witches too? Whence came you, and what is your name? For I will complain of you though you be a minister, if you be a wizard." A few days latter George Burroughs, a former pastor of Salem village was denounced. His trial which resulted in conviction and death was of the same general character as that of the others, only the charges against him were worse. He had been promised the position of chief conjurer in hell; he blew the horn calling the witch congregation together and when assembled he preached the sermons. He was even accused of causing the death by witchcraft of several who died during his pastorate. Burroughs

was very athletic and had been noted for his strength while in college and this too was turned against him, it being claimed that the feats enumerated could be accomplished but by Satanic aid.

As every charge depended for support upon the accusing girls, their action needs a word of description beyond that already given. While it must have been terrible to see them, exhausted by their torments falling as if dead upon the floor, how much more appalling must it have been to have them announce that they saw the devil present in person whispering advice and consolation in the ears of the accused. These girls, like some of the clairvoyants of to-day pretended to be able to see the apparitions of both the living and the dead. Time and time again according to the records one or another of the girls would exclaim, "There is the blackman whispering in her ear;" while as often they would announce the apparition of the prisoner performing some perfectly senseless operation. At one time every one of the accusing circle, gazing with simulated horror at the timbers in the upper part of the meeting house, exclaimed, "Look you! there is Goody Proctor upon the beam."

"Afterwards some of the afflicted cried, 'There is Proctor going to take up Mrs. Pope's feet!' and immediately her feet were taken up."

"Abigail Williams cried out, 'There is Goodman Proctor going to Mrs. Pope!' and immediately said Pope fell into a fit."

Every act, every motion of the accused was carefully watched and produced corresponding torments upon the girls. When Giles Corey was being examined, the old record says, "One of his hands was let go, and several were afflicted. He held his head upon one side and then the heads of several were held on one side. He drew in his cheeks and the cheeks of some of the afflicted were sucked in."

The magistrates do not seem to have had a suspicion of fraud, but regarded all denials by the prisoners as aggravations of guilt. At the time just mentioned when Mrs. Pope fainted, one of the justices remarked, "You see, the devil will deceive you; the children could see what you was going to do before the woman was hurt." At another time the judge turned to the prisoner and the following conversation ensued:

"There, she accuseth you to your face; she chargeth you that you

hurt her twice. It is not true. I never wronged no man in word nor deed."

"Is it no harm to afflict these? I never did it."

"But how comes it to be your appearance? The devil can take any likeness."

"Not without their consent."

There must have been some wonderful acting upon the part of the girls to carry conviction to a whole community, but nowhere was it better shown than in the case of Mary Warren, whose name was mentioned as one of the accusers, but who suddenly appeared among the accused. The only explanation of this change involves a depravity almost too great for belief. The chief conspirators were afraid that they might be suspected of acting in concert, while if one of their own number were accused, this charge could not be brought. So Mary Warren was drilled for her new role. All at once she left the circle and said that her former associates "did but dissemble." She was immediately cried out upon and brought up for examination. She pleaded not guilty and the afflicted ones went through the same torments as in other cases. After detailing these the records continue:

"Now Mary Warren fell into a fit, and some of the afflicted cried out that she was going to confess; but [observe the language] Goody Corey and Proctor and his wife came in, in their apparitions, and struck her down, and said she should tell nothing.

"Mary Warren continued a good space in a fit, that she did neither see, nor speak, nor hear.

"Afterwards she started up and said, 'I will speak,' and cried out 'Oh, I am sorry for it, I am sorry for it' and wringed her hands, and fell a little while into a fit again, and then came to speak, but immediately her teeth were set; and then she fell into a violent fit, and cried 'Oh, Lord, help me! Oh! good Lord, save me!'

"And then afterwards cried again, 'I will tell, I will tell!' and then fell into a fit again." And thus it went on, struggle after struggle, fit after fit, from the 19th of April until the middle of May. At one time she cried out, " 'I shall not speak a word; but I will, I will speak, Satan! She saith she will kill me. Oh! she saith she owes me a spite, and will claw me off. Avoid Satan, for the name of God avoid!' and then fell into fits again and cried 'Will ye? I will prevent ye, in the name of God.' "

Could anything be more realistic than such a representation of a struggle between Satan and a human soul? Although the audience could not see the opponent, the acting, the shrieks, the fainting fits, the very words were such as to carry conviction; and so when the confession at last came, implicating so many, who could help believing it.

Many of the accused confessed themselves witches, but who can blame them? They saw that all who confessed were saved while denials of guilt led to the gallows. It was a question of life or a lie. There was a difference however between Mary Warren and the 55 others who confessed themselves witches. They were remanded to prison while she resumed her old place among the accusing circle.

The foregoing account relates to the preliminary examinations, but the trials do not differ materially from them and do not need detailed description. A special court of Oyer and Terminer was created to try the cases of witchcraft and in its sessions between June 2 and September 19, 1692, it tried and convicted twenty-seven, nineteen of whom were hanged. In the trials Mr. Noyes, pastor at Salem, urged Sarah Good to confess, saying "she was a witch, and that she knew she was a witch." In her reply one reads the inspiration of one of Hawthorne's stories;—"You are a liar; I am no more a witch, than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink." One can but recall the terrible fatality of the long line of Pyncheons in connection with the end of the man thus cursed. Tradition says he died of internal hemorrhage, bleeding profusely at the mouth.

At the time of the witchcraft delusion the charter of Massachusetts had been revoked; there were no province laws and the trials were held under the statutes of James I. When Giles Corey came up for trial he refused to plead. He knew that there was no hope for justice. To plead guilty was to lie; to enter a plea of not guilty was to be a party to his own murder. By the statutes a person who refused to plead could not be tried and consequently could not be convicted. He was further, the owner of a large farm which he wished to preserve for his relatives, but conviction of a capital crime was accompanied by confiscation of property. So he had strong reasons for remaining mute. The law had its way of dealing with such obstinacy, but it here met its match. Of the details of his

punishment for this contempt of court we know but little, except that gentle measures were tried first and then the English law was followed. He was laid on his back, a board placed on his chest, upon which were piled stones, each addition to the weight being accompanied with importunities to plead. Says an old ballad:

> "'More weight' now said this wretched man,
> 'More weight' Giles Corey cryed,
> And he did no confession make
> But wickedly he dyed."

And Giles Corey was pressed to death September 19, 1692, in the eighty-second year of his age.

In all probability the executions took place on what is known as Witch or Gallows Hill. It is a high rocky bluff and was chosen, so the story goes, that Satan and his imps could have plenty of room to witness the destruction of their kingdom in the New World. The prisoners were carried to their execution in a cart drawn by a single horse. They were accompanied by a howling mob which attributed every incident to the devil. When the wagon was stuck upon the steep hill it was the devil who held the wheels; when one was choked by tobacco smoke in his last prayer, of course his Satanic Majesty caused the interruption.

When the court adjourned, Sept. 19, it was with the expectation of meeting again at an early date and ridding the world of more of the "hellish brood." It never met. The executions of September 22 were the last. Sometime later another court was created which tried several and convicted three, but public opinion would not allow them to be hanged. What caused this sudden change is not certain. Probably there were several reasons. People saw there was no safety from the accusing circle. The least scepticism, the least lukewarmness resulted in accusations against the sceptic or against some of his family. Even the wife of the governor was cried out upon.

It seems hardly probable, when the affair started, that the ringleaders had any idea of how far it would go. They probably intended to punish a few of their enemies and then they would stop. But they could not stop. The commission of the first crime necessitated the second. There was no escape. If the people realized that the whole wretched affair was a conspiracy they would turn against its instigators, so the only hope was to keep up the delusion; and this could only

be done by offering new victims. Probably no one in all New England was better pleased than Parris when the frenzy ceased, though it was accompanied by a renewal of his old troubles, increased a hundred fold by the enmities he had stirred up.

When the term began all were eager to assist, and one person in Boston aided very materially by instituting suits for slander against those who accused him of witchcraft. The excitement had spread far beyond Salem and witches were discovered as far away as Hartford, but it died out everywhere as soon as it stopped in Salem village.

Exact statistics concerning the extent of the delusion do not exist. When the affair was over all tried to forget it. The records of the court are very imperfect and there is evidence that documents were inserted at a later date to justify the conspirators if brought to trial for the part they played. Later everything pertaining to the trial was neglected and large numbers of the documents were stolen by curiosity hunters.

As has been mentioned 19 were hanged and one was pressed to death. None were burned as they would have been had the English law been strictly followed. Several more were convicted. 55 confessed themselves guilty. How many were accused no one knows. All the prisons in the province were full and besides many fled to the forest and to New York. The next year Gov. Phipps issued a proclamation releasing all from the charge of witchcraft, and over 150 came from prison while others were kept longer until they paid their jail dues.

When all was over the lot of the accused was not a happy one. Before they were allowed their freedom all jail dues must be paid. Their board while in prison, yes the very shackles which bound them, were charged against them. And when these accounts were settled the home they reached was desolate; for in many cases the sheriff had seized everything.

No adequate reparation could be made for the sufferings caused by these trials. Homes had been desolated, children had been robbed of parents and patrimony. Many others, including one child of five years, had been imprisoned as witches, while still others had their whole lives embittered by the thought that "confessions" extorted from them by a stupid magistrate and a scheming minister had aided in sending an innocent parent to a felon's grave. But

little was attempted. After a few years the church expunged its votes of excommunication and nearly twenty years after the affair the legislature granted nearly six hundred pounds to the families of some of the victims.

While it seems as if the Rev. Mr. Parris, Deacon Thomas Putnam, and one or two others must have played the part of conspirators along with the accusing girls, it is certain that others were deluded, going down to their graves fully persuaded of the truth of the charges. Still others, like Judge Sewall, made public confession of their error and humbly craved the pardon of both God and man. Still they must have been willing victims, for it was shown time and time again in the trials that the girls but played the part they pretended was so real. They were seen to bite their arms and then to show the marks as evidence of spectral teeth; to hold pins in the hand and claim that the blood which flowed was from wizard wounds. One of the girls was told that she lied when she accused a certain person. She admitted the charge and said, "you know we must have some fun." The clergy as a rule were more lukewarm in the prosecution than were the members of the legal profession. To be sure they were largely responsible for its start, but later only Parris, Noyes, and Cotton Mather were active while many were among the first to bring proceedings to a close.

One can hardly help feeling that here, if ever, retributive justice followed those guilty of a crime. We have already mentioned the end of Mr. Noyes. The Rev. Deodat Lawson was an active agent in arousing the people. His death is shrouded in mystery, but in a book of 1727 he is referred to as "the unhappy Mr. Deodat Lawson." The sheriff and the marshal both died while still young men; Thomas Putnam and his wife lived only to the ages of 47 and 38; while "Ann Putnam jr." was for many years an invalid. In 1706 she made a confession which while it tacitly admitted the fraudulent nature of the whole proceeding threw the whole responsibility on the devil. Of the others of the accusing circle but little is known. In an act of the legislature of 1710 is this reference: "Some of the principal accusers and witnesses in those dark and severe prosecutions have since discovered themselves to be persons of profligate and vicious conversation." One can imagine them descending to any crime in the attempt to forget that dark blot of 1692.

There was no peace for Mr. Parris. As soon as there was the slightest calm in the witchcraft trials the old church quarrel was renewed with far more bitterness than before. His enemies fought at great odds for then church and state were united, but in 1697 he was driven out. He succeeded in getting other churches but always in the smallest and weakest parishes. The remembrance of the part he played followed him everywhere and in his last years he was reduced to absolute want.

Cotton Mather must be mentioned here, for he played a very important though not a conspicuous part in the whole affair. He tells us that he was in Salem but once during the trials, but in one of his letters he explicitly says that he was one of the chief instigators and prosecutors of the delusion, though he endeavored to keep out of sight. A year later he tried to get up another witchcraft craze in Boston, and published a history and defense of the Salem troubles.

Mather was a very ambitious man and in 1692 he was at the zenith of his life, standing an easy first among all the clergy of New England. From that time his life was filled with disappointments. His pre-eminence was gone. The offices he wanted so badly and worked for so assiduously eluded him, while his later years were embittered by rebuffs and open enmity from those around him. His diary of 1724 has been preserved. In it he pours out his inmost soul, and we can see in its pages how keenly he felt the many slights and indignities that had been heaped upon him. He tells us in the most pathetic language the many things he had tried to do for his fellow man, and with what ingratitude he had been rewarded. People "call their negroes by the name of COTTON MATHER, so that they may, with some shadow of truth, assert crimes as committed by one of that name, which the hearers take to be *me*. * * * Where is the man at whom the female sex have spit more of their vemon at? I have cause to question whether there are twice ten in the town but what have, at some time or other, spoken *basely* of me. * * * There is no man whom the country so loads with disrespect and calumnies and manifold expressions of aversion * * * Indeed I find some cordial friends, but *how few*. * * * My company is as little sought for, and there is as little resort to it, as any minister that I am acquainted with. * * *"

This was January 1. His cup was not yet full. Above all things

he desired the presidency of Harvard College. In May of that year the president, his father, died, and Cotton's diary tells us he as much as begged for the position. In November the corporation elected another man. Even this was not enough; their first choice declined the honor, and six months later the trustees called the Rev. Benjamin Wadsworth to the position. As both of these gentlemen were pastors in Boston where Mather himself preached, he must have felt keenly the double slight thus heaped upon him. To-day Cotton Mather is but little more than a name, and people know no more of the author of over three hundred books than they do of that sad affair for which he was so largely responsible.

HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN OMAHA.

By Mrs. M. B. Newton.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 14, 1890.]

There is very little doubt that the first school in the city of Omaha was held in the basement of the old brick church erected by the Congregational Society, in the winter of 1855 and 1856. The church stood on the lot which is now in the rear of the Y. M. C. A. building. A Mrs. Smith came from New York state, rented the northeast basement room, and there taught a little private school. Very soon after a Mrs. Purple, then a young lady, had a private school in the state house building, on Ninth and Farnam. Almost from the first there were more children in the city than could be accommodated in the schools. Many of the early settlers were people of education and culture and they organized classes among themselves for mutual improvement in different studies. One person after another would instruct. People who were able sent their children to St. Louis and other cities, but this involved an expensive and tedious trip. Facilities for travel in those days were limited and therefore this was not a popular method.

Others employed teachers in their homes. The children of those days however speak well in their later development for the character of the instruction received. There still remained a large class of children who demanded the American right of education. Omaha was incorporated in 1857, was then divided into three wards, and a school director from each ward was elected, A. D. Jones, G. C. Monell, and Mr. Kellom, being first to fill the office.

Mr. Monell had known Howard E. Kennedy in the East and his services as superintendent of education were engaged by these three directors. Mr. Kennedy arrived in 1858 and at once began his work. He found plenty to do. Not a building or a book could the city claim. Mr. Kennedy rented rooms in the state house and Nov. 1, 1859, after attending personally to every arrangement, opened three

schools. He, himself, taught in the state house assisted by Mrs. Nye. A little one story, one room frame building on Thirteenth street near Douglas, was in charge of Mrs. Rust, and a similar school on Cuming street near the old Military Bridge was taught by Mrs. Torry. For a year these teachers did most excellent work. The schools were crowded with pupils of all ages and attainments. Efforts to follow a system of grading, which Mr. Kennedy planned, were made, but in schools like these, this is almost impossible. The year of 1860 was an unlucky one for Omaha schools.

The financial troubles of the approaching war affected Omaha greatly. Public school funds were exhausted. Classes formed at intervals by people, whose occupations afforded sufficient leisure, were again resorted to. Mr. Kennedy left for the east, expecting to return soon and resume his work, but changed his plans later, and did not return for several years.

In 1860, Samuel D. Beals, a gentleman whose reputation was not unknown in Omaha, organized a private school, which he conducted for nine years. It was extensively advertised as the Omaha High School, and is mentioned by that name in the report of W. E. Harvey, Territorial Commissioner, in 1860. This report gives the number of pupils in all the schools as 267, or a fraction over 50 per cent. of the school population.

From 1860 to 1863, there were no public schools, although a few efforts were made to establish them. In 1862, a Mr. McCarthy, school director from the 1st ward, made application to the city council for permission to erect a school building on Jefferson Square, and the permission was granted. Raising the funds for that building, however, was not easy, and sufficient money could not be obtained till 1863. Then the first school building ever owned by the city was erected on the southwest corner of Jefferson Square. It was a frame building of medium size containing at first only one room. This school was erected under the personal supervision of B. E. B. Kennedy, and was opened in September, 1863. It was crowded to excess from the first day. The unhappy teacher first engaged was utterly unable to control the crowd, and was dismissed at the end of the month. Another gentleman, whose methods of discipline appear to have been original at least, was employed. He fashioned a

wooden instrument, something like a small spade, with a long handle and with this he alternately spatted and punched disorderly pupils even at quite a distance from him. He too, stayed only a month, and was succeeded by Mrs. Cooper, under whose care the school flourished.

In a very short time the room was divided, thereby accommodating a larger number of pupils, and Mr. Hutchinson was employed as principal. The following year ground was purchased on Cass street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, and the building moved over there, where it remained until 1878, when it was removed to Burt and Twenty-second streets, and is now used as a stable. From this second start, Omaha schools have progressed steadily.

In 1863 Lincoln's decision that Omaha should be the terminus of the U. P. R. R., gave a great impetus to its growth, and what had before been a struggling western village became an ambitious town. School accommodations were limited, and in 1864, the Episcopal church organized a school for young ladies out on Saunders street, in what is now known as the Saratoga district. Its first pupil was Mrs. Flemon Drake.

Pupils who could not be accommodated in the public schools, were thus afforded another chance for home education, which they were not slow to grasp. The school was removed to Sixteenth and Jones in 1867, and remained there in care of the Rev. J. H. Dougherty until 1880. A beautiful building was then erected on South Tenth street and the school removed there. It is under a board of fifteen directors, of whom the bishop of this diocese is president.

Several small parochial schools were started about this same time, by the Catholic societies of the town.

From 1864 to 1869, the schools were largely under the care of B. E. B. Kennedy, John Evans, Dr. Miller, J. M. Woolworth, John Rush, and many others, who are still residents of the city. The buildings were inferior, but the care bestowed upon their inmates was superior.

Full records of these schools were kept and turned over by B. E. B. Kennedy to the board of education in 1872, but these records unfortunately, have every one been lost.

In 1868, the Catholic residents of the city made a request for a portion of the public school money to be used in maintaining the

parochial schools. This the board of directors refused to pay, even after a vote to give them $1,000 had been passed by the legislature. To compromise the matter, the directors rented the building owned by the German Catholic church on Eighth street, near Harney, paying $1,000 rent.

This wise arrangement averted all trouble at that time and the rooms were occupied until the church society was obliged to retain them for its own use. Since then there has been little or no effort in this direction. There are now about 1,800 pupils enrolled in the twelve Catholic schools, including nearly two hundred students of Creighton College. In 1868 the capitol building was vacated and the legislature of 1869 presented the grounds and building to Omaha for a high school. Six gentlemen, constituting the board of regents, organized by the legislature, held their first meeting in the office of one of the members, J. M. Woolworth. A Chicago architect, G. P. Randolph, by name, examined the building and pronounced it unfit for use. The treasurer of the board was qualified by law to receive the $38,840 due from the state. The regents also thought that $12,500 were due from the board of school directors, and requested the payment of that sum. John Evans was then the treasurer of the directors, and after consultation with his colleagues, refused to pay it on the ground of illegality. After several efforts to obtain it, the board of regents resolved to sue the board of directors for $25,000. Early in 1870 the directors offered to pay the regents the sum of $20,000 on condition that the suit then pending should be withdrawn, that all pupils from the city schools who could pass examination should be admitted into the high school, and that there should be one general and harmonious system of grading throughout.

These conditions were accepted. These directors, B. E. B. Kennedy, John Evans, and Mr. Simpson, made also another change, and one thoroughly in harmony with Nebraska enterprise and justice. They established the custom of paying for the work itself, without regard to the sex of the teacher, Omaha being the first city in the United States to do so.

Money matters being now adjusted, at the request of the board of regents and the board of directors, Mr. S. D. Beals arranged a system of grading. Children are permittted to enter at five years of age. The child so entering is placed in the first or A class of the first

grade, each school year of forty weeks making a grade. Each year was divided into three terms named A, B, and C, A being the first and C the third and highest.

Four years finished the primary grades, and four more years the grammar. The pupils of the 8th C who were able to pass the required examination were then admitted to the 9th grade, the lowest class of the high school. This course enables a pupil of average ability to finish his high school course at about the age of seventeen. It has proved a most satisfactory arrangement and is the basis of the school system now. Meanwhile architects and builders were engaged in erecting the high school building, but before it was completed the board of regents and the board of directors were disbanded by the legislature, and the entire control of the city system vested in a board of education. The city was enlarged by the addition of three districts at this time, so the first board of education numbered twelve members. The city council rooms were rented for their use and the first meeting was held May 11, 1872. No brick buildings were then owned, but three were building, the Pacific school being the first ready.

A. F. Nightingale was elected city superintendent. Mr. Kellom was elected principal of the high school, J. B. Bruner principal of the Izard, Mr. Beals principal of the Pacific, and Mr. Snow principal of the Central or Pleasant school.

Looking at the Izard school to-day, standing nearly in the centre of the city, it seems strange to think that less than twenty years ago the daily papers commented severely upon the folly of buying school property so far out in the country. These schools filled very rapidly, notwithstanding the newspapers. Mr. Nightingale in his first report complains of the crowded condition of the schools and suggests extra accommodations in various directions. His complaints have been echoed and re-echoed in every superintendent's report since.

Mr. Nightengale remained a year, successfully inaugurating Mr. Beals' system of grading. At the end of that time Mr. Beals was elected superintendent. The schools remaining under his charge for seven years, increased rapidly in numbers, and improved with almost equal rapidity. No one person perhaps has had so great an influence on these schools as Mr. Beals. He has been continuously connected with them for twenty-nine years. Associated with him

since 1872 have been Mr. Bruner, Miss Anna Foos, and Miss Jennie McKoon. These teachers have had charge of the largest and most important schools in the town. Theirs have been the brains and the hands to execute and supplement the work of the superintendents and boards. Omaha has been exceptionally fortunate in the people associated with the early days of its schools. At present the schools rank high among all cities, and this I believe is owing largely to the noble character and broad minds of those who laid their foundations.

George B. Lane followed Mr. Beals. He made no changes in the system, but brought about several changes in the books used. He remained in office two years and was succeeded by H. M. James, then assistant superintendent of public instructions in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. James found himself in charge of twelve buildings, attended by about four thousand pupils in the care of less than one hundred teachers. A striking feature of the schools of that time is the poor attendance. This is attributed to the poor condition of the streets, very few being paved or graded, and to some parental indifference to the advantages of regular attendance. In a list of a score of other cities of a similar size tabulated by Mr. James, Omaha stood at the foot of the list in the per cent. of attendance. Mr. James at once gave attention to this with gratifying results. The increase both in enrollment and attendance has been marvelous and has taxed the board beyond its ability to provide shelter for these crowds. Basements, hallways, and store rooms in school buildings have been hastily arranged and all sorts of buildings rented. Those buildings in fair condition have been enlarged and ten new houses, each seating from five hundred to eight hundred pupils, with about the same number of small buildings varying from one to six rooms, have been erected within the last five years. In 1882 Mr. Hines, the 4th principal of the high school accepted the position of State Superintendent of Connecticut and resigned his position in Omaha. Previous to 1882, Omaha had a smaller high school than any other city of its size. The preparatory high school class was taught only in the central school. This was not convenient for pupils living in the outskirts and to prevent these pupils from leaving school this grade was established in several of the larger buildings. H. P. Lewis was elected 5th principal. To-day the high school is among the largest schools in the United States, even comparing Omaha with many

cities larger than itself. This is proof that the care bestowed upon it by Mr. James, Mr. Lewis, and the board of education is recognized and appreciated in the town. The tremendous increase of 245 per cent. in the public school enrollment against the very moderate increase of 25 per cent. in private schools also attests their popularity. The Omaha Business College established by E. W. Rohrbough in 1878, and Brownell Hall are the only ones of any size, although many have made an effort to get a foothold here.

The law of Nebraska does not forbid corporal punishment, and previous to 1881 each teacher inflicted such punishment as was deemed necessary. Mr. James disapproves of corporal punishment of any kind as being degrading to both teacher and pupil and it has therefore been abandoned.

The efficiency of the school was increased first by the appointment of Miss Kate Ball as a special teacher of writing and drawing, then by Miss Lucia Rogers taking charge of music, and later by the appointment of H. M. Kummerow as teacher of calisthenics. The purchase of a quantityof supplementary reading matter was an improvement at this time and in accord with the most advanced educational theories.

As another inducement to take the high school course, the experiment of adding a manual training school was begun in 1884. Mr. Albert Bauman, a graduate of the St. Louis Training School, was employed as teacher. This branch has proved a success and is still in active operation. A cooking school for girls was tried soon after, but did not prove the success its sponsors had hoped for, and was abandoned at the close of the year. To Omaha belongs the credit of having been the first city to establish a manual training school as a regular branch of the city school system. In 1884 the city changed from one of the first-class to a metropolitan city, and its board of education was again disbanded by the legislature and a new board of fifteen members elected by the city. The secretary, formerly a member chosen by vote of the rest of board, was no longer a member but was employed by the board.

The legislature of 1883 passed a law requiring all teachers in this state to teach the effects of intoxicating drinks, and all stimulants and narcotics upon the human race, so that instruction in physiology and hygiene became a part of the work of all grades. Perhaps, however, the most important step the board of education have taken

was in 1885. All books to be used throughout the schools were henceforth to be supplied to the pupils by the city. The advantage of this arrangement are inestimable.

Mr. James in 1885 made a change in grading. He divided the year's work into two parts instead of three, the highest class being since known as the B class.

In 1888 a course of book keeping was added to the high school electives and has become very popular. Since then no changes have taken place.

1890 finds Omaha with over twelve thousand pupils attending her schools and fifty-one school buildings in the care of two hundred and seventy teachers.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PLATTE.

By James W. Savage.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 14, 1890.]

In the sixth volume of his collections of manuscript documents relating to America by M. Pierre Margey, the distinguished historical investigator of France, is given a brief synopsis of an account of a visit in the year 1739 to the territory now included in the state of Nebraska, which seems worthy of translation or paraphrase, and of a place in the records of the Historical Society of our state. It is entitled, "The Journey of the Mallet Brothers with Six Other Frenchmen from the River of the Panimahas in the Missouri Country to Santa Fe." To comprehend the full significance of the expedition it will be useful to recall to our minds the jealousies, the rivalries, the contests and treacheries, the massacres, the assassinations, the crimes of all sorts which the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries witnessed as the result of the discoveries by Columbus.

Spain, reasonably secure in her possessions of the country west of the deserts beyond the Mississippi which the valor and prowess of Cortez had given her, laid claim also by virtue of the revelations of the Genoese navigator to the whole of Florida, under which attractive name was comprehended the entire region from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the gulf to the north pole. France, grudging the glory and the wealth with which the new world had adorned the crown of Charles the Fifth, entrusted to Verrazzano the task of finding the opulent kingdom of Cathay, and as a result of his discoveries laid claim to the same extensive country. The hostility thus begun lasted for more than two centuries.

The French complained with indignation that the Spaniards thought that the new world was created expressly for them, and that no other man living had a right to move or breathe therein. The bitterness engendered by these rival interests led to the atrocities of Menendez and Gourgues, the butcheries of Fort Caroline and St.

Augustine, at the narrative of which the blood still runs cold. That the slaughter was committed in the name of the founder of the religion of peace adds darker shadows to the sombre story of those days. One mild and gentle apostle addressed the king in these words: "It is lawful that your majesty, like a good shepherd appointed by the hand of the Eternal Father should tend and lead out your sheep, since the Holy Spirit has shown spreading pastures whereon are feeding lost sheep which have been snatched away by the dragoon, the demon. These pastures are the new world, wherein is comprised Florida, now in possession of the demon, and he makes himself adored and revealed. This is the land of promise possessed by idolaters, the Amorite, Amelekite, Moabite, Canaanite. This is the land promised by the Eternal Father to the faithful, since we are commanded by God in the holy scriptures to take it from them, being idolaters, and by reason of their idolatry and sin to put them to the knife, leaving no living thing except maidens and children, their cities robbed and sacked, their walls and houses levelled to the earth."

For many long years the struggle between France and Spain for this fairest portion of the new world continued. Neither was destined to succeed. The pompous expeditions of both nations, their blasphemous proclamations, their costly settlements—all gave way in time to the simple beginnings on the banks of the James and the coast of New England. Still, for a long time after the Spaniards were confined to Mexico, and the French to Canada and the Mississippi valley, the same suspicions, jealousies, rivalries and antagonisms continued. If the French made a move in one quarter, the Spaniards endeavored to meet it by a counter stroke in another. If one nation established a trading post in the wilderness, the other sought to seduce its servants and to render the enterprise abortive. Spies and other emissaries abounded everywhere. With an ostentatious display of peace on both sides, there was constant suspicion and constant watchfulness. In a letter from Bienville, governor of Louisiana, dated April 25, 1722, he says that he learns from the savages of the Missouri that the Spaniards meditated an establishment on the Kansas river, and that he has ordered Sieur de Boisbriant to prevent this by sending a detachment of twenty soldiers to build a little fort and to remain in garrison on that river.

Such was the situation in the years 1739–40, when the expedition to which I invite a few minutes' attention started from what is now Nebraska to Santa Fe. What we know of this journey is meagre and fragmentary in a most provoking degree, consisting solely of an abridgement or synopsis of a journal kept by one of the travellers for the perusal of Governor de Bienville at New Orleans. The summary or table of its contents is as follows: "The brothers Mallet with six other Frenchmen, leaving the river of the Panimahas discover the river Platte, visit the villages of the Lalitane nation, and reach Santa Fe." The names of those who composed this adventurous band were Peter and Paul Mallet, Philip Robitaille, Louis Morin, or, as the name is sometimes written, Moreau, Michael Beslot, Joseph Bellecourt, Manuel Gallien, and Jean David. All except the last, who was from the mother country, were Canadians of French parentage. The ostensible object of their trip was to establish trade with the merchants of New Mexico. What secret instructions if any, they had, or what their real purpose was, is nowhere involved in their memorial, and will probably never be more than conjectured, but that the Spaniards were at least doubtful as to their character seems clear. About one hundred years later, and long after Louisiana had become the property of the United States, an expedition starting from Texas with the same pretense of amity and social intercourse, received but scant courtesy from the Mexicans, and it is not probable that the latter were less on their guard against their hereditary enemies, the French.

The little band, at the time when the journal was introduced to them, had reached the nation of the Panimahas, with whom the French were on friendly terms, living on a river of the same name. It may be considered as a fact established by papers already published in the collection of this society, that the Panimahas where the tribe since known as the Pawnees, and the Panimaha river was the stream now called the Loup Fork.

From a point on the Loup, not far from where Genoa is now situated, the Mallet brothers took their departure on the 29th day of May, 1739. Those who, prior to that time had essayed to make the same hazardous journey, had supposed that New Mexico was situated on the headwaters of the Missouri, and had therefore attempted to reach that country by following up the course of the last-mentioned

stream. But the Mallet brothers, upon the advice of some of their savage allies, determined to seek New Mexico by taking a southwesterly direction across the country. Accordingly, pursuing this course, they came on the third day to a wide and shallow river which (and here I follow the exact language of the original) they named the Platte. So far as I know or can ascertain this was the first time that our wandering stream had received an appellation in a Christian tongue. Other adventurous bushrangers thereafter translated other titles and L'Eau-qui-court, L'Eau-qui-pleure, the Papillion, the Chadron, the Loup, and others will long retain, it is to be hoped, the soft and musical nomenclature of the Gallic race. But who named them or when, are as yet as difficult to answer as the question what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. This one fact has alone survived the century and a half that has elapsed since the daring enterprise of these Canadian French.

They struck the Platte probably in the vicinity of Kearney. At any rate, at some point where the general course of the stream was toward the northeast or east, for we read that the explorers, finding that it did not deviate materially from the route they had chosen, followed it up for the distance of twenty-eight leagues, where they found that the river of the Padoucas emptied into it. This river was unquestionably the south fork of the Platte, and it is noteworthy that on one of Colton's maps of the United States, published in 1862, the stream is still called the Padouca. For three days afterwards the brothers Mallet ascended the north fork of the Platte, until on the 13th of June finding that its course was leading them to the northwest instead of the direction they had determined upon, they turned to the left, crossed the north fork, traversed the tongue of land made by the two branches, and encamped on the shores of a river which must have been the south fork.

It is not easy to identify with absolute certainty the water course which in the next few days they seem to have crossed. From their journal has been eliminated all matters except such as would enable an engineer officer to direct the march of an army over the same course. It is manifest, however, that they crossed several affluents and the main current of the Republican, marching over a treeless country, which supplies barely wood enough for cooking purposes, and recording that these bare plains extended as far as the mountains

in the vicinity of Santa Fe. On the 20th they reached and crossed a deep and rapid river, losing in the operation seven horses laden with merchandise. This stream they say was the Kansas. Again they entered upon the prairies bare of trees, dependent upon buffalo chips for their fuel, encamping nearly every night by a water course, until on the 30th of June they pitched their tents upon the banks of the Arkansas river, where for the first time they came upon traces of Spanish occupancy.

It is hardly necessary to follow their exact course from this point, or to speak of their encounter with an Indian tribe called Lalitanes, their success in procuring a guide or their first view of the Spanish mountains. On the 14th they reached the pueblo and mission of Pecos, so well known to all travelers on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway. Here they were treated with kindness and consideration, and from here passing through Taos, they reached Santa Fe on the 22d of July. From hints in their journal and its accompanying documents, it is quite evident that while hospitably received they were sedulously guarded and watched. Communication with the City of Mexico could be had but once a year, and so after making known their wishes to establish commerce between the Spanish and French, they were obliged to submit to a delay of nine months before an answer could be returned. Probably this detention was not entirely irksome to them, as it enabled them to make sundry valuable observations for the governor of Louisiana. Their report contains suspicious sentences like the following: "Santa Fe is a city built of wood and without fortifications of any kind." * * * "There are only eighty soldiers in the garrison—an ill conditioned body of men, poorly equipped." * * * "There are valuable mines in the province, worked for the king of Spain, the silver from which is transmitted annually by caravan to Old Mexico." * * * "The few presents distributed among the Lalitanes have had an excellent effect, and the tribe will be entirely on our side if we have an establishment in the country."

It is doubtful if our adventurers were much annoyed or disappointed by the response of the viceroy which consisted of an offer to engage them to discover a rich region three months' journey to the westward, where it was said there were populous cities whose dwellers were clothed in silks and lived in luxury. They preferred,

muskets to the body guard, and seeking where to lodge them, there being no room in the palace, I took them to my house, where I entertained them. A few days afterwards I sent to seek for their arms, ammunition, and luggage which they had saved when wrecked in crossing a river, where they lost nine horses laden with merchandise and clothing. So that according to their account they had had the intrepidity, though almost naked, to discover this realm and give to it communication with the colonies of New Orleans and Canada. And spurning all dangers and risks from hostile savages they have come to see the Spaniards, by whom they have been well received, having been invited by them to eat and lodge in their houses while awaiting the answer of Monseigneur, the archbishop viceroy of Mexico, Dom Jean Antoine Bizarou, a period of nine months during which time the brothers Mallet, who have been domiciled with me and eating at my table, have maintained a very correct and christianlike demeanor, and being about to return I have advised them, that in case they obtain a royal license for commerce with this kingdom, they bring on their return a certificate and passport from the governor, in default of which, their goods would be liable to confiscation as contraband.

"In testimony whereof, etc. Given at Santa Fe this 30th day of April, 1740. JEAN PAEZ HURTADO."

Such is the unsatisfactory and imperfect memorial of an expedition which at that period called for and displayed as much sagacity, heroic endurance and bravery as any more recent discoveries in the Arctic regions or the wilds of Africa. The names of its heroes, except for the accident of being pigeon-holed a century and a half ago, would have been in our day utterly forgotten. The Mallet brothers, the leaders of this little band, have descendants still living in this country. Would it be out of place to suggest to the authorities of the Union Pacific, Burlington & Missouri, Northwestern, or other railways, and to others engaged in western enterprises who find it no easy task to select distinctive or appropriate appellations for the rapidly increasing towns of the western frontier, that those who gave its enduring name to our erratic river are entitled to have their own perpetuated in some flourishing station or village?

DEVELOPMENT OF THE FREE SOIL IDEA IN THE UNITED STATES.

By W. H. Eller.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 14, 1890.]

The causes leading to the organization of Nebraska territory, date back of the adoption of the American constitution, and form a part of the history of that freedom which now distinguishes the people of the United States from all other governments. The federal union is, within itself, a compact of free and independent states, formed from those physical parts, and bounded by those natural and artificial lines which peculiarly fit each separate dominion to become a part of the whole, all within the belt of the temperate zone of the western hemisphere.

The development of the free soil doctrine, which made it Nebraska, really began before it had a settler and before the American revolution had accomplished its great results, to understand which it is necessary to state a few facts in the history of African slavery. The African slave trade first introduced slavery into the province of Virginia in the year 1619, and by the year 1670 it is estimated that there were at least 2,000 slaves in that dominion. The first English slave ship fitted out in the colonies, sailed from Boston in 1646. The French admitted slavery to be established in their colonies in 1624. The whole "civilized" world engaged in the traffic for profit for more than a century afterward, and it became common in all American colonies.

About the year 1775, with the development of the doctrines of popular liberty, the evil began gradually to contract in the dominion of Canada and the Northern American colonies, owing to the unprofitable condition of slave labor upon the one hand, and the development and the assertion of equal and universal rights upon the other, so that in 1784, Rhode Island had led the way in the interdiction of importing slaves into her territory, and in the year following

enacted a law for their gradual emancipation. When the census of 1840 was taken, she had but five slaves left within her borders. Massachusetts, by her bill of rights, abolished slavery in 1780, and the act went into full effect by the decision of her courts in 1783, and no slaves are shown by the census of 1790. In the same year Pennsylvania barred the further introduction of slaves, and also enacted a law for their gradual emancipation, and the census taken in 1840, found but sixty-four in servitude within her boundaries. In 1784, Connecticut followed her example, and in 1840 she had only 17 persons in involuntary servitude. Virginia prohibited the introduction of slaves from abroad in 1778, and North Carolina in 1786, Maryland in 1783, New Hampshire abolished slavery in 1793, and but few remained in the year 1800. In 1799 New York adopted gradual emancipation and had but few slaves left in the year 1840. New Jersey followed in the year 1820, but did not fairly rid herself of the evil prior to the first election of Abraham Lincoln. She had twenty slaves in the summer of 1860.

Our country was, therefore, called upon to wrestle with popular slavery as a domestic institution during those years, and under those limitations and obstructions in her way when asserting her own independence and legislating for the establishment of her own popular liberty. The importation of slaves into her borders was not, therefore, forbidden by her general government until the year 1808.

The census of 1790 kindly gives us 59,456 free colored persons in the United States, the great majority of whom were of pure African descent. The second census gives us 108,395, the third makes the figures to 186,466 the fourth raises the figures to 233,524, the fifth increases them to 319,599, in 1840 the whole number was 386,303, and in 1850 the census brought in 434,495, which was increased to about 500,000 in the year 1860. The slave population in 1790, was about 700,000, which increased to nearly 4,000,000 by the year 1860. The states were at this time half slave and half free, and slavery had so far receded that the territories north of 36° 30 min. were free soil, and but five slave states remained north of that line, which were afterwards designated border states. The growth and development of the free soil doctrine, therefore, had for its counterpart the history of that legislation, those common debates and discussions which had restricted and confined the American system of African slavery to

the southern part and parts of our common country. The history of this legislation begins with the year 1783.

In 1790, two distinct and separate doctrines of civil government prevailed among the statesmen of our nation, the one the federal idea, which comprised the doctrines of a strong and centralized system, dominant over all local colonies, and into which the original thirteen states with ceded territory in their separate capacities should become merged in one common whole, constituting one strong and centralized power; and the other, the democratic theory, following strictly in its construction the preamble to that great charter known as the constitution of the states, and which refers all power of the governed to the people themselves. All discussions of importance on the bill of rights, the purchase of lands, their division into territories and their organization and government as such, their internal improvement, consequent development, and final admission into the union as states, have arisen from the public consideration of these political dogmas, as enunciated and applied by successive administrations. Each territory and state has partaken of these doctrines as successively brought forth and constituted, with the single exception of Kentucky, which was ceeded by Virginia and directly admitted upon her acceptance of the constitution, without becoming a ward of the general government under that political tutelage known as a territory, taking effect June 1, 1792.

The federal idea had for its home the New England colonies, bound together by the ties of religion, kindred, community of interests in Indian wars, and early confederation in opposition to the mandates of the mother country. It also extended gradually westward with emigration. The remaining colonies were embraced in separate and distinct grants from the British government to the original proprietors and patentees, and were subdivided at an early day into great and broad baronies, vestiges of which still remained. The immunity shared by them from invasions, insurrections, and the general pacific relations with Indian tribes, had rendered a compact unnecesary.

Other reasons for the view may be had by considering the religion and character of the settlers of the southern colonies. Maryland was peculiarly Catholic, Virginia Episcopal, South Carolina Huguenot, and North Carolina was a refuge for all the distressed classes of

Britain. Nothing had occurred up to the year 1775 to create a community of interest in these southern colonies.

At this time the colonies were possessed in their original grants by the general treaty with Britain, and owned vast tracts of territory over which they held jurisdiction and control. The boundaries were not always well defined, but the titles were unquestioned. In adjusting the indebtedness of the several states and of the general government, these vast tracts were ceded to the latter, and control assumed by the United States. These grants included all the unsettled country north of Florida and west of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. The organization of the territory northwest of the Ohio immediately followed, and a restriction imposed that there "should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall be first duly convicted." The substance of this condition had been proposed in the Continental congress in the year 1784, and did not finally pass until about July 11, 1787.

Vermont was disputed territory, and domestic slavery never found a foothold. She was always free soil. Kentucky inherited the institution from Virginia, and never had a voice either for or against its introduction. No one of the colonies had a voice, and the colonies were none of them responsible for its existence within their borders, so that negro slavery is to be wholly referred to the policy of another government, and the same that maintained control over our colonial affairs.

North Carolina made a contribution of her Tennessee country on the 22d day of December, 1789, and conditioned her grant so that "no regulation made or to be made by congress shall tend to emancipate slaves." The financial condition of the general government was very poor at that time, and standing in urgent need of the gift, she accepted it with the condition.

Georgia at first resented the introduction of slavery, but its encroachments were so urgent that she first yielded, and afterward repealed her anti-slavery statute. Her grants of Alabama and Mississippi were made to the general government, with all the restrictions, conditions, and privileges made in favor of the northwest territory, save and except that article which forbids slavery. This gift was likewise accepted with the condition.

About the year 1800, an attempt was made to extend the limitation of the act as to Ohio Territory, but Ohio was admitted a free state in the year 1802.

Indiana Territory, also wrestled with the same question, then under the leadership of its governor, afterward President W. H. Harrison, and a petition from its legislature was presented in congress for the suspension of the Sixth Article for the period of ten years, so that slaves born within the United States, or from any one of the states, might be admitted. This necessarily resulted in the appointment of committees, the discussion of the subject matter and reports to the house involving these discussions. The extension was not considered expedient, and was hence the subject of refusal. Following slowly afterward came into the union the free states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The latter was formed from the cession made by Great Britain to our government in 1796, and with like restriction.

On the 20th of December, 1803, the government of the United States took possession of that extensive country lying north of Florida, and from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the British Possessions, and from thence across the Rocky mountains. This purchase had been at a venture of 60,000,000 francs from the First Consul Napoleon Bonaparte, of France, without reference to the extension of human slavery, and that portion constituting the present state of Louisiana was admitted into the union in 1812, under its pro-slavery state constitution.

Upon the treaty of 1767, whereby France had ceded the northwest territory to the British government, the French trappers and traders who resided in the Illinois country crossed over into Missouri, taking their slaves with them, and human slavery existed there at the time of purchase in 1803.

In December, 1817, a delegate from Missouri appeared in congress, and was admitted to a seat. It was proposed during the following February, that Missouri be admitted into the Union, but a clause was desired by northern congressmen prohibiting the extension of slavery. This was the great entering wedge and resulted finally in the Missouri compromise of 1820. It was in this discussion that Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, declared that if the north persisted, the union would be dissolved, and remarked with warmth, addressing a con-

gressman from New York: "You have kindled a fire which all the water of the ocean can not put out, which seas of blood only can extinguish." This first struggle resulted in the organization of the territory south of 36 ° 30 min. and north of Louisiana, into the Territory of Arkansas, with slavery unrestricted, but the admission of Missouri into the union of states on either basis, slave or free, was defeated.

The second Missouri struggle commenced in December of the next session, and much new blood having been infused into the house, by reason of previous elections, the debates were long and the question was again fully discussed. Memorials were presented from legislatures of several states, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, favoring the restriction of slavery. An elaborate memorial prepared by Daniel Webster, and signed by himself, George Blake, Josiah Quincy, and many others, desiring that measures be taken "to restrain the increase of slavery in new states to be admitted into the union," was presented December 3, 1819. This sentiment prevailed strongly in Boston, and throughout the New England states. The legislature of Kentucky passed a memorial by a unanimous vote against the desired restriction, and it was also presented to congress in January following. Upon the final vote the restriction was lost, and Missouri was admitted into the union with slavery on February 28, 1821. Maine was received a free state on the next day. This was according to an agreement, and all the territory north and west of the line of 36 ° 30 min., which was the south line of the state of Missouri, was declared by act of congress, at the same time, to be free territory, and that slavery should be forever excluded. It was at that time occupied only by Indians, a few trappers, and two detachments of the regular army.

The Missouri state line on the west ran due north and south, crossing the river at Kansas City, at the mouth of the Kaw river. The territory comprising the six counties in the northwest part of the state was then an Indian reservation, and contains its most fertile soil. Senators Benton and Linn succeeded in securing an extension of this state line to the river, and this extension included these fine lands, the bill being approved by President Jackson on the 7th day of June, 1836. This extension of slave territory was so quietly done, notwithstanding the anti-slavery agitation of the times, and

the great debate pending in congress on the right of petition, led by John Quincy Adams, that it hardly attracted attention, and was the first encroachment upon the terms of the Missouri compromise by any direct measure. This section of the state furnished the most aggressive emigration into the western territory in later years.

In the year 1819 negotiations were opened with Spain for the purchase of Florida, and the treaty was ratified by both governments in July, 1821, and that sovereignty was formally transferred to the United States. The north boundary line of Florida followed the St. Mary's river from its mouth to its source, thence west to the Chatahoochee, thence along that stream to the 31st parallel, thence west to the Mississippi river, including the present state of Florida, parts of Alabama and Mississippi, and some parts of the present Louisiana. It also included all that territory west of the Rockies and north of the 42nd parallel to the British possessions, and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, including Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and part of Wyoming, thereby extinguishing the Spanish claims to this vast area. Florida proper was acquired with the institution of slavery existing, and was not subject to the restriction of the Missouri compromise, as claimed by one school of politicians and subject to the restriction as claimed by the other. Slavery was neither prohibited nor sanctioned by the terms of this grant. About the same time this government ceded to Spain that country between Louisana and the Rio Grande, and in less than twenty-five years afterward, was very desirous of getting it back again.

Prior to December 27, 1845, Texas had twice sought to be annexed to the United States, and was finally received by congress on that day, and ratified by that people on the 19th of February, 1846. Prior to this time it had proclaimed its independence, and had obtained some recognition. It was not subject to the restrictions contained in the compromise of 36 ° 30 min. At this time General Taylor was at Corpus Christi, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, with a large part of the United States army for the protection of the Texas frontier, and annexation was immediately followed by the Mexican war, at the termination of which, and by the terms of the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo, 1848, a vast area of territory both north and south of the line of 36 ° 30 min. was acquired.

The annexation of Texas and the beginning of hostilities between

the United States and Mexico, was followed by a message from President Polk to congress, asking that a sum of money be placed at his disposal for immediate use, in effecting a treaty with the Mexican government; and a bill was soon introduced for that purpose, appropriating $30,000 for immediate use, and placing $2,000,000 more at his disposal for the purchase of peace and the settlement of boundary lines. David Wilmot proposed a proviso to that section of the bill refering to the acquisition of territory, against slavery and involunsary servitude in any of its parts, "except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted." This proviso was substantially guarded in the terms of the ordinance of 1787, in the erection of the Northwest Territory, and is known in history as the Wilmot Proviso. This proviso provoked an extended discussion both north and south, its advocates being called free soilers and the opponents pro-slavery men. It was proposed by a democrat and was supported by democrats in the north. The bill and proviso both passed the house, and was sent to the senate on the day provided by law for its adjournment, August 10, 1846. The question was again raised in the bills introduced in 1848, providing for the organization of territorial governments for Oregon, California, and New Mexico, in which the principles of the Wilmot proviso figured largely. The bill for the organization of Oregon passed and was approved by the President. The battle ground was transferred to the remaining bills and finally to New Mexico. All public men took part in these discussions, pro and con, both within congress and out of it, and the people became well versed in the issues involved. Many also committed themselves by informal expressions in ordinary conversation, and by neatly written political letters, as the records of the times now appear. Among the number who are said to have approved the Wilmot proviso in ordinary conversation was General Lewis Cass, at that time in public life and journeying in a railroad car from Washington to his Michigan home. He was among the number, however, who wrote upon that subject, and in a letter dated December 24, 1847, and addressed to General A. O. P. Nicholson, took that middle ground afterward espoused by Senator Douglas, and known in history as the doctrine of "popular sovereignty." In the course of this letter he says:

"The theory of our government pre-supposes that its various members have reserved to themselves the regulation of all subjects

relating to what may be termed their internal police. They are sovereign within their boundaries, except in those cases where they have surrendered to the general government a portion of their rights in order to give effect to the objects of the union, whether these concern foreign nations, if I may so speak, whether they have reference to slavery or to any other relations, domestic or public, are left to local authority, either original or derivative. Congress has no right to say that there shall be slavery in New York, or that there shall be no slavery in Georgia; nor is there any other human power but the people of those states, respectively, which can change the relations existing therein; and they can say, if they will, 'we will have slavery in the former and we will abolish it in the latter.'"

"In various respects the territories differ from the states. Some of their rights are inchoate, and they do not possess the attributes of sovereignty. Their relation to the general government is very imperfectly defined by the constitution, and it will be found upon examination in that instrument, the only grant of power concerning them is conveyed in the phrase, 'Congress shall have the power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations, respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States.'"

* * * * * * * * *

"The question as will, therefore, be seen on examination, does not regard the exclusion of slavery from a region where it now exists, but a prohibition against its introduction where it does not exist, and where, from the feelings of the inhabitants and the laws of nature it is morally impossible, * * * that it can ever re-establish itself."

The third step in the restriction of slavery was, therefore, fully taken in the political campaign of 1848. The first had been the restriction of the slave trade, the second, the restriction of slave territory, and now the third was the doctrine of free soil in all the territories. The advocates of the Wilmot proviso were, therefore, called free soilers and nominated a candidate for president, thus taking a prominent place in the public gaze. It happened in this wise. The state of New York was represented in the democratic national convention at Baltimore, May 22 of that year, by two delegations, that of the free soilers or "barn burners," composed of Wilmot proviso men, and the Hunkers under the leadership of General Daniel S. Dickinson. The convention undertook to conciliate both delegations by admitting

both to a seat and a half vote, upon which the free soilers withdrew and nominated Martin Van Buren for president, and Charles Francis Adams for vice president. The democrats nominated General Cass for president, and William O. Butler, of Kentucky, for vice president. At that election Van Buren received a popular vote of nearly 300,000, which defeated General Cass.

Public feeling had been greatly intensified at the effort of the Wilmot proviso men to secure the restriction of slavery in the organic acts of the new territories, to allay which the whig party, under the leadership of General Taylor, undertook to establish a more pacific course. This doctrine is comprised in the message sent the house in response to a resolution of inquiry on the 21st day of January, 1850, and in which he recognizes the right of California and New Mexico to perfect, form, and adopt such constitutions as their people may choose, subject only to the constitution of the United States.

On the 13th of February afterward, he communicated to congress the free constitution of California. There then remained only Utah, New Mexico, the District of Columbia, and the unorganized territories. Propositions for their adjustment were submitted by Henry Clay and John Bell, provoking extended discussion in both houses.

These propositions were referred to a committee of thirteen, of which Mr. Clay was chairman, on the 28th of February, and their terms were held under consideration to May the 8th, when an extended report covering the many branches of the subject was made by Mr. Clay, the chairman. This report contained the celebrated Omnibus bill, which was afterwards rejected, and the compromise was finally effected on the original proposition of the great Kentuckian. These included the admission of California on her constitution, an adjustment of the boundary of Texas, and the organization of the territories of Utah and New Mexico. The organization of New Mexico had been the battle field, and among other things it was finally provided "that when admitted as a state, the said territory or any portion of the same, shall be received into the union, with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission." This is known as the compromise of 1850, and was generally understood by one school of politicians, to repeal the compromise of 1820. This compromise had long been construed as impairing the rights of the slaveholder.

The consideration of the restriction of slavery from newly acquired territories was raised on different occasions after the introduction of the Wilmot proviso, but the fear that the prosecution of the Mexican war might be impeded, restraining many from voting in its favor until after the treaty of peace had made secure the coveted areas of New Mexico and California, and other lands which were included in its terms. Slavery was at this time considered by many to be upon an equal footing with freedom, and the questions between the two were considered to be at rest. The free democratic vote of John P. Hale, in 1852, was consequently about 100,000 less than that of Van Buren four years before. The general disposition was more pacific and quiet, and by the year 1854, it was supposed to have subsided altogether.

In the formation of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the people were left free to choose for themselves upon this question, and the free soil doctrine prevailed.

THE BEGINNING OF LINCOLN AND LANCASTER COUNTY.

By W. W. Cox.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 10, 1888.]

In the last days of June, 1861, we chanced to meet William T. Donevan on the streets of Nebraska City, and upon our learning that he lived on Salt Creek and in the neighborhood of the wonderful salt basins, we speedily arranged to accompany him, that we might see for ourself the country and the basins of which we had heard so much. If we remember correctly, after passing the old Major's farm four miles out, we passed over an unbroken wilderness, save Wilson's ranche at Wilson's Creek, until we reached McKee's ranche on the Nemaha, where widow McKee and her sons lived. James Iler also lived near the same point. This was twenty miles out, and near the present town of Syracuse. The next improvement, was that of John Roberts on the Nemaha, near the present site of Palmyra, and five miles farther to the West lived Mr. Meecham, a weak-kneed Mormon that had fallen out by the way. These were all the people that we saw on that trip until we reached Salt Creek. After enjoying the hospitalities of our friends here for the night, a somewhat novel mode of conveyance was improvised for our trip to the Basin. A tongue was fastened to the hind axle of a wagon, and a pair of springs were made of short ash sticks, and a board across the ends of the sticks for a seat, and our carriage was complete, and Buck and Bright served for motive power, and on the second day of July, 1861, we followed a dim track down to *Lincoln*—no, to *Lancaster*—no, but down Salt Creek (we hardly ever go up Salt Creek), to the mouth of Oak Creek, where we forded the stream. There was at the time a magnificent grove of honey locust timber on the west side of Salt Creek, and just south of Oak Creek, and a little to the south of the foot of O street in the large bend of the creek, there were perhaps a hundred majestic elms and cotton woods, with here and there a hackberry and honey locust. Those lovely groves would now, if

they could have remained in their natural grandeur and beauty as we saw them, be of priceless value to the city for a park. Joseph, the elder son of Mr. Donevan, was our teamster and guide. The big flies that infested the low bottoms were a great help as persuaders to our oxen; and at times our ride was exciting in the extreme, as the oxen would dart first to the right, then to the left, to get the benefit of a brush to rid themselves of the flies.

It brings peculiar thoughts to mind as we look around us now, and consider the changes that twenty-six years have wrought. One dim track only crossed the sight of the future city from the east to west, that had been made by hunters and salt pilgrims, and the one already mentioned, running up and down the creek. As we viewed the land upon which now stands this great city we had the exciting pleasure of seeing for the first time a large drove of the beautiful antelope cantering across the prairie just about where the Government Square is. We forded salt Creek just by the junction of Oak Creek, and what a struggle we had in making our way through the tall sunflowers between the ford and the Basin. There was something enchanting about the scene that met our eyes. The fresh breeze sweeping over the salt basins reminded us of the morning breezes of the ocean beach. The Basin was as smooth as glass, and resembled a slab of highly polished clouded marble. The wrecks of some old salt furnaces and two deserted cabins were the only signs of civilization, all was wild and solitary: but our soul was filled with rapturous delight. The geese, brant, and pelicans had undisputed sway, and the air was filled with their shrill notes.

The nearest human habitation to either the basins or the present city was that of Mr. Donevan on the Caldwell place on Salt Creek, about five miles up the creek, or south of the ford, Joel Mason lived a mile further up. Richard Wallingford lived at his present home. A. J. Wallingford also lived just across the creek. John Cadman lived just across the county line, as the counties were first constituted, in old Clay County, and where the village of Saltillo now stands. Dr. Maxwell lived in that neighborhood, also Festus Reed, and where Roca now stands, J. L. Davidson and the Pray family had located. Wm. Shirly on Stevens Creek was the nearest settler to the eastward. Charles Retslef and John Wedencamp, also Judge J. D. Maine, held the fort a little further up the creek, and Aaron Wood was located

near the head of Stevens Creek. John and Louis Loder lived down Salt Creek near Waverly, also Micheal Shea and James Moran. To the westward it was a complete wilderness.

In company with Darwin Peckham (now of Lincoln) we commenced making salt on the 20th of August, 1861. We pre-empted one of the log cabins and batched it during the fall. Salt was very scarce in war times, and was high in price; and of a necessity great numbers of people came to scrape salt. They came from all the settled portions of the territory, from Kansas, Missouri, and as far east as central Iowa. At the time of the second visit, we found the roads well broken by pilgrims in the search of salt. Going for salt in those days was like going a fishing. It was all in luck. If the weather was perfectly dry, they could get plenty of it; for it could be scraped up by the wagon load; but three minutes rain would end the game. We have seen a drove of men that came a full hundred miles and arrive just in time to see a little rain clear all the salt off the basin in a moment, and they left to hold an empty sack. We found a goodly number there when we arrived, and they were holding the empty sack; for it had just rained, and the basin was as black as ink. We remember Milton Langdon as one of the disconsolate pilgrims. The next morning, all except our party pulled out, and "we were monarchs of all we surveyed." We immediately built a small furnace, made a sheet iron salt pan, and began boiling salt; and by the time the next drove of pilgrims came, we had salt to trade or sell them. Many farmers would bring their sorghum pans to make their own salt, and when they would get enough, or get tired, we would trade salt for their pans and all their spare provisions. When the weather was dry, many would scrape up more than they could haul home, and we would trade for their scrapings at twenty-five cents per hundred. In dry times we would accumulate a mountain of scraped salt, and as soon as the first rain came, our scrapings would be worth from fifty cents to one dollar per hundred. Pilgrims would grab for it. They brought up all manner of provisions to trade for it, meat, flour, chickens, butter, fruit, potatoes, eggs, and others were willing to go to the groves and cut and haul wood and trade us. Others would haul up a large pile of wood and then rent our furnaces for the night, and would work all night, and thus get a supply. So we had salt to sell, scrapings to sell, furnaces to

rent, and generally provisions to sell. One man, we remember, brought a fine suit of clothes and traded them to us for salt. A party brought us two four-horse wagon loads, 5,000 pounds, of flour from Winterset, Iowa, and we made him an even exchange of 5,000 pounds of salt for it. It was a lively time, for hundreds were coming and going continually during the fall.

We remember several distinguished visitors of that fall, among whom was the Hon. O. P. Mason, and the Hon. J. Sterling Morton. We treated them to slap jacks of our own make, which the Judge seemed to relish, but our friend Morton did not seem to appreciate our cooking, just why has always been a mystery to us. Hon. P. W. Hitchcock, afterwards United States Senator, and his Excellency, Governor Saunders, (he was then our governor) also made us a visit. They were not repairing fences, but quite likely they were examining J. Sterling Morton's fence around the saline land. Many of lesser note visited us during the fall.

Late in the fall we moved our family to Salt Creek and wintered in one apartment of the log cabin that Mr. Donevan occupied, and as the salt business always ceases when winter begins, we put in the time as best we could, chasing rabbits, &c. Uncle Dick Wallingford, learning that we had graduated at the carpenter's bench, besought us to build him a house. We suppose that we have the honor of building for Uncle Dick the first frame building in Lancaster County, in the winter of '61–'62. We made the doors of black walnut lumber that was about as hard as glass. We also remember the struggle we had one night in the following summer in making a coffin for Grandmother Wallingford out of that hard lumber.

We took up our abode at the Basin with the wife and two children, on the 1st day of May, 1862. That same day a county convention was held at the Basin, and nearly every man in the county was there; but we remember none of the proceedings, as we were occupied in setting our house in order. Two or three days later, Milton Langdon arrived with his family and took up their abode just west of the B. & M. bridge north of Oak Creek. The season of 1862 was exceedingly prosperous. Great numbers of people came and went every day. Numerous other furnaces were started, and the salt works presented quite the appearance of business.

Here we must beg indulgence while we relate a little story: In

the winter of '62–'63, there was an old fellow by the name of Ben Vanthiesen camping and boiling salt, and there was an Indian camp a little distance away. The Indians had been bothering Ben until he had become impatient with them. A young, stalwart brave thought to play a joke on him, and approached him with the usual aborigine's salutation, "How", and at the same time offered Ben a finely polished ramrod, which he reached out to take, when Mr. Injin struck him a violent blow across the knuckles. Ben couldn't stand that, and quick as thought returned the compliment with his fist, propelled by his stalwart arm. The blow took effect just under the ear of the young brave, and he reeled backward and sat down in the pan of boiling salt water. A sharp shriek, and Mr. Injin jumped for life, and ran wildly into the swamp and mired down, hallowing all sorts of bloody murder in the Indian tongue. Other braves went to his relief and carried him to camp. He was thoroughly cooked and well salted. The little settlement soon became alarmed, fearing that the Indians would be enraged and seek vengeance. A hurried consultation was had, and the camp was visited to learn, if possible, the temper of the red-skins. We found the man almost dead, and while he was writhing in agony the other Indians were making all sorts of fun of him, calling him squaw man, &c, and pointing their fingers at him. Finally Ben Venthiesen appeared on the scene and they began at once to lionize him, as if to further tantalize the poor unfortunate. They finally made a litter of a buffalo robe and carried him away with them, while in a dying condition.

On the morning of the 4th of July, wife suggested that we celebrate by gathering a lot of gooseberries, of which there were great quantities. Just as we had filled our buckets, we heard someone hallowing and as we emerged from the bush who should we see but Elder Young and party, consisting of the Rev. Peter Schamp, Dr. McKesson, Mr. Warnes, Luke Lavender, and Jacob Dawson. They were on the search for a suitable location for a colony. They were patriotic, and had not forgotten the flag. Dinner was quickly provided and disposed of, the neighbors were called in, and we had a celebration that was a feast to the soul. As the dear old elder talked to us of our blessed flag and how it had been trailed in the dust by recreant hands, and of the mighty struggle that was then going on to maintain its supremacy, how our hearts swelled with emotion, as

we realized that our country and our all was at the moment trembling in the balance. This was probably the first time our national flag ever kissed the breezes of Lancaster county, and it was an occasion long to be remembered by all the participants. Some, we know not how many, of that little group have gone to their long home. Uncle Jacob Dawson lived just long enough to see the foundations of Lincoln well laid, and was called away. Our dear friend, Elder Young, lived to see the city of his founding great and strong, and marching forward to greater achievements, and he "was gathered to his fathers, full of years and full of honors."

In the second week in July, and after making a thorough examination of the surrounding country, the party made a settlement on the land where Lincoln now stands, and dedicated a portion of section twenty-two for a town site, and christened it Lancaster. Lancaster did not grow as more modern towns do. A few settlers began to arrive and settled on the beautiful lands in the vicinity; but not many cared to try their hands at building a city just then. Town building was a slow process in those days, so far inland.

It must be remembered that the bill providing for the Union Pacific Railroad had passed but the previous winter, and the eastern terminus had not been fixed by the President. Our nearest railroad was at St. Joseph, Mo. and Ottumwa, Iowa, and further it was yet very questionable as to whether our upland prairie was of any value for agricultural purposes. The farms were all yet confined to the creek bottoms. Prairie fires would sweep the prairies just as soon as the grass was dry in the fall, and leave the roots exposed to the scorching rays of the autumn sun, and then to the frosts of winter. The snow would gather into huge drifts, there being nothing to hold it except the ravines. This resulted in very short grass crops on the upland and frequently there was scarcely enough to hide a garter snake in midsummer. People saw the fact, that the prairie produced but little grass, but were slow to discover the causes, and were ready to condemn the land as worthless for cultivation. Some are lead to believe that great changes have taken place in the general character of the soil, as well as the climate. We have frequently been asked if this land was not all covered with buffalo grass. To this question we answer most emphatically No. It may have been at some remote period, but never since white men have known it. Many are of

the opinion that it scarcely ever rained in those early days. That is certainly a mistake. The summer of 1860 produced scarcely any rain (we well remember that year of the Kansas famine—we resided at Nebraska City at the time) and to help matters along there were sixteen days and nights of continuous hot south wind. It was almost insufferably hot, so stifling it was that people could not bear to sit in the wind, even late in the evenings, but would be compelled to seek a windbreak. Except that memorable year rains were just as plentiful, and as well distributed through the growing season in those years as they are now, and vegetation where it had a fair show made the same luxuriant growth, but we do not wonder that the overland immigrant that passed through this country in the early spring, or late in the fall pronounced this a desert land, for as far as the eye could reach in all directions nothing could be seen but the black prairie; most dreary indeed was the spectacle. There being nothing to retain the moisture and the sun bearing down on the defenceless head, and the dancing vapor playing in the distance like specters, it did not seem that it ever could be a fit abode for civilized man.

It took men and women of strong nerve and great faith to attempt to build a home in this wilderness then, but there were some brave souls that were equal to the hour, and such were the men who founded Lancaster. The story of the founding of the embryo city and the struggle over the location of the county seat is an interesting theme. The settlement at the Yankee hill (where the insane hospital now stands) under the leadership of John Cadman and Wm. Field made an interesting and energetic fight for the prize. These men looked with jealousy upon the Lancaster colony. Our friend Cadman was wide awake and with a fertile brain, and was ready for almost any emergency. It will be remembered that the boundaries of the county were materially changed in the winter of 1862 and '63. Friend Cadman secured the election to the Legislature from old Clay county. John Gregory was by some trick of legerdemain elected to represent Lancaster, and Hon. H. W. Parker was sent from Gage. The trio each had an ax to grind. Parker wanted to make the county seat secure for Beatrice and Cadman wanted to spoil Elder Young's little game and make a new town, and clothe it with the honors of the county seat. So they arranged and carried through the scheme to elminate Clay county from the map of Nebraska, and

give to Gage the south twelve miles, and the north twelve miles to Lancaster in the interest of Cadman and his friends. Thus it came that Gage and Lancaster are each thirty-six miles long, and that Clay county was buried out of sight to be resurrected at a later day further to the west. We have never been able to learn just what interest our friend Gregory was to have, but suppose he was to be endorsed for the Postoffice at a salary of one dollar per month at the Basin, and also to have his name perpetuated by re-naming the Great Salt Basin "Gregory Basin", both of which he secured, but the honors of his office and the name were very much like a soap bubble, they got away from him in a very short time. Cadman and his friends lost no time in fixing upon a point for their new town at Yankee Hill, and then came the tug of war. About this time what was known as the Steam Wagon road was located from Nebraska City to the west and the crossing of Salt Creek fixed at Yankee Hill. An appropriation of five hundred dollars was secured by the Legislature for a bridge on Salt Creek in Lancaster county, to be located by territorial commissioners. When these gentlemen came to fix the location of the bridge, the Lancaster party headed by Elder Young, and the Yankee Hill folks led by Cadman, each made an earnest showing why they should have the bridge, and we take it for granted that each succeeded in convincing the commissioners that their claim was the best, for they divided the money between the two points and thus with the aid of private help two good bridges were secured. Each place made slow progress, a little store and a blacksmith shop were secured by each. Lancaster had the help of the salt interest to assist it while its rival had the freight road. Each had energetic men as leaders and they were equally well situated, but Lancaster had the sympathy of the greater number of the people of the county. Friend Cadman had roused the ire of all his old neighbors on the heads of Salt Creek. They were very sore over having all their pleasant dreams of a county seat at Olathe suddenly disappear and their county torn in two and swallowed by her greedy sisters.

When the county seat problem came before the people for settlement the Lancaster folks had a walkaway and secured a grand triumph at the polls.

The county seat election occurred in the summer of 1864, and was held at the house of your humble servant just south of the Great

Basin. Notwithstanding his defeat in his pet project of founding a county seat Cadman secured a return to the Legislature for several terms, and had an honorable part in moulding the destiny of the county, in helping to secure the capital removal bill, and securing the location of it within her borders, and while Elder Young may justly be honored as the founder of Lincoln, to John Cadman belongs the honor of doing splendid work in securing a grand triumph in removing the Capital, and of securing the principal benefit to his county, and while he did not realize the full fruition of his hopes in getting it at Yankee Hill we are glad to know that he has been duly rewarded, and that in his green old age he is blessed with plenty of the world's goods, and friends innumerable to brighten his pathway. Long live Hon. John Cadman.

In the early summer of 1862 we had the pleasure of helping to raise a log house for Charles Calkins on Middle Creek on what was afterwards known as the Hartman farm and about five miles west of the city. This was the first log cabin between the Basin and the Grand Island settlement. In the beautiful month of June our good wife made a visit to Nebraska City and left us alone "with our glory" for a little season. One afternoon a vast throng of Omahas camped at the head of the Basin, but we thought nothing of it as it was a common thing to see great numbers of Indians on their way to their summer hunting grounds on the Republican river. John Chamber's family lived a little way from our cabin. We went to bed as usual that night with our bright sabre under our pillow, and a rifle standing within easy reach. Near midnight we heard a (not very) "gentle tapping as of some one rapping at our cabin door". "What's the matter?" we cried: "Matter enough" says poor trembling John, his wife clinging to him like grim death, and crazed with fear. "The Indians are upon us, for God's sake what shall we do?" Whether we dressed or not you may guess. We forgot that we ever had a sabre or a gun. When we awoke our ears were greeted with the most unearthly sounds as if a thousand devils were let loose. We all ran as most folks do when badly scared, and we hid as best we could among the hills, and waited the coming of events which we expected in about a minute. The pandemonium continued but came no nearer. We waited patiently for the enemy but they did not come. We were disappointed. The Indians were expecting to

meet their mortal foes (the Sioux) on their hunting grounds and were having a war dance "only this and nothing more."

Salt Creek and its principal tributary Oak Creek were wonderfully well supplied with fish. Black suckers and buffalo were the leading varieties. The settlers had plenty of sport and much profit in fishing. We all had plenty of fish; great numbers were caught that would weigh ten or fifteen pounds each, and we have seen them that tipped the beam at thirty-five pounds. Elk and antelope were plentiful and the Nimrods of that day had great and exciting sport in the chase. Some of the settlers spent a great portion of their time roaming the prairies in search of game. Many of them never came home without a supply of meat. If elk could not be found or captured, some luckless freighter's steer had to suffer the ordeal of being converted into elk meat. Many a steer has undergone the change in short order, and Mr. Steer's only safety was in staying close to camp. The basins were a great place for wild water fowls to congregate. Geese, brants, swans, ducks, and pelicans were there by the thousands; it was the hunter's paradise. Wild fruits, such as grapes, plums, goose-berries, and alder-berries were abundant along the streams, and were gathered by the bushel.

As the Union armies regained the rebels trongholds of Missouri, great numbers of rebels found it convenient to find other quarters, and many of them seemed to have the idea that salt would save their bacon, consequently hordes of them would gather at the Basins and frequently they would show their rebellious spirits in acts and words that were very unpleasant for Union men to endure. At one time they became so insolent and threatening that the Union men of the valley thought it necessary to organize for self defense. Our Missouri friends came to the conclusion that "discretion was the better part of valor," so nothing very serious occurred.

Elder Young preached the first sermon of the locality at our house, on the Sabbath following the Fourth of July '62 to a fair sized congregation. A Sabbath school was organized very soon afterwards, and was of great value to the youth of the community. This was probably the first Sabbath school between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. Religious meetings were held quite frequently under the leadership of Elder Young,

Rev. Dr. McKesson, and Rev. Peter Schamp, and other ministers that chanced to stray so far into the wilderness.

As a general rule the settlers enjoyed themselves very well and were reasonably prosperous, but it was not always so. Sometimes winter storms would shut us off from communication with the world at large, and provisions would get short, and we would be driven to desperate straits. We have known families to live on boiled corn or wheat for a week at a time with no seasoning but salt. The winter of '63 and '64 was a most desperate one. The cold was extreme. The last day of December' 63 was a memorable day for the intensity of the cold. We had no thermometer except our own blood and that told us that it was the most bitterly cold day of our life. Snow and salt combined to make our home about the coldest spot in North America. We afterward learned that at Burlington, Iowa, the thermometer indicated thirty degrees below zero. That winter was one of much suffering. Salt had declined materially in price and the demand had fallen off, while the wood for boiling had become scarce, and the weather was so severe, and it seemed that all things conspired against the people, and for a time the whole settlement was on the verge of starvation. The spring of '64 found the settlement in rather a dilapidated and impoverished condition, but hope soon revived. Immigrants began to arrive in goodly numbers, and they began opening up farms, and that gave new life and hope to all. Settlements began to extend westward, and all the people began to have more faith in Nebraska. It may be well to relate here, a common saying of those days just to show how absurd the expressed views of many people were in regard to this country. If an incoming immigrant talked of going over to the Blue Valley to look for a location, he was told at once that it was of no use to look at that country for it never rains west of Salt Creek. That fool notion had become so thoroughly imbedded in the minds of many of the early settlers, that we expect that some of them firmly believe it to this day.

It has been claimed that F. Morton Donevan was the first white child born in the locality, but the locality was very large, for the fact is he was born on Stevens Creek ten miles distant. The first white child born at the Basin or in the immediate vicinity of the present city was a son born to Joseph Chambers in the summer of '62. He

died in infancy. Our son Elmer Elsworth Cox was born March 3, '63 and was the first white child born in the immediate vicinity that is now living. There were some exciting and almost ludicrous scenes in the courts at the Basin. Milton Langdon and J. S. Gregory were the two prominent attorneys, and in all matters of judicial nature they were arrayed against each other. They were both of them keen and tricky, ever on the alert to catch the enemy napping and they had some high times. Occasionally a case would arise that tried the mettle of court attorneys and officers. A rough customer who it was said had graduated in the Rebel army had put in an appearance, and had made some violent threats in which he promised to kill some citizen. An information was filed and a warrant was issued and placed in the hands of the sheriff. A crowd gathered at the court room and it soon became known that the culprit refused to surrender to the sheriff. All became excited and while the court was giving some directions to the citizens about assisting the sheriff, the fellow came stalking into the court room, carrying his rifle in a position for immediate use. The sheriff followed at a convenient distance of probably ten rods. The court invited the man to take a seat which was promptly declined, but he took a careful survey of the court and all the surroundings and with the rifle ready cocked and finger on the trigger, he began to retreat and all hands seemed to stand out of his way. The Justice remarked to the sheriff and posse "you will be justified in taking that man if you have to kill him to do it", but they didn't take him. He backed off with drawn weapon and bid defiance, and no one was willing to take the risk of his capture. He was bent on vengeance and had no intention of leaving until he had wreaked it on somebody. He became angry at the Justice for saying "take him dead or alive", and during the next morning while his Honor was busy at his salt furnace he happened to observe the sneaking scoundrel creeping up a little ravine in the rear with a view of getting a sure shot at him, but finding that his victim had observed him he started off at a rapid pace across the Basin. His Honor quickly halted him. He instantly cocked his rifle, but sternly and most emphatically his Honor commanded a truce, and marched straight up to the fellow, who curled down like a whipped cur, and received a court blessing in the open air and took his final departure for parts unknown. Had it not been for a

good degree of firmness on that occasion it is quite probable that some other speaker would have had the honors of this occasion.

On the morning of August 20, 1862, there was a heavy frost that killed all the corn on the lowlands throughout Nebraska.

During the spring of 1863, J. S. Gregory built the first frame house in the vicinity of the Basin, and made extensive improvements. Mr. Eaton of Plattsmouth, an uncle of our friend Gregory became quite well acquinted with him during these years and their fraternal relations are spread upon the court records, for many years, of Lancaster county. Settlements increased rapidly during the spring and early summer of '64, but took a serious setback later in the season on account of the Indian troubles so that the number wintering here in the winter of '64 and '65 was hardly greater than in the winter previous.

The first term of district court was held on the eighth day of November 1864 (the day Lincoln was elected to the second term) in Jacob Dawson's double log cabin and was presided over by his Honor Judge Elmer S. Dundy with the same dignity as is manifest in these days in the great Government Courthouse. Members of the bar present were Hon. T. M. Marquette and Judge Pottenger of Plattsmouth. Uncle Jake's cabin stood just where Commercial block now stands. Uncle Jake was put to straits to properly entertain the Judge and attorneys. We remember that he came over and borrowed all the store coffee at the Basin. As if to add to the pleasures of the occasion we enjoyed a regular blizzard of whirling, drifting snow. The Judge appointed Pottenger prosecuting attorney and friend Pott, as we called him, drew up one indictment against one Pemberton for shooting into a bird's nest. The charge was malicious assault with intent to kill. His Honor allowed Pottenger seventy-five dollars. Marquette defended Pemberton for ten dollars, and quashed the indictment, and Pemberton skipped the country before other proceedings could be had. The story of the crime is as follows: Old man Bird had some difficulty with Pemberton about the chickens and one of the young birds (a pullet) sung some unsavory songs for Pemberton's benefit. Pemberton met the old bird at the door one morning and demanded satisfaction, and finally drew a revolver and shot, the ball missing the old bird, but passing through the door and lodging in the wall just above a bed

full of young birds. Then he hits the old bird a lick on the head with the butt of the revolver. The old bird flew to the Justice office all covered with blood just as his Honor was being seated at the breakfast table, and of course a little scene occurred which we will not relate.

In the summer of 1864 the whole west was very easily excited after the horrible massacre in Minnesota. Wild rumors were afloat continually, and the scattered settlements were harrassed with fears throughout the whole summer and fall. The most trifling circumstances were magnified as they were related by the panic stricken people into general massacres or wholesale slaughtering of some neighboring settlement. The impression prevailed that the Rebel Government at Richmond was inciting the redskins to a merciless warfare all along the frontier. Tomahawks and scalping knives of the Red Devils were vividly pictured in all our dreams. We knew this much that the dark hours of the war presented a grand opportunity for them to clean us out root and branch. We also knew that they were in no friendly mood, or in other words we were quite sure that they were thirsting for our blood, and all that kept them back was their fear of a terrible retribution, and further the fire we saw was not all fox fire. There were people murdered by them in Nebraska and not a few. At Plumb Creek of the west, on Turkey Creek, on the Little Blue, there were murders and kidnappings, such as make our blood boil to this day as we think of them. We had just cause to fear, and it would have been foolhardiness to be otherwise than on the alert.

In the month of August while we were on a trip to the river with a load of salt, a panic occurred, the story of which we relate in brief as told us by our better half that helped to enjoy it to the full. During the day word was received that all the settlement on the Blue had been murdered, and from every appearance the Indians would bounce upon the Salt Creek settlement that night. It was nearly dark, wife and children were at the mercy of the neighbors, as they had no team. Uncle Peter Bellows came nobly to the rescue, with his broad German accent he said "Mrs. Coax you shall go wid us." Blessed be the name of Uncle Peter forever; but Uncle Peter had his peculiarities. He was a great hand to gather up things, such as old log chains, old plow shares, broken pitchforks, horse

shoes (he didn't have a horse in the world), ox yokes, and all sorts of old irons. He was rich in old irons. In packing up to go Uncle Peter had of course to take the last one of these precious jewels, but in the hurry and excitement he forgot to take any provisions for the family. When he came for wife he said, "Mrs. Coax we takes you and the childerns but we can take notings else. Vell dot ish so, hurry up mine Got, the Ingins is coming sure." Wife protested that she must take something to eat, and some bedding, and finally persuaded him to take a sack (50 lbs) of flour and a ham of meat, and a bed, provided she would walk herself. We then had three children, the oldest now Mrs. Kate Ruby, of Marquette, Neb., aged five years, the next aged three years, now Mrs. Nettie M. Pingree, of Colby, Kansas, then Elmer, of whom we have spoken, aged sixteen months. The oldest girl walked, and Nettie was perched upon the load of goods, and wife carried the babe upon her right arm and with the left she carried one end of a trunk a mile and a half or to the ford. The babe she carried the full ten miles, that dark stormy night. Wild with fright they went pell mell. Imagine if you can the terrors of that awful night, the rolling thunder, the lurid lightning, and the mortal dread of a savage foe. Weary and fainting they arrived at Shirley's ranch late at night. In the morning it developed that the sack of flour and ham of meat were all the provisions in camp for a hundred hungry souls, except green corn bought of Shirley, but they had plenty of old irons. It further developed that there had been no hostile Indians within a full hundred miles.

When it became certain that the Union would triumph over the rebellion, and there would be ample security here as elsewhere for life and property, then great numbers came. Also a further stimulus to settlement was the certainty of the building of the Union Pacific R. R., its eastern terminus had been fixed in the fall of '64 and the first ground was broken, and it may fairly be said that Nebraska had awakened to a new and vigorous life. During the spring of '64, having become convinced that it occasionally rained on Blue River, we made up our minds to cast our lot with the little settlement in the neighborhood where now stands the beautiful little city of Seward, and made preparations during the summer and accomplished our object, and made the removal December 1. Thus ends our

immediate connection with the struggling pioneers of Lancaster county, and there it begins with those of Seward county. Of those good old days of pioneer life we have many, yes very many, pleasant recollections.

There were some dark clouds overspreading our skies at times but every cloud let it be ever so dark "Had its silver lining". Friendships there sprung up that will remain true so long as life shall last.

To have been a pioneer in Nebraska, in helping to open the way to civilization, we consider an honor, and looking back over the years, years of pleasant sunshine and prosperity, years of dark clouds, of danger and adversity, we rejoice to-night that we came to Nebraska and helped to lay the foundations of this mighty commonwealth, "Our own, our loved Nebraska."

EARLY TIMES AND PIONEERS.

By J. Sterling Morton.

[Read Before a Meeting of the Society, January 13, 1891.]

Thirty-seven years ago this month the bill organizing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska became a national statute. That bill was the outgrowth of the ambition of Stephen A. Douglas to become president of the United States. But it opened, instead of a pathway for one man to the presidency, the rough and bloody road to freedom for four millions of bondsmen. Man proposed for self, but the inexorable logic of events disposed for justice and liberty to all humanity. The manner of presenting the issue was seemingly obscure. But through the mists of sophistry and above the wrangle of debate was seen and heard at last the figure of justice demanding mercy and liberty for an oppressed race. And from the first establishment of civil government in Kansas and Nebraska until the sound of the last gun of the great civil war in 1865 there was no cessation in the intensely fierce combat for the natural rights of man. Thus the star of an individual destiny paled in the light of the sun of that liberty which rose to its zenith after the tumult and tempest which swept the country with iron hail and deluged it with blood.

Two years later, in March 1867, (after thirteen years of territorial dependence) Nebraska was admitted to the Union. Therefore—after twenty-four years of statehood—civil government within these borders is thirty-seven years of age. And this society has been organized for the proper purpose of truthfully recording in part, at least, the cause and effects of the governmental expedients and policies which have been evolved, and failed, or proved partially successful, during that period of time.

On January 16, 1855, the first legislative assembly of the territory of Nebraska convened at Omaha, then a hamlet of between three and five hundred persons. A biography of the dominant members in that assembly would be in part a history of Michigan, New York,

Iowa and New England; for in all those sections individual members of that first legislature of Nebraska had been prominent and some of them distinguished. In proportion to its numbers, twenty-six members in the lower, and thirteen in the upper house, it contained more men learned in the law and experienced in legislation than any of its successors down to this day.

The message read to those pioneers of civil government on the west bank of the Missouri was equal in cogency of statement, purity of diction and perspicacity of style to any similar paper which has been addressed to Nebraska law makers in all these thirty-seven years. It was delivered on January 16, 1855, at Omaha, by the Hon. Thomas B. Cuming, secretary and acting governor. In it I find the words —which I heard so eloquently spoken—"The first official act within our territory has been indeed a mournful one—the transmission to a bereaved wife and orphaned children in South Carolina of all that was mortal of your late lamented Governor, Francis Burt. In his death you have suffered a severe loss—the loss of a man peculiarly qualified by his public experience and capacity, his private virtues and his energy and firmness, for the satisfactory and courageous discharge of his official duties. He spent a few weeks of suffering among us, and his grave in a distant state is only another tie of union between communities widely severed, who will revert to his character with fraternal pride, and to his untimely decease with sympathetic sorrow. There were no unpleasant discriminations to subtract from the universal esteem in which his manly and amiable traits were held by an enlightened people."

By the decease of Governor Burt, Secretary Cuming, under a provision of the Nebraska bill, became the acting governor of Nebraska. Up to and at the time of his death, Governor Burt made Bellevue the territorial capital, and there kept the executive office. Had he lived, the first legislative assembly of Nebraska would have been there convened, and there would have been located, by the legislature, the permanent capital, and there built up the commercial city of this commonwealth. There would have crossed the trans-continental railroad, and Omaha would have been only a name, for Bellevue is the natural gateway, ready graded for the railroad, to the valley of the great Platte.

But Governor Burt's views were not those of Governor Cuming

who convened at Omaha a legislative assembly which was so made up by his proclamation apportioning the members—that the capital would be there located by law, as well as by his proclamation. Therefore the death of Governor Burt—whose official career is today unknown to most of the million of citizens of this state—established Omaha and obliterated Bellevue. In fact the death, at that time, of that now almost forgotten man changed the railway system for a continent. What Bellevue is Omaha would have been, and what Omaha is, Bellevue would have been, had Francis Burt lived out his term of office. "Upon a breath that ceased to come and go how much of the web and woof of history hung." How like the wind, the cloud, the variableness of the moods of a mere child, are the building up of cities and states and the social and political positions of persons. The death of a man unknown to fame—merely the governor of a frontier territory, three hundred miles beyond the terminus of the farthest westward reaching railroad—on a calm sunshiny day in October, 1854, at the old log mission house in Bellevue, changed the course of the commerce of a continent from its natural, to an artificial channel. Some of the contented and comfortably well-to-do farmers of Sarpy county, in the country in the vicinity of Bellevue, would have been millionaires to-day, and some of Omaha's millionaires would have been now comfortable and wholesome farmers upon the very lands which are covered with pavements and the beautiful creations of modern architecture, had Governor Burt only lived a few years more. Then the vast blocks of buildings, the paved streets, the puff of the engine, the music of the forge, the glare of the furnace, and the constant hum of contented industry would have embellished and animated Bellevue. And from Omaha farms the golden corn would have been garnered, while the hymns of tranquil enjoyment ascended from its rural homes. But history will make no record illustrating the mere ceasing of a breath, the mere stopping of the pulsations of a single heart which made plowmen of possible plutocrats at Bellevue, and plutocrats of possible plowmen at Omaha. History will only assert the foresight, the sagacity, the superiority of those whom a single death made fortunate, never at all writing down the efforts, the solicitudes, the aspirations and hopes of those to whom that one death came like a vast ocean of disaster stretching from the morning of

their lives to their very graves. History gives little consideration to circumstance.

> "That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
> Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
> The tints that color, and the food that nurtures."

The real history of a people can be written only by one who knows that people's condition in the formative period of the social, political, and economic foundations. And that history must ignore, utterly and absolutely, all sentiment, all ideas of what ought to have been, and record what was with cruel and unrelenting fidelity. If a city was located, established, built up because legislators were bribed to vote it the capital of the commonwealth, history should so state, notwithstanding moralists and mothers have been teaching for generations that nothing thus created can continuously thrive and grow. If great estates now contested among numerous heirs—some of them of the highest social and political prominence in the union, originated in the price of a corrupt ancestor in the first territorial legislature of Nebraska, just and good history should show and illuminate the vicious fact. History should record the truth, and should not be what Napoleon the First said it was, "An agreed lie."

History should not sell places within its sacred arena to mere pretenders, however successful socially, financially and politically they have appeared. Real history is not like a theatre, wherein box seats and orchestra chairs may be purchased by the vulgar as well as by the meritorious and refined. But histories, as now written, of counties and states by peripatetic Plutarchs offer, for a pecuniary consideration, to embalm in adulation, to preserve in eulogy, to pickle in perennial acclaim reputations and characters which already nauseate and render tumultuously uneasy the stomach of decent public opinion.

History to-day at times seems a huckster. History to-day tenders in her imperishable annals, too often, the highest places to the lowest mental and moral men, C. O. D. History seems to be dealing too much with reputation, too little with character, too much with the unreal and too little with the real. As the impartial sun tinges with its earliest beams the mountain tops on the Atlantic coast and sweeping to the zenith pours at last the full effulgence of its noonday radiance into all the remotest valleys and gorges of the

earth, lighting up alike the beautiful and the repulsive, so should history—with equal impartiality—light up the good and the bad of every generation, gilding the one, and exposing the other, by the full glare of the blazing truth.

But in a paper prepared so hastily as this, I cannot, without violence to the rules of propriety and the patience of my auditors, pursue the mist-hidden paths of the territorial past to weariness. Yet we will venture a little farther into the records of that first legislative assembly, and find that on the 16th day of February, 1855, just one month after the convening of that body the council committee on corporations submitting,—and it will be found on page 65 of the council journal—a very elaborate and interesting report chartering "the Platte Valley and Pacific railroad company," and commending a route for its road. This report, which clearly and forcibly pictures the route, and enumerates the possibilities of the commerce of the continent from ocean to ocean, is made by Dr. M. H. Clark, whom I well remember as a strong and sturdy man, attired in the buckskin raiment of a hunter and frontiersman, but intellectually equipped by nature and by careful study to cope with the best armed of schoolmen and doctrinaires. His was a broad and generous nature. With a strong emotional organization he combined stalwart reasoning powers. He stated a proposition so that he proved it in the statement. He closes this report on the railroad to the Pacific thus: "In view of the comparative cost, to the wonderful changes that will result, your committee cannot believe the period remote when this work will have been accomplished; and with liberal encouragement to capital, which your committee is disposed to grant, it is their belief that before fifteen years have transpired the route to India will be opened, and *this* way across the continent will be the common way of the world. Entertaining these views, your committee report the bill for "the Platte Valley and Pacific railroad," feeling assured that it will become not only a basis for branches within Nebraska, but for surrounding states and territories.

M. H. CLARK,
Chairman."

That prophetic paper, read with the earnest enthusiasm of a real seer—a zealous believer in his own utterances—made a profound impression upon the youth of "then" which the old man of "now" can

not hope to transfer to your understanding with its fervor and eloquence all uncooled and gleaming—after an intermission between the acts of thirty-six years! Dr. Clark lived only three years after that, when, by sudden sickness, he was gathered to his fathers. But, in 1869—before the fifteen years of his prophecy had expired—the track of the Union Pacific had been laid, and now through those veins

> "Of your vast empire, flows in strengthening tides
> Trade, the calm health of nations."

Ten of the thirteen men who constituted that upper house have passed out of this into another existence. Hiram P. Bennet, A. D. Jones and Samuel E. Rogers, the former in Denver, and the latter two at Omaha, are the only survivors of the body to whom Dr. Clark made that report. But this evening I have, clear and well-defined, the mental image of that little two story brick building at Omaha, which, in 1855 we called the capitol. There on the first floor, sure enough, are the twenty-six members in session, called legally and literally, the lower house; and Major Paddock—then only a middle-aged man—dignifiedly doing duty as chief clerk, and Andrew Jackson Hanscom, of Omaha, discharging with great mental and physical muscularity, and in a most masterful manner, the functions of the speakership. His eye was always alert to recognize, and his ear to hear Andrew Jackson Poppleton, who then, as now, was among the foremost lawyers, thinkers and speakers in Nebraska. The two men, by their intellectual force and courage, wielded great influence, and Andrew Jackson never had, in any house of representatives, a yoke of namesakes which better reflected his own ability, will, pluck and strength of purpose.

Of the eight members of the first house of representatives from Omaha, Messrs. Hanscom and Poppleton, are the only ones now residents of the established metropolis which they each individually did so much to create. And then, up stairs, the council of thirteen—Joseph L. Sharp, of Richardson county, president; Richard Brown, of Forney (now Nemaha) county, Hiram P. Bennet, Charles H. Cowles and Henry Bradford from Pierce (now Otoe) county, and Samuel E. Rogers, O. D. Richardson, A. D. Jones, T. G. Goodwill from Douglas, J. C. Mitchell, from Washington county, M. H. Clark, from Dodge, B. R. Folsom, from Burt, and Lafayette Nuckolls, from Cass—with my still youthful friend, Dr. George L. Miller, for

chief clerk, is as plainly before my eyes to-night as though the veil of years had never fallen, nor graves intervened between that "then" and this "now." I knew each member personally and well, and did time permit I would roughly sketch each to you, so that you, too, might know the mental and physical peculiarities of those argonauts who first navigated the rough, tempestuous sea of Nebraska politics. Had I the weird and mysterious power of the phonograph, I would have you hear their voices in the speeches I heard. You should listen to O. D. Richardson, of Douglas, who, previous to becoming a Nebraskan, had achieved eminence at the bar, and as legislator and lieutenant-governor in Michigan. A man of great industry, dignity and learning, whom no man in our whole commonwealth has ever surpassed in capacity for practical wholesome legislation. He was honest. He was dutiful to principles, to family and to his country—a model of good citizenship and high character; and his speeches were logical, terse, lucid, earnest and of a good type of useful oratory.

Yet the opinion generally prevails that the pioneers were, as a rule, uneducated and utterly devoid of ideas as to the possibilities which their future—our present—had in store for Nebraska. Nothing could be more erroneous. For in 1854, '55 and '56, was heard portrayed in pyrotechnic verbiage the steam horse on his iron track crossing the Missouri and dashing through the Rockies to the Pacific in pursuit of the teas of China and the silks of India and Japan. Even the numerous employes and agents of the American Fur company at Bellevue, from Colonel Peter A. Sarpy and Stephen Decatur, down to the half-breed cooks and roustabouts, waxed warmly wordy, when the coming cars were talked about. And great cities on these plains were predicted with fervid faith by scores of swarthy long-haired prophets in moccasins and buckskin breeches. They saw with mental vision, well and clearly—as in a mirror—all that our eyes behold to-day of material development of agriculture, commerce and manufacture. As in a crude block of marble the sculptor beholds the symmetry of the finished form of a goddess, so those pioneers had a mental concept of all that now surrounds and animates the stately progress of this queenly commonwealth.

In youth the future is filled with joys to be, triumphs yet to come. In age the past is stored with the rich and tender memories of joys departed. It is throbbing with the recollections of victories that

have vanished with the vanquished. There is in human life no present—no to-day. It is all to-morrow with youth. It is all yesterday with age.

Man is here on the earth, in the battle of life, not a volunteer but a conscript. He is essentially and potentially what his race made him. His ancestry determined his capacity to do, to suffer and to enjoy. Nurture and environment may modify this tendency or intensify that faculty—but nature alone determines by heredity and evolution just what education may do for each individual and fixes the limits to the leading out of intellects, by the intellects to be led out, as certainly as derivation fixes the origin of the word educate in he verb "educere, " to "lead out."

Therefore the laws of heredity and evolution should be taught in the schools so that by their obedient observance humanity may improve physically and mentally. Then each family should keep a daily record within its own household—a home history. It should tell the sanitary, mental and moral condition of parents and children. Then from such domestic data—some generations hence—when humanity shall have been philosophically observing evolution and heredity for a few centuries, history may become a record of useful facts—and not a register of prejudice and romance. Then there will be for all mankind less of fortuity and more of certainty in all possible attainments, physical and mental.

Reverting: This desultory sketch shows the influence of the ambition of Mr. Douglas in precipitating the civil war. It depicts the power which the death of Governor Burt exercised upon the existence of cities, the development of a state and the commerce of a continent. Those two personalities were, the first positively, the second negatively, the immediate cause of stupendous results. Neither of them consciously planned. Both apparently chanced. And yet had the human mind the power to trace, through analysis, the ancestry of those men to the beginning of their respective families, we should find—I have not even a little bit of doubt—each result, positive and negative alike, perfectly logical, inevitable and inexorable. When that power of ultimate analysis has been perfectly developed by evolution and heredity, history will be in justice and truth written wisely and well. But at present we can only dimly discern in the record of events, that there is a logic which

"Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
Even better than prime ministers;—
Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun.
And are the playthings of the wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath passed away!"

THE FORT PIERRE EXPEDITION.

[Observations on the Upper Missouri in 1855.]

By Geo. L. Miller.

The following paper was read before the state historical society at its last meeting, January 13, 1891.

"In the year 1855 Nebraska was a wild and uninhabited waste. Its resources were practically unknown. It had been condemned in advance of its white occupation by an ignorant public opinion as a desert. It was the almost exclusive home of the Indian, and of the buffalo, and other game upon which he subsisted. Omaha was a straggling little hamlet of cheap abodes in which dwelt people, who could have been counted by a few score scattered over a large area of virgin prairie. It bore the shabby aspect of a small deserted village. The Omaha Indians lived near Bellevue, at that time in their ancient village, but were long since removed to the reservation which they now occupy. Open war existed between them and the powerful Sioux. The most eminent of the Omahas, Logan Fontenelle, a man of superior character and courage, had been overtaken and killed by his old enemy in the previous year. The Pawnees, located near Columbus in those years, were also at war with the Sioux, and the broad valleys of the Platte and Elkhorn rivers were the Indian battle-grounds. These facts tended to kindle apprehensions in the imaginations of the early settlers who, even in Omaha, were often alarmed by reports of the approach of the Sioux, who were constantly accredited with murderous designs upon the town. It is within my own easy memory to recall more than one occasion when the dwellers in the little Omaha of that early day would not have been much surprised to see a Sioux war party rushing over the adjacent hills in murderous array to make them the helpless victims of savagery and slaughter. Thirty-five years afterward I am able to affirm as a matter of confident belief that the Sioux then had as little thought of making a hostile descent upon Omaha as they have now.

Our double safe-guard was that the Sioux had no desire to kill the white people who did not wrong and rob them, and that their fierce enemies, the Pawnees and Omahas, as brave and energetic and skillful in war as themselves, were our sufficient protection against possible forays. So far as my knowledge and recollection go, I doubt whether a Sioux warrior ever got nearer the Omaha settlement than the valley of the beautiful Logan creek in which, near its mouth, the battle was fought which resulted in the death of the valorous chief whose name it bears. But the citizens of the log-hutted and cotton-shantied hamlet gave rein to all those lively imaginations which traditions of Indian savagery naturally excite, and there were times when visions of hostile visits from the tomahawkers caused real fear among the most sober and courageous members of the little community.

It was in the midst of scenes and conditions like these on what was then a remote frontier inhabited by a few defenseless people that, on a calm, warm day in the middle of June, 1855, whistles from the steam pipes of the two Missouri steamers drew pretty much everybody to the sandy shore of the river to find that the boats were filled with troops, a part only of a military expedition into the heart of the Indian country under the command of the late General W. S. Harney, the famous "Hero of Chapultepec," as he was sometimes called, but in direct charge of Captain P. S. Turnley, one of the most important and capable of the quartermasters of the union army during the civil war, who was also quartermaster of the river expedition. The actual commander of the flotilla was the late General H. W. Wessels, but he could not do much in the way of commanding on the water, because he preceeded the others to Ft. Pierre, which was the objective point for concentration, and all but two of four or five boats were out of reach of each other the greater part of the time. But there was very little commanding to do. The troops were of the old Second infantry, well disciplined and orderly, under the following officers *en voyage:* Captain P. T. Turnley, Captain C. L. Lovell, Captain D. Davidson and First Lieutenant Thomas W. Sweeney, since distinguished in the civil war and retired upon the rank of brevet brigadier-general for gallant service on the battlefields of the union. General Sweeney is an Irishman of cultivated mind, of

charming social manners, and a born soldier. He lost an arm as a private at the battle of Cherubusco, Mexico, and was promoted from the ranks for conspicuous gallantry in action on that field. The officers thus named were on board the two steamboats, of which Captain Turnley had military charge, and which had landed at Omaha on that beautiful June day on account of cholera that prevailed among the troops. By some accident in orders the surgeon who was to have accompanied them failed to reach Fort Leavenworth in time to attend to this duty, and Captain Turnley was in search of some one to act as a substitute. He called upon Governor Mark W. Izard, then federal governor of the territory, for information about a young physician whom he had heard mentioned at the "Lower Council Bluffs Landing" of that day. Governor Izard and others told the truth, when they informed Captain Turnley, that it was a case of "Hobson's choice," as there was only one physician in this Omaha town. I was found by the officer soon afterwards, and was asked if I would accept the service and accompany the troops on the expedition to Ft. Pierre. The present honored president of the Nebraska historical society remarked in my hearing, in recent years, that it required some courage in those times for a civilian to go into the Indian country under the circumstances then existing. This had never occurred to me before, but with the prevailing apprehensions, there may have been something in it. Assurances being given that I would not be absent from my alleged home more than ten days, on the 17th day of June, 1855, accompanied by my wife, I went on board the old and badly battered stern wheeler, the "William S. Baird," with no body in particular behind me save a few indifferent friends, and my father (the late Lorin Miller), with Indians in front of me and cholera all around me. Our welcome by the officers was made grateful by every attention that army hospitality knows so well how to bestow, and that from the troops, differing in motive from that of the officers, was one that led them to hope for relief from dangers from a terrible malady. Cholera in 1855 assumed the form of an epidemic along the traveled thoroughfares and in leading cities, and proved fatally malignant in many parts of our country. I was not afraid of it. I had seen and wrestled with his Asiatic majesty in 1849 as a medical student in Central New York, and had been well instructed in the

importance of arresting it in the early stages when this was possible. As this is the only chance I have ever had to make an official report on my success with the cases of the troops on that interesting expedition, I will say here, that owing more to careful sanitary conditions and pure air than to any skill of mine, only one man was lost during the several weeks of the voyage to Ft. Pierre. My business was to attend to all the sick persons on the two boats that were companions on the voyage. I was kept pretty busy. It was frequently necessary for me to be transferred from one boat to the other, and the yawl, the vehicle of all work in navigating the Missouri, was brought into requisition for this purpose, and even in the darkness of the night I was obliged to make the transfer.

Interest in this sketch would be lost, and it would be unworthy a place in the records of the historical society of Nebraska, if it should deal with merely personal incidents. Perhaps the foreground and background have been laid to warrant an intelligent judgment upon the condition of the frontier at the time the visit was made to the Mandans, Two Kettles, Minnecongues, and other noble bands, who then, as now, constituted the leading tribes of the Sioux nation. If so, it will be appreciated as a fact marking the contrasts between then and now of the prodigious progress and marvelous change that, at the time I took this journey, not 100 white men occupied the country in all the grand area of what was then embraced within the boundaries of Northern Nebraska. B. R. Folsom had started a small settlement in Tekamah. Rev. Father Tracy (Romanist) had, I believe, planted a few of his people in Dakota county. Cuming City, Washington county, and Ft. Calhoun contained a dozen or two of the pioneers. The whole region was, with these exceptions, without white inhabitants, so that, as a matter of fact, when the two steamboats swung out into the river at Omaha and moved around the bend and passed Florence, they were in a country which was as wild as when the Creator first fashioned it. Descriptions of scenery are intentionally omitted, but the beauty of the opulent foliage, which decorated the banks of the river between Omaha and the Vermillion river region in Dakota in those umbrageous June days, was a source of great pleasure to the military family on board the two boats.

In our monotonous windings upon the sandy-whiskered channels of the Missouri, I do not remember to have seen a human being on

its shores until the arrival at Sioux City, now a flourishing town of not less than 30,000 people. We there met its founder, the late Dr. David Cook, a man of medicine and enterprise, who came down from one of two log cabins to greet the stranger and his unexpected friend, the writer of this narrative. Those cabins constituted all there was then of the now beautiful and prosperous town, which is the intellectual, commercial, and industrial centre for a large and populous agricultural region, which is not confined to one state, with its paved streets, electric lighting, telegraphs, telephones and tramways, great stone and brick buildings and blocks, numerous schools and churches, and every other solid proof of civilized strength and refinement. Dr. Cook, like some of the rest of us, in those dreary and dismal days, dreamed large dreams of the future of the new land, but he never dreamed dreams large enough to equal the reality, which, thanks to his fortune, he lived to see with his own eyes. His was a genial and generous spirit. He was then in the full vigor of middle manhood. A round and smiling face, a finely moulded head planted on a pair of sturdy shoulders, a good physician, an honorable citizen, and a warm-hearted man; he did not deserve to be driven back from the outposts of his ambitious enterprises by pecuniary necessities, discouraged in the struggle to bring results which came at last as he had predicted and hoped. I have seen times in the battle of a long and active life when I regretted that I did not accept his kind offer, a goodly bonus in real estate in Sioux City, if I would transfer my allegiance and person from Omaha to that locality. It will go without saying that I know of no reason to regret it now.

At the time of the early settlement of Nebraska vague and exaggerated reports floated down the Missouri through veracious Indian traders and Missouri navigators of all sorts, that somewhere, on large known and unknown islands in the upper Missouri, vast forests of cedar would be found to bring tribute to our people. I will not vouch for it as a fact, but I am not willing wholly to deny that one of the inducements I had to make the journey to Ft. Pierre—an American fur company agency, so named by the Frenchman who owned and occupied it—was to make a discovery of cedar. Coal was imagined to exist in the same region, and this great staple was one of the things hoped for, but which, like the cedar forests, was never seen on that long water journey. A few small and stunted cedar growths

route beyond the absence of Indians, which indicated that they were advised that armed forces were in their country, but the army officers never allowed the danger of an attack to be out of their minds, and guards by night and caution by day was the military order after Sioux City was passed, which marked the last of the white settlements. If actual war had existed with the Indians, the boats could, and probably would, have been ambushed from the shores of the river when near approach to them was unavoidable, and the fear of this was not out of the minds of some of us after we reached the "water that runs," River L'Eauquicourt. This tributary of the Missouri located legends of great pine forests, twins of the cedar imagery, which has been already mentioned, and had about the same foundation. One of the immediate results of the Harney expedition, of which the Missouri boat flotilla was a part, was the establishment of a large military garrison near the mouth of this river, which was named Ft. Randall. It was in connection with this military post that I first heard of Captain Nathaniel Lyon, of the Second infantry, whom I had never met, and of whom I may have something to say later on in this paper, or in a separate one on General Harney's Sioux camp and Major Howe's court martial in the autumn of 1855, after my return from the Pierre expedition. It may be stated here that Captain Lyon, without ever having seen me in his life, and only upon report from his brother officers at Ft. Pierre made an open fight for my appointment as post trader at Ft. Randall, of whose board of post administration he was a member. I was defeated as I remember by Captain Todd, of Sioux City, who had resigned his commission in the army to accept this place, and Major W. H. Wessels, my friend, gave the vote which elected him, because it was a part of the unwritten code in ante-war days in the army that an army officer resigning his command to take a post-tradership was entitled to the votes of his brother officers. Captain Lyon did not recognize the unwritten code. I was a pauper in those days, so to say, and did not know of my escape from a place, which was worth at least $100,000 a year until months after the event when Major Wessels told me the facts himself.

As we ascended the river, the battle of the boats with the narrow and shallow channels proved their unfitness for the service into which bad judgment had brought them. Terrific storms were encountered

at different times, which caused fears of disaster, since we found that the Indian country could blow harder winds and clap louder thunder than any other known region on earth. In the course of the long voyage, we passed in the vicinity of the "*mauvais terre.*" In later years, it was to be my fortune to know, as an intimate friend, the distinguished geologist, Ferdinand V. Hayden, who achieved enduring fame by his labors in that desert region, and by his subsequent work as the author of the only United States geological survey of Nebraska that has ever been made. It befell me to be a personal witness of his labors. The first authentic discovery and report upon Rocky Mountain coal was when, during the construction of the Pacific railroad, Hayden brought into my editorial room of the Omaha *Herald*, upon his own narrow shoulders, a bag of this black but precious product, from the Rock Springs region, dumping its contents upon the floor. Over that shining heap of coal the eloquent scientist delivered an oration, which I regret to say, could not be produced in print in the absence of a competent reporter. It was full of predictions of the immense future value of these coals to the Pacific railroad and the trans-Missouri country, which have since been realized an hundred fold as the great steam generator of the continental railway, and hearth-warmer of all the vast region through which the national highway passes. Professional disappointment arising in the injustice of the government, in my opinion, was the primary cause of poor Hayden's subsequent insanity and premature death.

I must close this recital. Ft. Pierre consisted of a stockade and rude buildings unassailable by the red enemy from without, when its gates were closed. Colonel Montgomery, Major Wessels, Surgeon Madison and others, made our welcome most cordial. Large numbers of Sioux had congregated for council, perhaps not less than 6,000 of them being in the neighborhood. Great "talks" were had. I remember an impassioned speech from one of the gray-haired heads of the tribes, who wore a blue coat and metal buttons, a relic of some former visit to Washington, by which I was much impressed. A finer body of men in physical stature and dignity of personal bearing I never saw in my life than I saw during my week's stay at Ft. Pierre in these untutored Sioux Indians. Agent Galpin of the fur company is remembered for his intelligence and kindness to me, and especially on account of his bright minded

Sioux wife, whose hospitality we enjoyed in his wigwam, which was furnished with the richest furs and decorated with several chidren of the half-breed brand of their mixed parentage. Mr. Galpin was an educated man, I think a collegiate. He sighed for return to civilization, but the ties which bound him to the freedom and other charms of the aboriginal life, made him a willing captive, and he died among the Sioux with whom he had long lived, and to whose many good qualities he never neglected a proper opportunity to pay just tribute.

It had been the intention to return from Ft. Pierre upon one of three or four government transports, but it happened that Mr. Charles Chouteau was in that country with his company's boat, the little "St. Mary" of sainted name. He landed from the upper river in good time, and we took passage on her for Omaha, with the once famous pilot, Joe Le Barge, as chief man at the wheel. Two things were assured by this circumstance which were most desirable, safety and speed on the down-the-river journey, and good company in a social way. I remember the middle-aged son of the Chouteau family of St. Louis as a tall, spare man whose manners were slightly Frenchy, and always polite. Le Barge was a short, stout, alert and energetic man, with an eye like an eagle, which had been trained by twenty years of service as a student of the mysterious and muddy waterways of the Missouri. The death of Joe Le Barge, the brown faced and black eyed pilot, two or three years ago, caused a pang of regret in the hearts of tens of thousands, who dwell along the banks of the great river, who knew and admired him in both his character and calling. The journey home took about a week's time, the boat stopping at all Indian villages to discharge small packages of presents and goods and to receive whatever there was for the fur company. The sight of Omaha again after the long, and sometimes dangerous absence, was gladdening, and the welcome from friends, who seemed nearer to us than before this kind of separation, was both cheering and grateful."

THE MILITARY CAMP ON THE BIG SIOUX RIVER IN 1855.

By George L. Miller.

This annexment to the "Ft. Pierre expedition" concerns an incident of the Indian campaign of General W. S. Harney in 1855, of which the battle of Ash Hollow was the bloody opening. I had accompanied the river expedition in June of that year to Ft. Pierre, as has been related in another paper, returning to Omaha in July. Gen. Harney had crossed with his main forces from the Platte river garrisons during the summer after having made his compacts of peace with the Sioux, for which his grab-all bargains with them at Ft. Laramie, and the big "talks" with Maj. Montgomery at Ft. Pierre, had paved the way. Reports of depredations, actual and threatened, of the Santee and other bands of Indians on the Iowa lines of advanced settlement in the vicinity of Sioux City, probably caused him to order considerable forces to the Big Sioux in the autumn of that year. Gen. Harney accompanied them in person and in command. I visited this camp several times during the latter months of the season, on business and pleasure, assisting Lieut. Plummer and other officers, in supplying the troops with needed subsistence from Council Bluffs and Omaha markets. I do not remember the number of troops that occupied that encampment. I should say that it was composed of cavalry and infantry, and perhaps some light artillery, that would be called a regiment in all; everything being in perfect military order, with Harney always a chief figure, not only on account of his high rank and reputation, but almost as much on account of his splendid physique and commanding presence.

It was here that I met Gen. Harney for the first time. I was afforded a good opportunity to study the character of one of the most eminent of the heroes of our earlier wars. His form was that of the ideal soldier; six feet four in height, as straight and erect as any Sioux chief that ever lived; brusque in manner; rough in mould and

mein, as in voice; proud of his name and his honest titles to distinction; harsh of speech, and in no way fastidious about his choice of adjectives to emphasize his commands or displeasure. He was yet so tender of heart, after all, that even a wronged army mule could arouse in him the most practical sympathy, as an incident will illustrate which I myself witnessed with my own delighted eyes, at the Big Sioux camp, as follows:

Gen. Harney was walking about the encampment on a beautiful morning after everybody had opened their eyes and their tents for another day of army life in that then wild and untamed locality. He was attended by an orderly who was leading his own favorite saddle mule at a respectful distance in the rear of his big master. The general was in citizens dress, as I remember. It was his habit to carry with him a riding whip when taking these casual "constitutionals" for exercise and observation, and he had it well in hand at the moment when he discovered a muleteer kicking and beating one of the army mules. In less time than it will take to tell the rest of the story, the "Hero of Chapultepec" had seized the mule-beater by the nape of the neck with one hand, and was giving him a savage horse-whipping with that handy riding whip in the other. There was considerable subdued comment over the incident, that served to bring out quiet remarks upon the character of Harney; and it also impressed me with that peculiarity of his nature which could permit him to shoot down not less than sixty Indians at Ash Hollow, including more than one woman, as a punishment for offences, which, in my belief, they never committed, without any compunctions of conscience or emotion of sympathy with human suffering, and yet, abuse of a mule could, and did, excite in him both sympathy and resentment, which was displayed by violence and by small and large blocks of profanity, that would make the average cowboy of the plains ashamed of the poverty of his choicest vocabulary. But, upon the whole, there was room to admire Gen. Harney for a great deal of personal manhood and military merit. I never regarded him as a great soldier, nor was he ever born for large commands. There were at least three younger men in the Sioux Camp in 1855 under Gen Harney's orders who were his superiors, from whom the country was destined to hear in later years out of the red centers and chaos of the civil war; men who shed their blood upon both sides of

the conflict, and whose names already have an enduring place in the military history of our country. I will mention them in connection with the first court martial I ever saw, which was in progress for weeks at Big Sioux Camp, for the trial of one Major Howe of the cavalry arm of the service, which I frequently attended during my stay there. It may be said here, as in parenthesis, that this sketch is written with the main object of recording my impressions of these now eminent historical characters.

When I say that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the illustrious Confederate Chieftain, who has but recently passed from the scenes of earth, honored by all men who respect exalted personal virtues and great military capacity and achievement, was a member of that court; that Nathaniel Lyon, the "Hero of Camp Jackson," who fell, face to the foe, at Wilson's Creek after conquering Missouri to the Union cause, was its Judge Advocate; and that Alfred Pleasanton, the distinguished Union cavalry leader was Gen. Harney's adjutant and chief-of-staff at the Sioux Camp, none will dispute the justice of the comparison which I venture to make, between Gen. Harney and three, at least, of his Big Sioux command who were then unknown to fame. Johnston then held the modest rank of Lieut. Colonel; Lyon that of captain of the Second Infantry of the old army, and Pleasanton was a young dashing first lieutenant. It was in Pleasanton's company that I dined with Mrs. Dr. Madison, in her tent at the camp, for which privilege and pleasure I was indebted to a renewal of my acquaintance with Surgeon Madison, whom I had first met at Ft. Pierre. That dinner was as formal and stately as if it had been given in a Vanderbilt mansion in Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Madison presiding with infinite grace and dignity, elegant in dress, and amply gloved for the occasion. I wonder if Gen. Pleasanton could recall this incident from over the stormy scenes of blood through which he has since passed? I do not remember that I have ever met him since that day of dining and wining in the camp on the Big Sioux. But not so with Johnston and Lyon. It was here that my acquaintance with these eminent soldiers began, which terminated only with their lives. That with Gen. Lyon led to the closest confidence and intimacy, which continued until he fell at Wilson's Creek, the first eminent victim of the war of the Union, whose cause he espoused with the resolution of a heroic nature and with all the zeal and cour-

age of one of the purest of patriots. I knew him well. I had predicted for him, years before his opportunity came, that when occasion called he would prove his ability as a soldier equal to great commands. I shall continue to live, and probably die in the belief that he fell a victim to the incompetency of John C. Fremont, who failed to reinforce him from Rolla, Mo., with two regiments, for which, at the earnest request of Lyon, I, among others, urgently appealed, pending the unequal combat in which that heroic life went out. National honors were paid to his memory, and he sleeps near kindred dust in his native Connecticut. One of his ancestors on his mother's side fought with Washington at the battle of Harlem Heights, falling at the head of his troops. He was mentioned for conspicuous gallantry in this action by Washington in special orders. This Revolutionary soldier was a Knowlton.

The present President of the State Historical Society, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, may recall the fact that on our visit to Salt Lake City, many years ago, in calling at the home of Maj. W. H. Hooper, the old Utah delegate in Congress, we saw pictures of Lyon and of the Knowlton side of his family, of whom Mrs. Hooper was a near relative, hanging on the walls of his hospitable home.

Gen. Lyon was a small man in stature. He was markedly blonde in complexion. His temperament was nervous-sanguine, which fired him with that restless mental and physical energy that was the most striking feature of his character. He was a clear, forceful and vigorous writer. He hated a secessionist with venomous dislike and unconcealed contempt, as a traitor to his country. But, after all, his was a kindly and a generous spirit, and, it is the best tribute, that can be paid to his memory to say that those who knew him best loved him most.

Leaving the greatest of this quartette of American soldiers, measured by their military renown, to the last, what shall I say of Joseph E. Johnston, one of the most manly and chivalric of all the noble army of Virginians, whom the "mother of states and statesmen" has produced—the Confederate hero of Fair Oaks, and of the defense against Gen. Sherman in "the march to the sea?" My acquaintance with him began at Sioux Camp, survived the war, and continued to the late sad day of his death. He was a noble man and soldier, intellectually superior, in my judgment, and morally the

peer of Lee, which exhausts all comparison. When I first met him I was struck by his open, frank and courtly manner, warmth of greeting, and soldierly eloquence and precision of speech and bearing. He was then in the full mental and physical vigor of middle manhood. Of medium height and slight build, with a broad head surmounting a fully developed chest, and a keen, soft, grayish blue eye, Johnston was a model gentleman and soldier. His Mexican services gave him prominence and reputation, as long ago as 1855, and he was even then regarded as the ideal soldier of the United States Army. I need not recall his great, but unfortunate military career. I met him in Omaha three years ago for the last time. He talked of Major William E. Moore, his chief commissary in the great campaign of Atlanta, with emotion which he could scarcely conceal, at the loss of his gallant friend. Referring to the Atlanta campaign, he declined to admit that it was a "retreat" on his part; he spoke of it, as "a series of battles between unequal forces," with that modesty which was a leading trait of his character. At a dinner given in Omaha by the late Ezra Millard to Gen. Sherman, I mentioned Johnston to Gen. Sherman, who spoke of the Confederate commander in the warmest language of praise: "I couldn't capture a tin cup from him in the whole series of battles and retreats," said the immortal hero of "the march to the sea."

Three years, perhaps, after the Sioux Camp and court scenes Gen. Johnston was made inspector-general of the army. I think it was in 1859 or 1860, that I was informed that a gentleman had inquired for me at the office of the Herndon House, in Omaha, where I was then living. I walked down from my room to meet him, passing Johnston on the stairway, as he was coming up and I was going down, without recognition by either of the other. I pursued my friend until I found that the soft-hatted, plainly dressed person in Virginia dark grey citizens clothes, whom I had met on the stairway, was none other than "Joe Johnston," as he was familiarly called, who, on a tour of inspection, had come down from Ft. Randall to Council Bluffs, and did me the honor to say that "I thought I would spend Sunday with you." Such a marked attention from such a man was a flattering compliment, and the visit, so delightful to me in all respects, of thirty years ago, led to a continued friendship of which Gen. Johnston gave me many proofs before he drew his sword in

defense of his mother state, as well as since the close of the war. If I am not mistaken, I had something to say for this illustrious American when President Cleveland appointed him government commissioner of the Pacific railroads in 1884, a place that he continued to hold largely by the special personal request of his old antagonist, Gen. Sherman, at the hands of President Harrison.

The Big Sioux Camp was beautifully located on the wooded banks of the river which led me to give it this name. The leading incident was the court martial of Maj. Howe, against whom, Gen. Harney himself preferred the charges and was the chief witness. Gen. Lyon prosecuted him with relentless vigor upon charges which concerned corrupt practices of a petty but disgraceful character, and, I believe, to conviction. In after years, in conversation with Jefferson Davis in Memphis, where the conquered chief of the Confederate States of America resided after the war, who was secretary of war, when that "Howe court" was held, I found that Davis was able to recall the fact that he officially reviewed its proceedings. It was a somewhat celebrated case in the army annals, but I was surprised at proofs which Mr. Davis gave of the reach and accuracy of his memory in recalling incidents connected with that court. I do not remember that he so much as mentioned the name of Johnston, who, as I have said, was a member of the court, either in that connection or any other, although Lee, whose picture decorated the wall above Mr. Davis' desk, was the subject of considerable conversation. Men whose military judgment are widely respected agree with my own notion, that if Johnston, instead of Lee, had commanded the Confederates at Gettysburgh, Gen. Longstreet's criticisms of Lee's mistakes in that crucial battle of the war for and against the Union would not have applied to the confederate chief at Fair Oaks, who doubled up McClellan in the first onslaughts on the Peninsula, who outgeneraled, if he did not outfight, Sherman before Atlanta, and who would have saved Pemberton at Vicksburgh, if his military counsels had been heeded by the authorities and lesser men and soldiers than Joseph Johnston, who was expected to beat Grant and rescue Pemberton's army without adequate force at his command for the purpose."

REMINISCENCES OF A TEACHER AMONG THE NEBRASKA INDIANS, 1843-1885.

By Mrs. Elvira Gaston Platt.

It was on June 24, 1843, that we first set foot on Nebraska soil, though it was then known as Indian Territory. On our way to the Pawnee village, aboard the steamer Oceanica, laden with government supplies and bound for Bellevue, the seat of the Council Bluffs agency for the Otoes, Pawnees and Omahas, Captain Lyttleton invited us with the guests on board, to go out and take a view of his farm. The steamer was drawn to the shore near the mouth of the Weeping Water where we landed, ascending the bluff that we might the more perfectly see what had so enchanted Capt. Lyttleton as to cause him to choose that wild spot as the site of his future home. The beauty that surrounded us any one may prove by visiting the spot to-day, though then it was only a rich primeval pasture ground, "fenced by the stooping sky."

The next day, June 25, we landed at Bellevue, and were entertained by the agent, Maj. Daniel Miller. There was no white woman at the agency, Mrs. Miller having gone down the river for fear of the Otoes, who were threatening an outbreak on account of some disaffection towards the agent. A blacksmith for the Omahas had come upon the deck of the Oceanica, with his wife and cow; and they found shelter in a log cabin a little way up the river from the agency buildings, the trading post of the American Fur Company lying between the two. On the Sabbath, July 2, a messenger arrived from the Pawnee villages bringing tidings of the attack of the Sioux upon them, which is mentioned in Mr. (not Rev.) Allis's historical sketch. This attack had been made the Wednesday previous and the village that was burned was the one to which we were bound as teachers. My brother, G. B. Gaston, had gone to the Pawnees under the auspices of the A. B. C. F. M., and being informed by him that it was desirable that the teachers employed by the government should

be those who would co-operate with the missionaries in their work, Mr. Platte and I went out with that intent.

The question now was, should we go on to the villages or return to the states; but as the back trail was so long and would have disappointment written all along its way, and that before us was short and lighted up with hope, we decided to go forward. I was very desirous to go with my husband, who would return with the messenger, but Maj. Miller counseled strongly that I wait four weeks till the teams should come in for the government supplies as well as for those for the mission. He pleaded that we were liable to be attacked by the Sioux on the way; that my presence might hinder the men from escaping and that all might be killed or taken captive, so, although loth to do so, I yielded the point. Propriety demanding that I go to the only white woman in the place, very reluctantly I was ushered into the cabin of the Omaha blacksmith, with its one small room on the ground and a low loft above, which was occupied at night by the striker Albert Fontenelle, who had recently returned from Missouri where he had been at school.

Those four weeks of waiting were marked in my calendar as never to be forgotten. A few days after my husband left Macinac, boats came down the river, the men on board bringing word that the Sioux, having become offended with the traders of the Fur Company, would soon send a war party to attack those at Bellevue. A day or two after this news came, two Omaha women, who were living with a white man, saw, just before sunset, what they insisted was proof of the presence of the enemy—bushes waving, where no bushes grew. They declared that it was Sioux scouts with branches of trees tied to them, which, rising just above their heads, would look like a clump of bushes and thus enable the Indians to make observations without being seen. These women rushed to the cabin of the blacksmith and demanded shelter, as their house was on the bluff and would be the first to meet the attack. The agent felt comparatively safe with his doors fastened by iron bars and bolts—the Fur Company was picketed in and kept guarded—and so for one long week during those hot July nights the white man and his two Indian women, the blacksmith and wife, his striker, and my own precious self, were shut in that cabin without windows, the door barred, while the men had bowie knives and revolvers within reach. Very unrefreshing

was the sleep that visited my pillow; but no Sioux came to attack; the excitement died away and we drew free breath again.

But now it became apparent that a new lodger was about to appear to claim a place with us. The two Omaha women ushered the stranger into its new world, but announced that the mother was no "brave" to endure pain. Now added duties were mine. I did not choose to starve or to see others suffer hunger, and if I did not, food must be prepared. But how could I make a fire hot enough to cook the inevitable coffee, cornpone and bacon on those fiery July days, in that little hut near the bed of an invalid? The blacksmith's forge was near by, and I said, "that shall be my refuge," and it was. I have heard the voices of men, who were driving oxen, when they sounded to me rough and rude, but the "whoa-up, whoa-up, whoa-steady, Brown and Bandy, whoa-gee now Duke and Berry," were music to my listening ear on that last Saturday of July, as the government teams were driven down the narrow defile, that led from the overhanging bluffs, to the river bank, on which stood the agency buildings.

Monday, July 31, six prairie schooners, heavily laden, each drawn by three yoke of oxen, slowly climbed to the uplands, that overlooked the narrow bottom on which stood Bellevue, although La Bellevue was on the heights. I was the only passenger, but my husband was captain of the craft I had boarded, and my brother engineered another. The skies were fair, the air was cool and pure, new experiences lay before me, and my heart leaped for joy. Our path lay along the old trail, known to the early settlers of Nebraska, a trail worn by Indians and by the traders who loved the wild life to be found in the "Great American Desert." The first and part of the second day we were on the high lands, with small streams to cross, but no sloughs. Two of the streams were the Great and the Little Papillion. I wish to protest against the vandalism, that has reduced that musical name to Papio, as we hear it announced while flying over that ground to-day. The old time spirit of the teacher always comes over me and I am prompted to say "Pa-peel-yong, Sir." And now too, much to be deplored is it, that the euphonious O-ma-ha, has come to be the hard Omaha, and the smooth Pawny, the forced Pawnee.

The fording of the Elkhorn was a task of some magnitude; but as the river was low, by doubling teams, and by the drivers' wading in the

water up to their arm-pits, all were safely over before camping the second night. The drive along the Platte bottom was more difficult because of the sloughs. These were bridged with grass and weeds which grew so luxuriantly along their sides. Each driver had a scythe, and with them the wild growth was soon cut in sufficient quantities to fill the great oozy beds over which we must pass. It was always my privilege to take the first ride over the new bridge, and consequently I passed safely to the other side. But very often the piers of the structure would give way under the last schooner and it would sink into the deep mud from which it must be rescued by the united efforts of the line of oxen giving "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together," while the men pried at the wheels of the sinking vessel. All this trouble might have been saved by the further use of the scythe.

Very little of special interest occurred during our eight days trip, though it was by no means dull. A camping place was always sought where wood and water could be secured, and if possible, where the oxen could be turned loose to graze, without the fear that they would take the homeward trail. The islands on the Platte afforded such security, and, the river being low, the men could easily ford it to drive back their teams in the morning.

It is said that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and so it may be, even while it proves a vexation, as did a rare and beautiful flower one of the young men threw into my lap one day. It was a large aquatic plant of a delicate orange color, and of a heavy though not disagreeable fragrance. Having no botany which described the flora of that region, that flower with many others, long remained with me as a nameless waif, which was really vexing. For years I sought by describing this flower to others to learn its name; but it was never recognized, and it was the only specimen I ever saw in Nebraska. At last on visiting a little lake in Mills county, Iowa, in 1854 or 1855, I found its bosom covered with the beauty I had so long cherished in my memory as "the nameless one." I learned it was the Yellow Nelumbo. Some years after this I saw a statement in the *New York Independent*, that there are only three states where this plant is found, North Carolina, New Jersey and New York. I immediately wrote to the *Independent*, claiming for Iowa and Nebraska the same honor.

While writing of flowers, I will add that I found as I have intimated, the flora of the Loup (Loo), near which were the Pawnee villages, very rare. There were vetches and spurges in great variety. Of the the latter the Flowering Spurge was most prominent, and on visiting the garden at Mt. Vernon in after years, I found it was esteemed so highly as to be cultivated there. The rose, violet and crowfoot families were most fully represented. There I first saw Penstemon (Great Beard Tongue); and only there a mammoth dock, bearing flowers as large as the cultivated hydrangea, of an orange hue varying from a light to a very deep color. There was also a trailing hirsute vine with a compound leaf and a long peduncle to which was attached a mass of magenta colored flowers in the form of a very compact tassel. To what family this belongs, I have yet to learn. There were also the gentian and orchid, though the latter family was not very fully represented. The sand along the banks of the Loup (Loo) was full of wild potatoes and turkey peas upon which the Indians often feasted. If cultivated, why should they not become useful to us of nicer taste? The corn known among all the Indians as Pawnee corn, was a great rarity to us, and its luxuriant growth a great marvel, ears 16 and 18 inches long being not uncommon. The fauna near an Indian village would be difficult of approach, and not very numerous. Buffalo were seldom seen there during our stay, and then but few in number. Elk were in the country, and, at one time, while the Indians were out on their hunt, a large herd of fifty or more passed down the river on the opposite side from our dwellings. Deer there were also, but seldom near us; and when antelope grazed in our sight we were sure a war party of Sioux were not far away, as this timid animal so graceful in form and movement fled before the Indian's scented trail. Wolves, especially the prairie wolves, were numerous and never far away. Of the black wolf, one was killed by our company that had been attracted to our yard by a calf tied near the house. It measured five feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. A pair of white wolves were seen trotting along during the day, and were so large as to be mistaken for two yearling calves that had been for some time lost in the bluffs. Another one was in the habit one season of serenading us on moonlight nights, coming so near as to be distinctly seen by us, and making bold to enter the cattle yards and carry off a young calf

which was rescued by the men. But the beautiful white invader escaped and was too cunning to fall into the many traps set for him. That these different families of wolves mixed their blood was proven to us by our seeing at one time a gang of a hundred or more feeding near the village in the winter during the absence of the Indians. It was the season that the ague caused the death of so many Indians, and that, with the death of Spotted Horse and young Mathers, which is mentioned in another place, filled the Indians with such fear, that they buried their dead very near the surface in their haste to put them out of their sight. This attracted the wolves, and caused them to collect in such numbers. I noticed no purely white wolves among them. There were black and spotted ones, probably a mixture between the prairie and the black wolf, as they were much larger than the former. I do not know that the gray wolf was found there. Beaver, otter, and mink abounded, and their furs were a valuable source of traffic for the Pawnees. The pole cat often made his presence known by perfuming the air with what an English visitor among the Delawares termed his "agreeable aromatic." Jack rabbit with his long ears and bounding gait, and bunny with his white sail, ventured at intervals to come out from their hiding places; but woe be to them if an Indian was near, for nothing in the form of fresh meat was permitted to escape him.

No doubt had an ornithologist been there of sufficient daring to search the groves in the silent ravines, he would have found many species of birds. That the Indians found them was proven by their possessing skins of birds of various bright colors, with which they decked themselves and their horses for war, though probably many of these were obtained from southern Indians. The lark was almost the only song bird we heard—a variety that came in flocks, smaller than the meadow lark, and not solitary in pairs like those of the east. Prairie chickens abounded in the winter and magpies came around our dwellings to pick up the bones, saucily sitting on our window sills to note perhaps the occupation of the housekeeper.

That the mastodon had roamed over that region ages before, we had proof in a large tooth weighing seven pounds, that was washed down by a rise of the Loup (Loo) river, and also by reports from the Pawnees of the skeleton of a large animal which they saw on the banks of the Republican Fork. This was also seen by Messrs. Dun-

bar and Allis, during their travels with the Indians. The tradition of the Pawnees was, that these were the bones of a mighty man who in former ages had his home in that region; that he was so tall and large and strong, he could kill buffalo with ease, and taking a cow under each arm and a bull on his back, could walk off as though he carried nothing. But though so mighty, he lacked reverence, and one day when God spoke in the thunder, this man mocked him and the earth immediately opened and swallowed him. The Pawnees were a very reverent people, having no expression like an oath in their language,—the white man taught them to take the name of God in vain.

We camped Saturday night on land now owned by Col. Stevens, a little west of the present city of Columbus, and there rested on the Sabbath according to the commandment. With the wide prairie as our cathedral, the overhanging azure our arch, the musical waters of the swift-running Loup (Loo) for our organ, and the birds for our choir, we worshipped, were refreshed and uplifted. Early Monday morning we were ready for home going, camped on the Looking Glass at noon and cooled our kettle of mush in its crystal waters. At that time it well deserved the name the Pawnees had given it, "Keats-oo-ka-tow-a-rick," (water that reflects your shadow.) But since from its source to its mouth, herds of cattle have trod its bed, and waters from deeply ploughed fields have drained into it, it no longer merits that title, and dwellers on its banks to-day wonder what peculiarity won it the name of Looking Glass. This is the first stream of any size in the Loup (Loo) valley, as you go westward from its mouth. The next, Beaver Creek, as then called, was known also as Burr Creek from the innumerable burrs growing along its banks, the Pawnees applying either name as they chose, for they were not only annoyed by the burrs, but caught many beaver in and near the stream.

The next stream west of the Beaver, is Plum Creek, on which was the Mission station, and between which and Council Creek stood the village which had just been burned by the Sioux. Plum Creek was so called from the abundance of plum bushes on its banks. The first season the missionaries spent there, they feasted on their fruit. The plums were of large size, great variety and delicious flavor, but the praire fires destroyed the trees that fall, and few were found there afterward. Plum Creek was well wooded; large oaks which shaded its

steep banks produced acorns very pleasant to the taste. It was fed by springs coming to the surface at the foot of the bluffs; and had our little company been possessed of the implements, they would have been tempted to turn aside from their legitimate work to search for coal and oil in the surrounding bluffs, so sure were they that the waters of Plum Creek indicated their near presence. That stream, which then supplied water in abundance for the families on its banks and their stock, has to-day very little in its bed.

The next, Council Creek, where Maj. Dougherty held his famous council, has increased rather than diminished in size during these years. But by some mishap, the two streams have changed names, which, without regard to the annoyance of early settlers, is unfortunate for historical exactness. Charming Willow, too, whose beauties were sung by the earlier poets who dwelt on its banks, now answers to the name of Cedar, though there are two or three other Cedars in the near distance. In the arbors formed by the drooping willows on its banks, we could bathe hidden from the eyes of the passer by. The cedars grew on the high bluff over-hanging the stream, hence both names were given by the Pawnees, but to the earlier whites, it was always known as Willow.

On arrival at our new home, we began to look about us to learn what was to be done. The Pawnees were so demoralized by the burning of their villages and the killing of so many of their leading and most reliable men, that little could be done for them that season. And yet those who contemplated doing for them in the future must be preparing. Mr. Platt and I therefore set ourselves to aid the whites who had been before us on the ground, to carry out their plans, while we made the acquaintance of the villagers when they returned from their hunt, and learned their language. One of the most notable events of that autumn was the privilege our little community had of entertaining Fremont on his return from his mountain trip; though little did we know what germs of greatness, that would bring him great renown, lay hidden behind the rough garb, the uncut hair and the untrimmed beard of our stranger guest.

The next spring seeing little prospect of accomplishing the immediate object of our errand to the Pawnees, we proposed when the agent, Maj. Miller, came on his yearly visit, to return with him to the states. But the Pawnees needed to have much done for

them that season to secure food for their subsistence. With less financial wisdom for us, than overflowing greatness of heart for his charge, the Major said, "For God's sake Mr. Platt, do stay and help raise something for these starving Pawnees, and I am sure when the case is represented to the government, it will reward you." Had we known the mysteries of red tape then, as we since have learned them, no doubt we should have hesitated to decide that we were willing to lose the chance of winning our own bread and butter to secure food for the Pawnees. The next fall we were appointed teachers to the villages at the mouth of the Willow, and removed to that point to be near the homes of our pupils, though we were to receive the children into our house, board, clothe, and teach them. It was a new departure, and many were the hinderances to our success. The first winter four, two boys and two girls, formed the school. The next season twelve was the number we were able to retain, when the village started for the summer hunt.

An incident of the year previous should have been recorded in its proper place—the celebration of the glorious Fourth. Were I to claim that it was the first time that day was celebrated in Nebraska, I fear I should find myself in the dilemma of one who claims, to be the first white child born in this state. Perhaps some one belonging to the garrison on the Missouri, where Long wintered on his first expedition, would rise to say he assisted in such a celebration on Nebraska soil, long before 1844. But I doubt if any one will deny that to be the first time in Nebraska that a settlement of white men with their wives and children, went out, accompanied by a school with banner and song, to celebrate that day. We of Plum Creek, were off very early in the morning for a ride to Willow Creek settlement, five miles away, where we were to breakfast with our friends, the Mathers, Mr. Mathers Sr., being superintendent of the farms. Five children belonging to the different mission families were my pupils for that season. These were fitted with regalia, and Henry M. Allis, now of Mills Co., Iowa, was banner bearer for the occasion. Our point of rendezvous was Cedar Bluffs, a height overlooking the Willow (Cedar), where Fullerton, Nance Co., now stands. The young men of our party with the aid of two Indian boys who accompanied us, built a bower of cedar branches from the trees near by. Our banner was planted on the edge of the precipice two hundred feet from

the water below, and our little company gave themselves up to the enjoyments of the hour, feasting our eyes on the wondrous beauty of the landscape before us. Blessed above most county seats is that of Nance county, for views of delight. After leaving that region my heart always turned to that spot, as the most desirable for making a home. After an hour or two spent in rambling and chatting our company were called to seats under the bower, where was spread a collation very inviting to hungry wanderers. Before eating we had a short exercise, and though I do not find it recorded in my journal, I have the impression that L. W. Platt read the "Declaration of Independence" and Mr. James Mathers gave a short oration. During the exercises, America and an original poem were sung, prayer was offered, and before partaking of the feast, the blessing of the Almighty God upon us was invoked by Mr. Allis. On our return home the large residue of our feast was left at the Indian village for the old and infirm, who were unable to go on the hunt.

During the absence of the Pawnees in 1845, we received two visits from the Sioux. One morning as the children were singing at the opening of the school, a wild war song burst upon the out-door stillness. The children immediately sprang to their feet, but I ordered them to be quiet, thinking it was a few lame and lazy Pawnees, who, not going on the hunt, had taken quarters in a cabin near us. But my pupils were better versed in war songs than I, and insisted that it was not their own people, but the Sioux. The last one was just disappearing in the loft above, when Mr. Platt rushed in asking "Are those children safe?" He had been in the garden, and, when a gun was discharged a little distance from him, immediately there sprang from the corn, which was growing close by his side, a party of six or seven, who began to dance and sing. One of their company had left them to go around behind some old buildings which were near to watch for the appearance of the Pawnees who occupied the cabin. They had a kettle of corn and pumpkins boiling out of doors, and when a boy went out to attend the fire, the Sioux shot him, then the companions of the Sioux sprang up and began their song and dance to attract the attention of the Pawnees while he could escape. He crossed the Willow immediately, and as soon as they saw he was safe, his companions followed him, knowing they could not secure the scalp of the wounded boy. The boy died that day. This proof that the enemy could come

so near and yet remain unseen, awoke me to fear for myself and pupils; and as the men in gathering hay for the coming winter went about three miles away to secure it, it was arranged that the school and its teacher should spend the day with Mrs. Mathers at the farm house, while the men were absent. This we did one week. But the task of rising early to prepare breakfast and dinner for so many; of carrying our books, work and food away from home each day; and of occupying the seats upon the floor of the small warm room during the school session, became tedious. Accusing myself of cowardice in thus fleeing before the face of an imagined foe, I concluded to stay at home. On the third day after this decision, just before dismissing my pupils at noon, I saw a plumed warrior throwing down a fence that hindered his approach to a horse that was tethered midway between us and the farm house. Waving my hand to the children and exclaiming in a whisper "Charrerat" (Sioux) I ran to close the doors and windows, which were all open, while they scrambled to the chamber. On putting out my hand to close the last shutter, the Sioux I had seen, rode close by me in full chase after the horse which had broken his tether, and was stretching every muscle to escape his would-be captor. That shutter was left unclosed while I took refuge with my pupils. Immediately war whistles made of the leg bone of a turkey began to blow, firing and whooping began, and we knew that we were midway between the combatants. The number of the Sioux we could not decide. Balls whistled by, back and forth; one struck the house, each one of us thinking it struck the log against which he leaned. It was forty minutes after I spied the Sioux before I heard Mr. Platt call my name. The men had heard the firing and war whoops and started home as soon as they could put the horse into the cart in which they rode; but a Sioux riding up took the horse by the reins, led him out of the path, and began cutting the harness from him. They fearing, for us at home, could not venture to defend themselves, and so made good their escape, as they saw they were watched by a distant party. After all this experience we gladly hailed the return of the Pawnees from their hunt that season.

A few weeks after their home-coming many of them were attacked with the ague, a disease for which they had a name, but with which they had not been afflicted for years. The disease was probably induced by decaying sod, as many acres of freshly plowed prairie

lay near the village. Knowing little of the proper methods of treating themselves in sickness, they suffered much and many died. The usual voracious appetite of an ague patient was theirs, and they gratified it to the full. Then, when the fever was at its height, they cast themselves into the river, which flowed near by. Congestion and then death ensued. Our school was not exempt from the scourge. Could we have been permitted to treat our pupils as we chose, the suffering need not have been much or long. But the Indians interfered and at last all the pupils were taken to the village, not returning until the next spring.

A serious difficulty arose that autumn between Mr. Mathers, the Superintendent, and Spotted Horse, chief of the Skedee band of the Pawnees. Spotted Horse was not an hereditary chief, but Maj. Dougherty had constituted him chief, because of his boldness and daring, hoping that those characteristics might be an advantage in holding his people in check; but, as he was a tyrant, it only engendered strife and hatred among them, especially in the hearts of those whom he had superseded in the chieftainship. There was ammunition at the agency for the Pawnees, and the design was to bring it to them when the teams went in for the supplies. They were particularly anxious to obtain it, for they were not only in continual danger from an attack of the Sioux, but also from the Otoes with whom they had quarreled while on their hunt. Indeed a party had visited the village before the return of the Pawnees and had beheaded an old man who had been left at home. They carried away the head on a spear singing a song of triumph as they went, to the terror of those who saw them.

Mr. Mathers went to Bellevue with the men who drove the teams. The ammunition was loaded with the other supplies. They were only a few miles from the agency when a band of sixty well armed Otoes confronted them and gave them their choice, to return to Bellevue and leave the ammunition, or to fight; for they said that part of their load should not go to the Pawnee villages. As there were only five white men in the company, to return was the only alternative. Spotted Horse was enraged when he found the ammunition had not come and demanded that Mr. Mathers should give him the little there was. This was of course refused, and he arose and began to remove the powder horns and shot pouches from the wall, as they

hung near him. A quarrel ensued, during which one hand of the chief was cut off, and the younger son of Mr. Mathers, the interpreter, and a young man very much beloved by all of us was mortally wounded. Spotted Horse returned to the village, brandishing his hand which still clung to his wrist by a bit of skin, calling upon his people for vengeance. The vast multitude responded immediately; and those were fearful days and nights we two families spent, shut in our houses and guarded by a few faithful Indians, who immediately came to our rescue. Spotted Horse died the next day of his wound, the Indians telling us that those who bound it up purposely left it so that he would bleed to death—the whole village being rejoiced to get rid of the tyrant. Young Mathers died in a few days and was buried on the bank of Willow Creek, the exact spot I am not now able to determine. This led to our removal to Plum Creek and to Mr. Mathers' leaving the country. This going of Mr. Mathers was felt by some of us as a great loss, not only because of his work for the Pawnees, but for his social qualities, which were superior. He had read much and thoughtfully, his words were always well chosen, and were words of wisdom. His geological knowledge was much to us, and his poetical vein rendered his society the more charming. His well chosen library helped to charm away many hours, which would have been otherwise very tedious, as we never received our mails oftener than once in three months, our nearest postoffice being in Savanna, Mo., three hundred miles away. At one time we were six months without hearing anything from the active world we had left.

On the return of the Pawnees, in 1846, our pupils returned to us, and many others applied for admission, but twenty was the largest number I thought I could clothe and feed, teach and care for generally, and the others were bidden to wait. Though situated where we were continually visited by friends of the children and they were tempted to run home, yet we had little trouble and they improved rapidly. Their singing especially won the hearts of their friends, and content with the promise that we would keep our pupils close within the pickets, which it had been thought wise to place around our dwellings, they left us our twenty, very cheerfully when they started for their hunt. Freed from the hourly visits of the villagers great progress was made by our school that season. The boys

worked with the men when not engaged with their books; the girls assisted in the cooking and general housekeeping and learned to sew, as we well knew work was one gospel that would save the Indians.

But our plans were vain. The Sioux, who had not let more than two weeks pass during the year without proving to us their presence near, were now so continually coming in war parties that our men could do no work safely outside of the pickets. Finally they ventured to come down upon us in battle array, but evidently fearing to attack us behind our pickets, they were content to take horses from the stables and withdraw. A council was then held in which it was decided to be in vain to try to do anything for the Pawnees there, and removal to the agency was held the wiser course. Each family immediately began packing, and what could not then be carried away was "cached" to wait till the men could return for it. To pack our household goods and cook for twenty-two, who were to take a journey a hundred and twenty-five miles by ox team, and to be ready for the start in three days was no easy task; but it was completed by the third day, and Saturday, June 20, all the whites left for Bellevue, taking our pupils and three or four Indian children who were living in families connected with the mission. We crossed the Beaver that day and camped a short distance beyond for the Sabbath. The most exciting experience on our journey was that of crossing the Elkhorn, which we found swollen by the June rise. All the goods in each wagon must be removed, that they might be placed in a wagonbox lashed to the top of another, or they would be soaked in the water. The box of our wagon was larger than the others and would best serve the purpose desired. All our goods were piled upon the ground in a confused mass to wait until everything was crossed. That we might cross most expeditiously, the women removed stockings and shoes and took a foot bath standing in the wagon as the oxen swam across, directed by their drivers. It was dark before our goods, drenched in the rain, which had been falling since the middle of the afternoon, were safe over; and then twenty children were to be fed and arrangements made for their sleeping. All this, added to the terror of seeing one of our faithful oxen killed instantly by the breaking of his neck, his large branching horns having become fast in the precipitous bank as he was about to enter the narrow path leading up from the water, made the Elkhorn a historic stream

to me. Arrived at Bellevue, the families were easily housed. But we with our large company had the prospect of camping in skin tents, when a government store room was found empty, which, though infested with rats and fleas, we felt compelled to occupy. We reported to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, as there was no agent at Bellevue.

Maj. Miller had been too much interested in saving the Pawnees from the curse of liquor to suit the traders who visited them, and his official head fell into the basket. He gave place to one who had so long freely partaken, that he soon paid the penalty by giving up his life. Another Daniel Miller received the appointment and he came up from Missouri to act as agent. His presence was no check to the wild excesses which the Indians and whites chose to practice. To keep in order and to secure the progress of our little family, with a room on one side of us where a blacksmith was making sheet iron kettles, and one on the other where an Indian woman lived with a white man, and where drunken orgies extended far into the night, while Indians rode through the streets whooping and screaming, with whisky bottles in their hands, required no little nerve and decision. Yet, amid all this with the added babble of five different languages spoken in our yard, our pupils did make commendable progress.

When we arrived at Bellevue the Mormons were crossing the river in their flight from Nauvoo, to take up their abode in winter quarters before going to Salt Lake. From their camp by permission of Brigham Young we procured aid to assist in fitting our children with clothing for the winter, and were visited by him and his twelve, —part of them at various times,—they taking a deep interest in our charge. Our agent however had no thought of showing such favor, and the next spring he ordered us to deliver the school into the hands of those whom he found to be in sympathy with his mode of administering offices.

On leaving Bellevue we made our home in Iowa near the Missouri River, about four miles above old Ft. Kearney, now Nebraska City, where we remained till 1861, still keeping an acquaintance with our Pawnee friends. At that time learning that their treaty stipulations of 1857, promising them schools, had not been complied with, we went to their reservation expecting immediately to gather a company of pupils to our home, as the agent, H. W. DuPuy, had given

us the appointment of teachers. But under various pretenses we were forbidden the privilege of carrying out our cherished plan, and growing weary and outraged at the delay, we united with other employes who were there under similar disappointments, in sending an agent to Washington to report our grievances and if possible have matters righted.

As we expected, as soon as this was known to the agent, we were ordered from the reserve and took refuge in a small earth-roofed cabin in the Mormon settlement, called Zigzag, the site of which now lies in the middle of the Loup (Loo) river. Our plea to the authorities at Washington was regarded, and another agent, Maj. Lushbough, began his administration, July 1, 1862, at which time we returned to the reserve and immediately gathered a school. The difficulties attending the dismissal of Mr. DuPuy caused an order to be issued that no voter who had been an actor in them should remain in the reservation. Mr. Platt, with others was consequently dismissed from government service, and went just across the eastern line of the reserve, about a mile away, to set up an independent trading post for the Pawnees; while I, who was not a voter, was permitted to stay as I greatly desired to continue the work, for which we had made so great a sacrifice in leaving our Iowa home.

I remained in charge of the school till December 1864, when various considerations combined to cause me to resign and go out to work in the service of the Christian commission. I remained in this work till March of 1865, when being requested to take charge of the Soldier's Orphan's Home in Iowa, I accepted and served there till August 1866. Then I resigned and returned to Mr. Platt in Nebraska, who had occupied his trading post during my absence.

In May 1867, I was asked to resume the charge of "my school," for as such I had ever claimed it to be and from that time till July 1872, I had great enjoyment in its possession, Mr. Platt still remaining at his post, which was so near as to permit him to make daily visits to the school building. Grant's peace policy had been inaugurated and the Friends had been given charge of the Indian Reservation of Nebraska. Very naturally, when they became acquainted with the work, they desired to have it all under their immediate control. I was dismissed from service and went to my home where I remained till Mr. Platt's death in September 1875. The next year I removed

from the state, but, in the Autumn of 1883, I returned to assist in organizing an Indian Industrial School at Genoa, in the building which was erected for my Pawnee school in 1865. I remained in the state nearly two years and then left to establish myself in a permanent home in Tabor, Iowa.

In Volumn I, of the Transactions and Reports of the Nebraska State Historical Society, I find communications proving the noble descent of Mr. Henry Fontenelle, of Decatur, Nebraska. It is for me to prove that Mrs. Emily Fontenelle, his wife, sprung also from the noblesse, not however on the father's side. She was one of the two girls who were my pupils the first winter after our appointment as teachers to the Pawnees. Her mother, sister of Whiteman Chief, was a very superior woman in form, feature, bearing and intellect. The Skedee band, to which she belonged, was superior to the other three bands which formed the Pawnee tribe; its members had a higher grade of intellect, were more cleanly in their habits, and their language which was a dialect of the Pawnee, had a musical intonation, which betrayed the origin of the speaker the moment his voice was heard. When Emily was about seven years of age, her mother took her to Mrs. Mathers, the wife of the superintendent of the farms, and said this child being a twin, was favored of God and was given to her white, and she thought it proper she should be educated with white people. Neither Whiteman Chief nor his sister was as dark as the average Indian, and their finely cut features, dignity of bearing and accurate thinking, proved them far above their surroundings. As the Pawnees originally came from the south it is not improbable that they sprang from some old Aztec king. Whiteman Chief went at one time on an embassy to Washington, and on his return had much to tell his people of the greatness of La-chi-Koots—(Big Knives–Americans) and of their territory. In order to give them an idea of its vastness, he said, were he to start when a very young man and travel till he was old he would not have visited half of their cities. Of the wonderful things shown him, he told of a dish brought him with a substance that moved round in it like water, but when they told him to take it, it came near falling from his hands it was so heavy, and when it was poured into a cloth sack and he looked in to see it, it was not there. That was very wonderful. Then a gun was brought, and he saw the bullet put in, pressed down, it was pointed at a tar-

get and he saw where the ball hit, but heard no sound. That was too-war-axty (miraculous) and he thought how good a thing for his people to have such guns; then, when the Sioux came, they could hide in the grass and the enemy would fall on every side wondering what had hit them. He was taken to the ocean and he essayed to look over on the other side, but he could not. He looked again and again, and there was no other side; it was so vast; it was like God. Another thing deeply impressed him. There were days when all of the people stopped their work, and dressing very nicely, they met in a large house and read and sang and talked—one man to the people—and then he spoke to an invisible one. The next day each one he met looked very happy and he saw them smiling and shaking hands and looking rested, and he thought it would be good for his people to have such days. The sister had no such means of proving her powers of observation, but in her motherhood, she showed greatness. She insisted her daughter should be kept in school, and when one of the chiefs of her band and Emily's stepfather took her home, because of a slight punishment she had received, the mother brought her back, telling her she was to stay and accept punishment, if it came—that she took a rod and whipped her if she offended even at home, and she was not to make an ado for any such little thing.

But she was a woman of very sad face, always seeming to be bearing a mental burden, and when in after years I learned that Emily was a daughter of Mr. Pappan, one of the Fur Company at Bellevue, the mystery was explained, for in those days there was a high sense of chastity among the women of that people. So thoroughly had Emily learned the value of that virtue from her mother, that her grief and indignation knew no bounds when first told that her father was a white man. She flung back the charge with disdain, saying she knew her mother had never proven untrue to her father—that she remembered him as an Indian and that he had died an honorable death. Emily continued in the school and went with us to Bellevue when we fled from the Sioux, and during all the years of her young womanhood, though beset by temptations and entreaties, even by those who had her in charge, to give herself to white suitors, she never trusted them but prefered one of her own race.

Mrs. Fontenelle has long been a member of the Episcopal church, and the more intimately she is known, the more she is beloved. She

is possessed of a very amiable and affectionate spirit, but while possessed of these desirable womanly qualities, she is by no means a weak character. Like all Indians she has an intense nature and whatever emotion moves her takes deep hold of every fibre of her being. She was early religiously impressed, and the more she learned the Living Truth, the more she deplored the ignorance and vice of her people, being so deeply impressed as to refrain from food, while she silently wept over their degradation. Her sense of justice was keen. After her marriage, while on a visit to us in Iowa, in telling of the wrongs which she found the tribe to which her husband belonged, as well as her own suffered at the hands of the white men, she vehemently exclaimed, "I do sometimes think that Satan is stronger than God—if I were he, I would stamp them under my feet."

During the same visit on inquiring into the then existing Kansas difficulties, the system of American slavery, was explained to her. She listened in silence, while the cruel tyranny of many slave-holders was depicted, and when the speaker ceased she looked up and while a black cloud of scorn swept over her face said, "It is good enough for them, if they will be a slave; I will never be a slave to any man; I would cut my throat first." She still lives, honored by her husband and beloved by the children, who are all now grown to manhood and womanhood.

THE SIOUX INDIAN WAR OF 1890–'91.

[By Brigadier General L. W. Colby, Commanding the Nebraska National Guard.]

The Indian troubles which finally terminated in what is popularly termed the "Great Sioux War of 1890–'91," apparently started with the "Ghost Dances." The drouth and consequent failure of crops were everywhere general throughout the western states and territories and especially in the Dakotas, Wyoming and Nebraska. This affected the Indians as well as the white population in this section. This misfortune, to which was added the failure on the part of the government to supply the customary rations, produced actual suffering among the Indian tribes occupying the Pine Ridge, Rosebud and other reservations in the northwest. They were in need of the necessaries of life; a long cold winter was approaching, and starvation menaced them. The word was given out by some of their prophets and medicine men that the Great Spirit would send them a Messiah to relieve them in their dire necessity. The "Ghost Dances" were but a preparatory ceremony for his coming. The excitement and enthusiasm over his expected advent spread from tribe to tribe, and extended to settlements having no special suffering or affliction. The great Sioux nation, with reservations in South Dakota and Nebraska, was especially affected by it, and the excitement which pervaded the whole nation, together with the zeal and enthusiasm, including the weird and barbarous ceremonies, so frightened and thoroughly possessed the Indian agents, store keepers, government employes and white people generally, that these actions were exaggerated and magnified into preparations for immediate war.

The Indian races of America have been variously located and named. Originally the Irioquois and Algonquins occupied the northern part, the Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles had possession of the south, while all of that country west of the Mississippi river and north of the Arkansas river was in possession of a powerful Indian

nation known as the La-ko-tas, or as afterwards called by the whites, Dakotas. The Chippewa Indians, one of the Algonquin tribes, called this nation *Nadowessioux* as a term of contempt, which was soon transformed by the whites into Sioux, by which name they are now generally known. The great Sioux chiefs, however, take pride in calling themselves *Oceti Sakowin*, or the nation of Seven Council Fires, referring to the time when their seven councils were but one, and they were a happy and united people.

The Sioux nation is composed of the following seven tribes or councils: 1. The Inde-wa-kan-ton-wan, or Village of the Holy Lake; 2. The Wah-pe-ku-te, or Leaf Shooters; 3. The Wah-pe-ton-wan, or Village in the Leaves, generally called the Wahpeton Sioux; 4. The Sis-se-ton-wan, or Village in the Marsh, known as the Sisseton Sioux; 5. The I-hank-ton-wan-na, or Upper End Village, generally known as the Upper Yanktonnais; 6. The I-hank-ton-wan, or End Village, known as the Lower Yanktonnais; 7. The Te-ton-wan, or Prairie Village, known as the Teton Sioux. The first four of the above named tribes are known as the I-san-ti, or Santee. The greatest of the seven tribes is the Teton Sioux, which is also subdivided into seven great families, as follows: The Si-can-gu, *Brule*, or Burnt Thighs; 2. The I-taz-ip-co, *Sans Arcs*, or No Bows; 3. The Si-ha-sa-pa, or Blackfeet; 4. The Mi-ni-kan-ye, or Those Who Plant by the Water; 5. The Oo-hen-on-pa, or Two Kettles; 6. The O-gal-lal-las, or Wanderers in the Mountains; 7. The Unc-pa-pas, or Those Who Dwell by Themselves.

The four Santee tribes originally dwelt in Minnesota and Eastern Dakota. The home of the Yanktonnais was east of the Missouri River, extending over a tract of country from Sioux City to the British Possessions; while the Tetons occupied the territory west of the Missouri river and north of the Platte River to the Rocky Mountains on the west.

Sitting Bull belonged to the tribe, or family, of the Unc-pa-pas and was therefore an Unc-pa-pa Teton Sioux. Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses is an O-gal-lal-la Teton Sioux.

Along the first part of November, 1890, the Indians appeared to become organized for the purpose of redressing their wrongs, and serious trouble was apprehended by those most experienced in the Indian character. The settlers in Nebraska, and North and South

Dakota, and Wyoming, became alarmed at the menacing attitude and warlike preparations upon the reservations. At some places they became panic stricken, clamored for protection, sent telegrams to their own and eastern states for arms and troops. All sorts of rumors were prevalent, the most common of which was, that the Indians were starting out upon a raid to burn towns, and massacre inhabitants. At Mandan, North Dakota, resolutions were adopted, calling on the President and Secretary of War for protection. At Rushville, Nebraska, the citizens called upon the Governor of Iowa for aid and protection. The Governor of Nebraska received calls for aid, protection and arms from towns distant from each other over two hundred miles. At Bismarck, North Dakota, the citizens were much alarmed, and the destruction of the city by the warlike Sioux was so gravely considered that many families left for their former homes and friends in the east.

The government took the matter less seriously, but orders were issued for the seven companies stationed at Cheyenne, Wyoming, to be kept in readiness for marching orders at short notice. The troops at Forts Robinson and Niobrara, in Nebraska, were placed in readiness for action as well as those at Forts Yates and Lincoln. On November 18th, four infantry companies were started from Fort Omaha for Pine Ridge Agency, General Miles considering that point as the one in greatest danger. The troops at Forts Niobrara, Robinson and McKinney were also ordered to Pine Ridge. General Ruger, with headquarters at St. Paul, did not consider that there was any serious danger. General Miles, however, expressed himself as follows:

"Discontent has been growing among the Indians for six months. The causes are numerous. First was the total failure of their crops this year. A good many of them put in crops and worked industriously; and were greatly discouraged when they failed, as they did utterly in some districts. Then the government cut down their rations, and the Appropriation Bill was passed so late that what supplies they received came unusually late. A good many of them have been on the verge of starvation. They have seen the whites suffering, too, and in many cases abandoning their farms."

The alarm and anxiety among settlers still continued and increased in many localities. Troops from the different stations and forts in

various sections of the Union were ordered into the vicinity of the reservations and especially of Pine Ridge. Harrison, Fort Robinson, Chadron, Hay Springs, Rushville, Gordon, and as far east as Valentine, were filled with refugees from settlements along the line of Northern Nebraska, and the towns along the railroads in South Dakota had the same experience.

On November 19th, the telegraph dispatches contained rumors of fighting. On the 20th, some of the newspapers had reports of an important battle with the Indians, the sole foundation of which, however, was the imaginative brain of the reporter. General Brooke immediately left Omaha for the Pine Ridge Agency, taking command in person.

On the evening of November 23d, there was a regular Indian scare at Pine Ridge Agency, caused by a loud piercing cry from Red Cloud's camp. The Indian police were routed out of their sleep, dispatches sent to the different military camps, and the highest state of excitement prevailed for several hours.

General Miles gave his estimate of the forces and situation at this time of both Indians and troops. He said; "The disaffected camps, scattered over several hundred miles of territory, aggregate in round numbers 6,000 warriors. The troops scattered over this extensive territory number about 6,000, and not more than 1,500 of this number are effective mounted troops."

In the meantime, the ghost dances were going on and increasing in enthusiasm, and the Indians were becoming more warlike and uncontrollable. Dancing was carried on at the camps on Medicine Root, Wounded Knee, White Clay and Porcupine Creeks. In many cases the dancers had their guns and arms strapped upon their persons. In some instances the Indian police attempted to interfere and restore order, but they seemed to be almost powerless. Little Wound was arrested on the day of the issuance of beef, but knives were drawn, and Thunder Bear and the police having him in charge were surrounded, and Little Wound was rescued and turned loose. All the Indians engaged in the ghost dances now came to be considered as hostiles and preparing for war. It was rumored that the Two Kettle Sioux, having a settlement on Bad River, were joining the hostiles, and that Crow Eagle and Hump Rib were preparing their bands for war.

Numerous calls were made upon the governors of Nebraska and Dakota for arms and troops by the sheriff, other officers, and prominent persons of the counties adjacent to the reservations, representing a panic among the citizens, and the appearances of immediate danger to lives and property from an Indian outbreak.

On November 24th, having obtained from regimental and company commanders of the Nebraska National Guard the exact number of officers and men in the military force of the state, efficient for immediate service, I reported to Governor Thayer the strength and availability of the military force under my command, which was composed of two regiments of infantry, of ten companies each, one troop of cavalry, and a battery, or company of light artillery; and in view of the possibility of the military organizations of the state being required for actual service in the suppression of the threatened Indian outbreak, I directed the commanders of the First and Second Infantry Regiments, and of the Artillery and Cavalry Companies to have their several commands in readiness for service in the field.

On November 27th, there was an issue of beef to the Indians at Pine Ridge. The issue was made to about 2,600 Indians, and there were some ninety-three steers issued. Each animal was turned over to the heads of families, who made up a band of thirty Indians, and this was the beef rations for two weeks. The steers were all lean and in poor condition, and the scene of turning loose the frightened creatures, the shouting, and finally the slaughtering of the poor animals, tended to increase the excitement and encourage the warlike disposition of the Indians. Twelve hundred soldiers were moved in near the agency, and four guns were planted in a position to command the main avenues of approach to the agency, during the afternoon of the same day. The excitement was further increased by the report that 4,000 hostile Indians were approaching from Rosebud Agency, distant some fifty miles or more.

Conflicting reports came from Standing Rock and Rosebud Agencies. The statement was made that Chiefs Two Strike and Short Bull, had united their bands of Rosebud Indians, and were making all preparations for war; that they had actually put on their war paint, and prepared medicine to render themselves bullet proof. Plenty Bear, a friendly Indian from Wounded Knee, brought in the report that there were 364 lodges, containing 2,000 Indians at Wounded

Knee, who were engaged in a regular war dance and were swearing vengeance upon the whites. Chief Little Wound reported to Agent Royer, that he was unable to control or pacify his band of followers. Short Bull, one of the leading ghost dancers of the Rosebud Agency, came over to the camp of the Pine Ridge Indians with the supposed intention of forming a union of the Indians of the two agencies on the Porcupine and Medicine Root Creeks. Attempts were made to arrest Short Bull, but it was soon discovered that he had left camp with Good Thunder and other prominent ghost dancers, for the Rosebud Agency.

On November 30th, the bullet proof medicine was tested upon Chief Porcupine, at a war dance on Wolf Creek, a few miles out from Pine Ridge Agency, and as a result he was seriously wounded at the first volley, by two bullets passing through his limbs.

New stories of the most alarming character were brought into the agency daily. Reports of preparations for war near Standing Rock; of the Rosebuds starting out on a raid on Medicine Root; of hostile bands gathering on Wounded Knee Creek, near its junction with White River; of treachery among the friendly Indians at Pine Ridge Agency; and hundreds of other statements of like character, were brought in every few hours.

Special Agent Cooper and Agent Royer had a consultation with Two Strike, Crow Dog, Red Cloud, Big Road, and other chiefs, and sent instructions for all the bands of Rosebud Indians to come into the agency.

On December 1st, it was reported that the hostile Indians were massing their forces between Pine Ridge and the Bad Lands, and the situation was acknowledged by all to be very critical. More regular troops were sent forward as speedily as possible, and the movements began to assume a military character.

On December 5th, it was reported that the hostile Rosebud Indians slept upon their arms, and were constantly prepared for an attack; that they had guards, pickets and vidette posts, and also lines of signal couriers between their camp and Pine Ridge, so that every movement of the troops would be reported to their chief in a few moments. On the same day reports came of depredations committed by the hostiles upon some half-breed Indian farmers, who came in from the White Earth River, near the mouth of Porcupine Creek. The houses

and personal property upon these farms were appropriated, or destroyed, by warlike bands, moving to their camp on White River. All the settlers, whether half-breeds or Indians, were forced to either join the party, or have their property destroyed. Mr. McGaa lost a large number of horses and cattle. Mr. O'Rourke's ranch on Wounded Knee Creek was raided and much property destroyed. Mr. Stirk, William Vlandry, Mr. Cooney, Yellow Bird, Mr. Kerns, Mrs. Fisher and many others, living on the Reservation, distant from the agency from ten to thirty miles, had their ranches raided, and their property taken or destroyed.

On December 6th, General Brooke had a conference with a number of Indian chiefs at Pine Ridge. This was brought about by Father Jule, a Roman Catholic priest. The chiefs came to the conference bearing a flag of truce, armed with Winchester rifles and observing the ceremony supposed to be attendant upon distinguished warriors and chieftains. Turning Bear, Big Turkey, High Pine, Big Bad Horse and Bull Dog led the procession, mounted upon Indian ponies. Next came the head chief, Two Strike, riding in a buggy with Father Jule; these were surrounded by a body guard of four young warriors. They were all in full Indian costume, with war paint and feathers, while bunches of eagle's plumes decorated the manes and tails of their ponies, whose backs and sides were also painted in the approved fashion.

The result of the conference was fruitless. General Brooke was unable to arrive at any agreement in regard to the coming in of the hostile bands represented by these chiefs. After the powwow was over, the chiefs were given a feast, under the direction of the quartermaster, after which a grand squaw dance was given.

In the evening, a conflict between Two Strike and Short Bull arose over the leadership of the united bands. Short Bull was supported by Crow Dog, Kicking Bear, High Hawke, Eagle Pine, and in fact by nearly all of the Standing Rock and Cheyenne Agency Indians. Two Strike was supported by Turning Bear, Big Turkey, High Pine, Big Bad Horse and Bull Dog, with their followers. The valley along the edge of the Bad Lands was the scene of real war among the Indians for several hours. Rifles flashed, arrows went whizzing through the air; Indians in full war costumes, mounted on painted ponies, charged and retreated and circled around the bluffs and

across the plains. Several Indians were killed outright, and many others wounded before the contest was settled.

This fight among themselves resulted in a separation of the hostiles who had united a few days before, and as a result Two Strike and his followers broke camp on White River for Pine Ridge, while Short Bull, Kicking Bear, and others of his band, started farther north into the Bad Lands. General Brooke immediately sent out 300 friendly Indians to join Two Strike, go back with him, and try to bring in Short Bull and his followers. At the same time, Lieutenant Casey, with his Cheyenne scouts, and Captain Adams' Troop of the First Cavalry were started to head off Short Bull and his band, while the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Cavalry were moved hastily toward the Bad Lands.

It was now determined that two things were necessary to be done: First, to arrest Sitting Bull, who was supposed to be the real leader of the different Indian tribes, and to be the cause of all the discontent and trouble. Second, to disarm the Indians and thus place them in a condition that would make further depredations and acts of war and massacre impossible.

Sitting Bull was encamped on the Grand River, about forty miles southwest from Standing Rock Agency, and it was reported that he was preparing to move to the Bad Lands, where he could only be taken with great difficulty, and it seemed necessary to act at once.

On Saturday, December 13th, word was sent by General Miles to Major McLaughlin and Captain Fouchet that the time to act had come. Orders were given to get the Indian police ready for action, and to move on Sunday with a company of infantry and Troops "F" and "G," of the Eighth Cavalry. Accordingly this force started out for the arrest of Sitting Bull on Sunday, December 14th.

There seemed to be a quiet understanding between the officers of the Indian and military departments that it would be impossible to bring Sitting Bull to Standing Rock alive, and even if successfully captured, it would be difficult to tell what to do with him. It is therefore believed that there was a tacit arrangement between the commanding officers and the Indian police, that the death of the famous old Medicine man was much preferred to his capture, and that the slightest attempt to rescue him should be the signal for his destruction.

When the United States Troops arrived within about five miles from the camp of Sitting Bull, a consultation was had and it was arranged that they should move within about three miles of the Indian camp, and take stations so that they could be easily signaled; and the Indian police were to advance quietly to the tepees, and proceed immediately to the lodge of Sitting Bull, so timing themselves as to arrive there at daybreak. The Indian police led the way, Captain Fouchet's cavalry following the frozen trail, hauling two pieces of light artillery; in their rear, sometimes at a double quick in the bitter cold night, Colonel Drum's infantry command marched along in the darkness.

The clusters of Indian tepees were sighted on the river bank just at daybreak, and before the Indians could realize the situation, the police had surrounded the lodge of Sitting Bull. Bull Head, Lieutenant of Police, had command. No time was given to ceremony. A warrant, or order, for the arrest of the old chief and medicine man was produced. He was hustled out of the lodge in the presence of his two sons, and hoisted upon a horse. A loud shout, or cry, said to have been given by one of his sons, was interpreted into an attempt at rescue, and the firing from the police commenced. Bull Head, the lieutenant in command of the police, without hesitating a moment, shot Sitting Bull through the breast, killing him instantly. An answering shot from the Winchester of one of Sitting Bull's followers, mortally wounded Bull Head. This shot was answered by a volley from the police, and the firing then became general, when Captain Fouchet's command dashed up with their carbines, and also with their light artillery, and opened fire upon the Indians. They immediately fled toward the river, but were followed only a short distance by the cavalry. Sitting Bull's two sons, the elder named Black Bird, and the younger, Crow Foot, the latter being only twelve years old, were both killed. Sitting Bull's wives and daughters were not injured, and remained in their camp after the engagement, under the charge of one of the Indian police named Gray Eagle. Captain Fouchet took charge of the body of Sitting Bull, which was not mutilated, or scalped, as reported by some, and had the same taken to Fort Yates, North Dakota, where it was decently buried in a coffin.

Instead of causing relief and allaying apprehension, the death of Sitting Bull produced great excitement among both friendlies and

hostiles; and the white settlers, fearing the vengeance of the Sioux, fled by thousands to places of safety. Great lights and signal fires shone from the bluffs and hill tops a few miles distant from Pine Ridge, and the Bad Lands were ablaze with lights that could be seen for miles. More United States troops were ordered into the vicinity of the Agency, and every precaution was taken to prevent a general uprising of the Indians.

General Miles, who had arrived at St. Paul from Chicago, now started for Deadwood by way of Standing Rock, and for the time being established his headquarters at Rapid City, Dakota, with four companies of soldiers. Chief Two Strike came into General Brookes' camp at Pine Ridge, bringing with him 184 lodges, aggregating about 800 Indians, and surrendered. General Carr was at the junction of the Rapid and Cheyenne Rivers, with a command of 400 soldiers in readiness to move to Pine Ridge, when required. Seven companies of the Seventeenth Infantry were sent from Fort Russell to Pine Ridge. It was estimated that there were at this time, at and near Pine Ridge Agency, 1,000 lodges, or over 5,000 fighting Indians; and that there were 250 lodges, or over 1,000 warriors, near the mouth of White Clay Creek.

On December 18th, a courier brought the report to General Carr that a party of fifteen men were besieged on Spring Creek, at Daily's ranch, about fifty miles distant, and Major Tupper was immediately dispatched with 100 men to the rescue. Near Smithville, some shots were exchanged with a large number of Indians, who were concealed in the brakes near a small creek.

While the government wagons, with their escorts, were crossing Spring Creek, they were attacked by about forty Indians. One soldier was wounded, and some others narrowly escaped. A troop of cavalry commanded by Captain Wells, came to their rescue and the Indians retreated after over one hundred shots were exchanged.

General Carr sent a troop of cavalry into the Bad Lands to watch and report any movements of the hostiles. The troops reported 70 Indian lodges in a wholly inaccessible place. The outlet for these Indians was a trail up Cottonwood Canon across the road from Rapid Creek to Wounded Knee. This outlet was immediately closed by a detachment from the Sixth Infantry.

On December 18th, 1024 hostile Indians returned to Pine Ridge,

and rations were issued to them. On December 19th, reports came from the camp on the Cheyenne River, that there were 70 lodges, containing about 350 hostiles, between Battle and Spring Creeks; while a larger band, containing at least 300 warriors, with their wives and families, were encamped on the Cheyenne River, about twenty miles further down.

Three heliograph stations were established under military authority; one in camp, one on the top of the high bluffs, and one following Captain Stanton's command. In the afternoon of the 20th, the report came through the heliograph lines that an engagement was on between Captain Stanton's forces and the Indians. Orders were immediately given by General Carr for Lieutenant Scott, with Troop D, to go to his assistance, and other troops were immediately put in marching order. Captain Stanton had given chase to a large band of Indians with a herd of ponies heading for the Bad Lands. Shots were exchanged for some time, when the Indians turned and went into the valley of Wounded Knee creek, and Captain Stanton, fearing an ambush, withdrew his troops, and returned.

On this same day, 500 friendly Indians left Pine Ridge to attempt to bring in the hostiles, acting under the direction of General Brooke. At Fort Yates, everything seemed to be quiet, and 39 of Sitting Bull's band sent word that they were willing to return. General Carr sent out a cavalry detachment to head off a portion of the band that was believed to be moving toward the Bad Lands.

On December 22d, a sensation occurred at Pine Ridge by the arrest in Red Cloud's camp of a white man who pretended to be the Indian Messiah. He was dressed in Indian clothes, covered with a blanket. He admitted, however, that his name was Hopkins, and that he came there from Iowa. He claimed that he came in the interest of peace. He wanted to go to the Bad Lands and preach to the Indians there. He had some followers among the Indians, but none of the chiefs believed in him, and Red Cloud spat in his face and said, "You go home. You are no Son of God."

On December 23d, it was reported to General Miles that the chiefs Two Strike and Kicking Bear had started for the Bad Lands to join the hostiles, and a troop of cavalry was immediately dispatched after them, who returned after a thirteen mile ineffectual chase. Another troop of cavalry exchanged shots with a small band of Indians, who

were attempting to get away, and succeeded in stopping and capturing two squaws and one papoose.

On Christmas day, a band of eighty hostile Indians made two attacks upon a camp of Cheyenne scouts at the mouth of Battle Creek, the first attack resulted in a loss of one scout killed and two wounded; and two hostiles killed and several wounded. The Indians were repulsed. The second attack was made after dark, and hot firing was kept up for two hours, and a number of the Indians were killed and wounded. Kicking Bear led the attacking forces in person.

On December 26th, the several bands of Indians, which had come in under Big Foot and Hump, started for the Bad Lands. General Carr, with several troops of cavalry, started in pursuit.

On December 28th, the Seventh Cavalry, under command of Captain Whiteside, surrounded and captured Big Foot with his entire band of 106 warriors and about 200 women and children, who were in camp on Porcupine creek. This capture was made without resistance. They were all marched over to the former camp of the Seventh Cavalry on Wounded Knee, and comprised nearly all of the followers of Sitting Bull, who escaped after the death of their chief, on Grand River.

Colonel Forsyth came out from the Agency to the camp on Wounded Knee, with orders from General Brooke to disarm Big Foot's band; and on the morning of December 29th, he assumed command of the two battalions of 500 men and a battery of Hotchkiss guns. At about eight o'clock in the morning, the Hotchkiss guns were mounted so as to command the Indian camp, and the troops so disposed as to surround the camp and prevent escape. The Indians were ordered to come forward from their tents and give up their arms—the squaws and children remaining behind. The warriors came forward to the place indicated, and formed in a half circle, squatting on the ground, in front of the lodge of their chief, Big Foot, who lay very sick with pneumonia. They were ordered by twenties to proceed to their tepees, obtain their arms and give them up. The first twenty returned with only two guns. Major Whiteside, who was superintending this part of the work, after consulting with Colonel Forsyth, gave the order for the troops, who were all dismounted and formed in a square, about twenty-five steps away, to close in within twenty feet of the Indians. Thereupon a detachment

of cavalry, after a thorough search of the lodges, returned with only some forty-eight rifles.

These remnants of the followers of Sitting Bull had relied upon the words of Captain Whiteside in yielding to the military authority, but they were naturally suspicious and uneasy. They had witnessed the tragic fate of their old chief and medicine man. Many of them believed that they were to be put to death, and naturally supposed that their disarming was simply to render them defenseless; others believed that they were to be disarmed, then imprisoned and held for years in Florida, North Carolina, or Alabama as their brothers, the warlike Apaches, had been treated years before. The whole proceedings of this morning intensified their feelings, and confirmed them in their belief in regard to the terrible fate which awaited them. When the detachment returned from the search, the little band of 106 warriors, only partly armed, surrounded by 500 rifles and covered by a battery of Hotchkiss guns, raised their plaintive death chant. Then a dusky warrior stepped forward, stooped to the ground, gathered a handful of earth, and threw it into the air. In the twinkling of an eye, the death chant was changed to a war song, and before the startled soldiers realized their danger, the Indians drew their rifles from beneath their blankets, grasped their knives and hatchets, and rushed upon the wall of rifles, for liberty or death. It was the desperate death struggle of brave men against three or four times their number, who believed that they were all to be massacred, and who determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The slaughter was terrible; rifles rang; hatchets whizzed through the air; soldiers shouted; and the savage war whoops sounded across the bluffs and echoing canons for miles. The Indians broke through the lines and ran to the tepees. The Hotchkiss guns were turned upon them, regardless of women and children, and the repeated volleys from the carbines brought them down like grain before the sickle. The camp, valley and hill-sides seemed but a sheet of flame over which the smoke rolled in clouds. Big Foot, himself, rose from his sick bed, and came to the door of his tepee only to fall dead pierced with many bullets.

The surviving Indians now started to escape to the bluffs and canons. The Hotchkiss guns were turned upon them, and the battle became really a hunt on the part of the soldiers, the purpose being

total extermination. All order and tactics were abandoned, the object being solely to kill Indians, regardless of age or sex. The battle was ended only when not a live Indian was in sight.

About 100 warriors and over 120 women and children were found dead on the field. Twenty-nine soldiers were killed outright and thirty-five were wounded. Captain Wallace was killed, and Lieutenant Garlington wounded, in the first volley. In the early part of the battle, the fighting was almost hand to hand. Carbines were fired and clubbed. Sabres and hatchets gleamed, and war clubs circled and whistled through the air. Many Indians and soldiers fought on the ground after being wounded. This was one of the most bloody Indian battles of recent years, and the manner in which Big Foot's heroic followers turned upon their captors, and made the terrible break for liberty, shows a degree of daring and bravery, which has rarely been equaled, and rivals anything that has occurred in the Indian wars upon this continent.

On December 30th, the day after the battle of Wounded Knee, General Miles sent the following report to the Secretary of War:

"Colonel Forsyth says sixty-two dead Indian men were counted on the plain where the attempt was made to disarm Big Foot's band, and where the fight began; on other parts of the ground there were eighteen more. These do not include those killed in ravines, where dead warriors were seen, but not counted. Six were brought in badly wounded and six others were with a party of twenty-three men and women, which Captain Jackson had abandoned, when attacked by one hundred and fifty Brule Indians from the Agency. This accounts for ninety-two men killed, and leaves few alive and unhurt. The women and children broke for the hills when the fight began, and comparatively few of them were hurt and few brought in; thirty-nine are here, of which number twenty-one are wounded. Had it not been for the attack by the Brules, an accurate account would have been made, but the ravines were not searched afterwards. I think this shows very little apprehension from Big Foot's band in the future. A party of forty is reported as held by the scouts at the head of Medicine Creek. These consist of all sizes, and the cavalry from Rosebud will bring them in, if it is true. These Indians under Big Foot were among the most desperate. There where thirty-eight of

the remainder of Sitting Bull's followers that joined Big Foot on the Cheyenne River, and thirty that broke away from Hump's following, when he took his band and Sitting Bull's Indians at Fort Bennett, making in all nearly one hundred and sixty warriors. Before leaving their camps on the Cheyenne river, they cut up their harness, mutilated their wagons and started south for the Bad Lands, evidently not intending to return, but to go to war. Troops were placed between them and the Bad Lands, and they never succeeded in joining the hostiles there. All their movements were intercepted, and their severe loss at the hands of the Seventh Cavalry may be a wholesome lesson to the other Sioux."

As soon as reports of the battle were carried to military headquarters, reinforcements were hurried forward to the relief of Colonel Forsyth, but they did not arrive until his command had practically annihilated Big Foot's band. After the battle, he went into camp a few miles from the scene of the engagement.

Great excitement was created at Pine Ridge Agency, where there were some 5,000 Indians, a large number of whom fled toward the Bad Lands, at the news of the battle. The ranches of friendly Indians outside the Agency, were besieged and sacked by hostile bands. A friendly Indian village, a few miles distant, was totally destroyed, and an out-building at the Catholic Mission school was burned. Great excitement also prevailed among settlers and Indians in Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming. Homes and farms were deserted and the towns were filled with refugees. Local militia companies were organized and officered, and provided with what ammunition could be obtained. A general war, involving not only the so-called hostiles, but the friendly Indians as well, seemed imminent.

On January 1st, 1891, the situation might be summed up as follows: There were about 4,000 Indians encamped in the Bad Lands distant fifteen miles from Pine Ridge Agency. There were about 4,000 friendly Indians at or near the Agency. The whole number of Sioux Indians was estimated by the Indian Office as about 20,000, on the northern reservations. About 16,000 of these were considered as living in peace, and disposed to be friendly. There were now on the scene of action about 8,000 well equipped United States soldiers, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth, Seventeenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second Regiments of Infantry,

and the First, Second, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth of Cavalry, Battery "A" of the First Artillery, and Battery "F" of the Fourth Artillery.

The Adjutant General of Nebraska, by direction of the Governor, supplied fourteen independent companies, organized in places along the northwestern boundaries of the state, with Springfield breech loading rifles and ammunition, and the First Brigade of the Nebraska National Guard was placed in readiness for marching orders.

On January 1st, details of troops were sent out from the Agency to gather and bury the Indian dead, and to bring in the wounded who had lain upon the field for nearly four days without protection or assistance. There had been a heavy snow storm, terminating in extreme cold on the third day after the battle, and many of the wounded women and children were found badly frozen, and afterwards died from their wounds and from exposure. Some ninety warriors were found dead on the field near where the battle commenced, in a circle in front of Big Foot's tent. But most of the women and children were found killed and wounded at a distance of from a quarter to a half mile from the camp, showing that they had attempted to escape after the fight began.

A pathetic incident of the burial detail was the finding of a four months old little Indian baby girl by the side of her dead mother who was pierced with two bullets. The child had survived all the exposure and storm, and was found to be only slightly frozen upon her head and feet, and was afterwards taken and adopted by the writer, under the christian name of Marguerite Elizabeth, and the Indian name of Zintka Lanuni, which means "Lost Bird." She was also called by the Indians, *Okicize Wanji Cinca*, "Child of the Battle Field."

On January 2nd, I received general orders to place the First Brigade of the Nebraska National Guard, under my command, in readiness to march on short notice; and pursuant thereto, the Commanders of the First and Second Regiments of Infantry, of Company A, Light Artillery, and Troop A, Cavalry, were ordered to place their commands in readiness to march for defense against Indian depredations, and were also instructed to have officers and men provided with blankets, overcoats, warm clothing and at least three days rations. On the afternoon of the same day, by order of the Governor,

the following companies of my command were moved to the front for the defense of the citizens of Nebraska:

Company A, commanded by Capt. F. F. Osborne, and Company G, commanded by Capt. George C. Clark, of the First Infantry, to Rushville; Company E, commanded by Capt. E. D. Percy, First Infantry, to Chadron; Company K, commanded by Capt. E. Hansen, First Infantry, and Company B, commanded by Capt. S. H. Webster, Second Infantry, to Crawford; Company H, commanded by Capt. Charles F. Beck, Second Infantry, to Gordon. Major Williams and Sergeant Dempster, of the First Infantry, moved with the companies to Rushville, and Quartermaster Wilson of the Second Infantry, moved to Gordon. Company E, commanded by Capt. F. J. Smith, of the Second Infantry, stationed at Chadron, Company F, commanded by Capt. M. Finch, of the Second Infantry, at Hay Springs, and Company K, commanded by Capt. U. P. Dagman, Second Infantry, at Long Pine, were placed on duty at once.

On January 4th, I received general orders from the Governor of Nebraska to move my entire command, or so much thereof as might be available, to the northwestern part of the state for the defense of the citizens, and in accordance therewith, all brigade-staff officers were ordered to report at once, and the several Infantry Companies of the First and Second Regiments were moved from their several company stations by first regular trains, as follows:

First Regiment: Company B, commanded by Capt. A. Kleinschmidt, and Company F, commanded by Capt. L. A. Ballou, to Crawford; Company C, commanded by Capt. A. A. Reed, to Valentine; Company H, commanded by Capt. H. W. Short, to Rushville, and Company I, commanded by G. R. Wilson, to Cody.

Second Regiment: Company C, commanded by Capt. Charles E. Harris, to Gordon; Company D, commanded by Capt. John Heasty, to Harrison; Company I, commanded by Capt. Chas. C. Eroe, to Crawford, and Company G, commanded by Capt. C. F. Ingalls, to Hay Springs.

Company D, commanded by Capt. W. C. Rohde, of the First Infantry, and Company A, commanded by Capt. Hefner, of the Second Infantry, Captain Murdock's Battery, and Captain Culver's Troop of Cavalry were held as reserves at their several company stations.

Regimental commanders, with their field and staff, were ordered

to move with their commands and report to brigade headquarters, which were at once established at Rushville, at which point I arrived on January 5th.

I found the situation in Nebraska, at this time, critical. The people were very much excited both in and out of the towns, extending over the country for about one hundred and fifty miles east and west, and more than fifty miles south, of the reservation. Hundreds of settlers had left their farms and gathered into the towns, leaving their stock unprovided for, and in many instances starving. At Chadron there were over one hundred and thirty families gathered in from the out-lying country and dependent upon the public for shelter and food; and this same condition existed in a more or less degree all along the line of the F., E. & M. V. R. R. from Harrison to Valentine. Officers were immediately sent to each of the towns between and including the points named, with instructions to examine and report the facts to brigade headquarters. The commanders of companies stationed at Valentine, Cody, Gordon, Rushville, Hay Springs, Chadron, Crawford and Harrison were also instructed to report at once the actual condition of things at their respective stations, including apparent danger, causes of alarm and the necessity for troops.

Col. W. F. Cody, Aid-de-Camp upon Governor Thayer's staff, reported to me at brigade headquarters for special duty by order of the Governor, and was dispatched to Pine Ridge Agency, which is about twenty-six miles north of Rushville, and but two miles north of the Nebraska line, to learn and report the location of the hostile Indians and the main points of danger to Nebraska citizens. William Vlandry, a half breed Indian, was employed as general scout and guide, and was dispatched with other scouts to gain such information as was possible from the Indians.

Upon receiving reports from these sources, it was determined that the country actually in danger and more liable to suffer devastation, in case of a general Indian uprising, was that district lying nearly directly south of the Indian Reservation, between White River on the west, and the Sand Hills on the east, extending from Chadron to a few miles beyond Gordon, a distance of some forty or fifty miles.

Having established the Quartermaster, Commissary and Medical de-

partments, with a basis of supplies at Rushville, and believing that confidence would be restored, and the people be better protected by placing the state troops under my command between the settlements and the hostile Indians, I determined upon establishing a line of fortified posts, or camps, north of the railroad stations, from eight to twenty miles, and between the outlying ranches and the reservation, with a reserve force at each of the important towns in that section.

In pursuance of this plan two companies were at once moved about ten miles north of Gordon, two companies twelve miles north of Rushville, and two companies to the crossing at White River about ten miles north of Chadron, with orders to establish posts, fortify by earthworks, trenches and rifle pits, establish camp guards, picket lines, out-posts and vidette stations.

For the purpose of establishing and keeping up communications between each of these posts and the railroad stations, a system of mounted citizen couriers, who were employed on the credit of the State from among the resident citizens, was established. This disposition of the troops was accomplished promptly and without accident, although their movements were somewhat impeded by a snow storm and by the weather's becoming colder.

For the purpose of completing the line of fortified posts and making them more effective as protection to the citizens, on the following day, the companies stationed at Valentine, Cody, Crawford and Harrison were ordered into the field of actual danger in front of the Reservation, and six new posts were established on the general line of the others, each to be in communication with the others as well as with the reserves held at the several railroad stations. The completion of these movements made a continuous line of fortified camps between the outlying ranches and the hostile Indians. Col. C. J. Bills of the Second Infantry, was placed in command of the troops upon the right; and Col. J. P. Bratt of the First Infantry, was placed in command of the troops upon the left of the line.

Each company was provided with five days' rations, with tents, sheet iron stoves, axes, spades and shovels, and the posts were established at places convenient to wood and water. Each camp was fortified by earthworks, rifle pits and trenches, and the posts were generally located so as to command a view of the valleys for several

miles, and could have been defended successfully against a largely superior attacking force.

The several companies of my command were posted substantially as follows:

Company I, First Regiment, at Chadron. Companies E and F, First Regiment, near Madden's bridge, at the crossing of White River, near the mouth of the Big Bordeaux Creek. Company C, First Regiment, at Stryker's ranch, about fourteen miles northeast of Chadron, near Beaver Creek, about three miles from old Fort Sheridan. Company K, First Regiment, at Swallow's ranch, on Beaver Creek, about two miles from the Post Office of Adaton, near the former sight of the Spotted Tail Agency. Company G, Second Regiment at Hay Springs. Companies E and F, Second Regiment, about ten miles north of Hay Springs, at a point below Cheney's ranch, on Beaver Creek. Company G, First Regiment, at Rogers' Mill, about sixteen miles northwest from Rushville, at the head waters of a branch of White Clay Creek, which flows northward through the Pine Ridge Reservation into White River, some miles beyond. Company D, of the Second, and Company B, of the First Regiment, at Rushville. Companies A and H, First Regiment, at Jarcho's ranch, about twelve miles northward from Rushville on the main road to the Pine Ridge Agency. Company B, Second Regiment, at Morey's ranch, about sixteen miles from Rushville, at the forks of Larabee Creek, which flows northward into White Clay Creek. Company K, Second Regiment, at Gordon. Company C, Second Regiment, about ten miles north of Gordon, at Collins' ranch, on the head waters of Antelope Creek, which flows southward into the Niobrara River. Companies H and I, Second Regiment, near the Post Office at Albany, about fourteen miles northwest from Gordon on Wounded Knee Creek, which flows northwest into the White River, on the Reservation.

On January 5th, a large number of the hitherto friendly Indians encamped south of the Agency, on that portion of the Reservation which extends about ten miles down into Nebraska, attempted to move to the northwest and join the hostiles in the Bad Lands; but their course was intercepted, and they returned to camp with no serious trouble. Red Cloud at this time sent a message into the Agency claiming that he was a prisoner, and begging the soldiers to

come and save him from the other Indians, who were determined to drag him into the war.

Wounded Knee Creek was the scene of another conflict on January 5th. A detachment of thirty men was sent out from the Agency to protect a number of wagons with supplies that were known to be coming on the road. When the detachment had gone about ten miles they discovered the thirteen wagons drawn up in the form of a square, resisting an attack made by a band of about fifty Indians. At the approach of the troops, who came upon a full gallop, the Indians retreated behind the bluffs and hills, but soon returned and renewed the attack, circling around the wagons at a distance of about eight hundred yards. The troops joined their forces to the teamsters who numbered only nineteen men, made breastworks of sacks of grain, bundles and boxes, and fired upon the circling Indians. The shots from the Winchesters of the Indians fell short and did little damage, although the carbines of the troops were effective in bringing down a number of Indians with their horses. The firing was continued for some time, the number of Indians increasing until there were over 100 warriors in all. A soldier was selected to return to camp, report the situation and obtain assistance; and by being mounted on a fast horse, he was able to get the start and make his escape, although chased by twenty or more Indians, who fired shot after shot at him. One soldier was shot in the shoulder. Four cavalry horses were shot and killed. As the firing continued, three more Indians were seen to fall from their horses, and were at once picked up and carried away by their comrades. A large number of Indian ponies was disabled. While the main body of Indians was engaging the soldiers and teamsters, a few Indians crept up quite near and began firing into the horses, trying to stampede them, but were repulsed by the fire being turned upon them before their object was accomplished. The firing continued for some three hours, and until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the reinforcements were seen coming down the road, charging at a gallop, and the Indians scattered in all directions retreating to the bluffs and canyons. Troop F, that had come to the rescue, pursued the Indians until darkness made it prudent to return, and succeeded in capturing some ponies and in killing some eight Indians. The wagon train and troops returned to the camp that night without further accident.

On January 7th, a small band of about twenty Indians was reported to have escaped from the Agency, to have crossed White River toward the southwest, and to be moving in the direction of Montrose, in Sioux county, toward the Black Hills. This report was found, however, to be based upon the return of some friendly Indians from a hunting expedition. On this day, also, a deplorable tragedy occurred in the death of Lieutenant Casey, of the Twenty-second U. S. Infantry. He went from General Brooke's camp to visit a small band of Ogallalas, who were butchering cattle, and appeared to be friendly. After a short interview with them, he started to go a little farther in order to reach the top of a hill and obtain a view of the hostile camp. While he was talking with Peter Richards, a son-in-law of Red Cloud, he was shot by an Indian named Plenty Horses and fell from his horse dead. Lieutenant Casey had been in command of a troop of Cheyenne scouts for about a year, and had taken great pride in his work.

On January 8th, the Secretary of the Interior removed Mr. Royer from the Agency at Pine Ridge and placed Captain Pierce, of the First U. S. Infantry, in charge. The Pine Ridge, Rosebud, Standing Rock, Cheyenne River and Tongue River Reservations were also placed under the control of the military, with General Miles in command.

On complaint being made to General Schofield, at Washington, that the matter of the fight on Wounded Knee Creek should be investigated, it was suggested to General Miles that Colonel Forsythe be relieved of his command, pending such investigation, and the same was done and an investigation ordered.

On January 9th, the report came that a small band of Indians had engaged and been repulsed by a Troop of Regulars, near the mouth of White Clay Creek. In the evening, a big powwow in the hostile camp was held, at which Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses was present as a representative of the friendly Indians. Many of the Ogallalas, led by Little Wound and Big Road, urged their return and surrender, and after much wrangling and fighting, it was finally agreed that they should move their camp up White Clay Creek to within about five miles from the Agency, near the Catholic Mission.

By this time, the ranchmen and settlers in the country adjacent to the Reservation recovered from their panic, and business was resumed

in the outlying towns and cities. The establishment of the Nebraska National Guard at the posts indicated, and the general good conduct and discipline of the troops, very soon restored the confidence of the people; and within a few days thereafter all excitement was allayed and the settlers returned to their ranches and homes.

On January 11th, for the convenience of Regimental Commanders, and for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of my command in the field, the several companies of National Guard were formed into the following battalions or divisions:

1. The Chadron Division, consisting of Company I, First Regiment, at Chadron; Companies E and F, First Regiment, at Madden's bridge on White River; Company C, First Regiment, at Stryker's ranch, and Company K, First Regiment, at Swallows' ranch, on Beaver Creek. This Division was placed under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Wolcott, of the First Infantry.

2. The Hay Springs Division, consisting of Company G, Second Regiment, at Hay Springs; Companies E and F, Second Regiment, stationed near Cheney's ranch. This Division was placed under the immediate command of Major W. J. Courtright, of the Second Infantry.

3. The Rushville Division, consisting of Companies A and H of the First Regiment, stationed at Jarcho's ranch, and such other troops as should be assigned to such Division from time to time. This Division was placed under the immediate command of Major T. L. Williams of the First Infantry.

4. The Gordon Division, consisting of Company K, Second Regiment, at Gordon; Company C, Second Regiment, at Collins' ranch, and Companies I and K, Second Regiment, stationed on Wounded Knee Creek, near Albany. This Division was placed under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Bischoff, of the Second Infantry.

5. Company B, of the Second Regiment, stationed at Morey's Ranch, and Company D, Second Regiment, stationed at Rushville, reported direct to Colonel C. J. Bills, commanding Second Infantry, with headquarters at Rushville, and having general supervision of the posts upon the right of the line.

6. Company G, First Regiment, stationed at Roger's mill, and Company B, First Regiment, stationed at Rushville, reported direct

to Colonel J. P. Bratt, commanding First Infantry, with headquarters at Rushville, and having general supervision of the posts upon the left of the line.

On the morning of January 11th, it was discovered that a large portion of the hostile Indians had moved in nearer the Agency, in accordance with the resolutions of their powwow held on the 9th. Little Wound, Big Road, Two Strike, Kicking Bear, Short Bull and other chiefs, with their hostile bands were encamped on White Clay, about five miles northward from Pine Ridge Agency.

On January 12th, the main hostile camp of Indians moved still nearer to the Agency and was located about three miles to the north, in the wide valley of the creek, and almost in sight and within easy range of the guns planted on the hill a half mile north. The Indians came with their wives, families, ponies and baggage of every kind; and in the afternoon sent in reliable messengers, stating that they did not want war, but wanted their difficulties and wrongs settled in peace. Late in the evening, I received the following message from General Miles:

"PINE RIDGE, S. D., Jan. 12, 1891.

GEN. L. W. COLBY, Rushville, Neb.

I am glad to inform you that the entire body of Indians are now encamped near here within a mile and a half. They show every disposition to comply with orders of the authorities; nothing but an accident can prevent peace being re-established; and it will be our ambition to make it of a permanent character. I feel that the State Troops can now be withdrawn with safety, and desire through you to express to them my thanks for the confidence they have given your people in their isolated homes. NELSON A. MILES,

Maj. Gen. Commanding."

After wiring the Adjutant General of Nebraska the contents of said message, I immediately sent the following reply to General Miles:

"RUSHVILLE, NEB., Jan. 12, 1891.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES, Pine Ridge, S. D.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your telegram this evening, informing me of the prospect of the immediate re-establishment of peace with the Indians at Pine Ridge Agency. I trust that no accident will intervene to prevent such a desired consummation.

I assure you that the compliment expressed in your message for the State Troops under my command will be appreciated and highly esteemed by the citizen soldiers of Nebraska. I have wired the Adjutant General the contents of your message, and will hold my command in its present position till I learn that peace is an accomplished fact.

L. W. COLBY,
Brigadier General Commanding."

Early on the morning of January 13th, the following message was received from the Adjutant General of Nebraska:

"LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 13, 1891.

GEN. L. W. COLBY, Rushville, Neb.

Your command will remain at the front until the lives and property of citizens are perfectly secured. Be more vigilant than ever. Advise me daily. You will withdraw your command when everything is safe, not before.

VICTOR VIFQUAIN,
Adjutant General."

At about noon, I received information through an aid-de-camp that the hostile Indians had partially surrendered, and that quite a number of them had come into the Agency; although the main camp was still out about two miles. They were now right under the guns placed at the north of the Agency, and the Regular Troops were moved in from the right and left in their rear, while a large force still remained in their front. During the day a number of men and squaws came from the hostile camp on horseback and in wagons, being relieved of their arms by the guards before passing the outposts. When they returned to the hostile camp, these arms were returned to the owners.

Colonel Wheaton was posted about eight miles west of the Agency with Companies B, D, E and F of the Second. Colonel Henry with his four troops of the Ninth Cavalry, was ordered to White Clay Creek to follow General Brooke, whose headquarters were established with Colonel Sanford's command, who had moved up to within about four miles of the Indians. Colonel Sanford's command consisted of one troop each of the First, Second and Ninth Cavalry, and Companies A, C, G and H, of the Second Infantry, and the Cheyenne Scouts, formerly commanded by the late Lieutenant Casey, but now in charge of Lieutenant Getty.

The Indians did not come in as expected. They seemed to be in

doubt as to the proper course to take. They were afraid of punishment, of bad faith, and wished to have a meeting and some kind of an agreement. Lieutenant Taylor of the Ninth Cavalry, with a couple of scouts, was sent out to talk with them and give them assurances, and also to guide them to a place for camping at the Agency; but the Indians showed no disposition to move in farther. They were acting in perfect good faith, but their experiences had made them suspicious. At this time they were surrounded by troops, and although their camp was guarded, and military discipline was observed, yet their position was not advantageous either for assault or defense. Major Whiteside, in command of the Seventh Cavalry was ready to move at a moment's notice. Colonel Shaftner of the First Infantry, had about three hundred of his men mounted and prepared for immediate action. Captain Capron's battery and Gatling guns were in position ready for action. Light works had been thrown up on the bluffs north of the Agency, and were guarded by artillery and Hotchkiss guns, supported by Companies B and H of the First Infantry, under command of Captain Dougherty.

Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses came in from the hostile camp and arranged with General Miles for a meeting of the hostile Chiefs Little Wound, Little Hawk, Crow Dog, and others to be held on January 14th, and at this council, which was held as agreed upon, satisfactory arrangements were made for the surrender of their arms and the moving of the hostile camp to the Agency.

At about noon of January 14th, I received a message from Pine Ridge Agency, asking if the troops of my command could be held until something more definite could be ascertained in regard to the intentions of the hostile Indians; and I at once wired information that the same could be held, and immediately instructed Major C. O. Bates, my Assistant Adjutant General, to have Regimental Commanders hold their companies until further orders, after which I proceeded to Pine Ridge Agency, where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. Upon personal consultation with General Miles, I learned that the hostile Indians had absolutely surrendered, and that confidence had been established, so that there was no reasonable apprehension of further danger.

On the morning of January 15th, the hostile bands made early preparations to come into the Agency, and by noon a general move-

ment was under way. They decided to pitch their camp on the west side of White Clay Creek, and by evening the smoky, yellow cones of seven hundred and forty-two lodges were placed in plain view of the Agency buildings to the west, extending along the creek bottom for about a mile, and General Brooke was ordered to march in with his command from the camp below the Mission.

Chief Big Road reported that he had been engaged in the collection of the arms of his followers, and brought in nine guns, which he turned over to the authorities.

General Miles had another consultation with the Indians in regard to the treatment which they were to receive, and the contracts and treaties which the Indians claimed had been violated. There were present, Little Wound, Two Strike, Big Road, Crow Dog, Kicking Bear, Eagle Pipe and other chiefs, who showed a very friendly disposition, and expressed great confidence in General Miles. The General was pleased with their disposition and guaranteed that in the future the government would carry out its contracts and treaties. He assured the chiefs that they should be treated fairly and honorably, and that their rights should be guarded. The best of feeling seemed to be manifested, and General Miles at once had the Quartermaster issue rations of beef, coffee and sugar, and sent the same to the hostile camp.

This was the end of the Sioux Indian war of 1890–'91. The Nebraska National Guard, under my command, were at once returned to their homes by the first regular trains, the order therefor being telegraphed by me from Pine Ridge Agency; and the Troops of the Regular Army were returned to their former posts and stations as rapidly as the railroad facilities would permit, only a few companies being retained at the Agency.

This Indian war might be regarded as the result of a misconception or a misunderstanding of the Indian character, and of the real situation and condition of things on the Reservations; and the terrible and needless slaughter was the result of a mistake. The general condition of things, however, which made such misunderstanding and mistake possible was the result of the Indian policy of the Government.

A brief review of the rights of the Sioux tribe or Nation might not be considered inappropriate in this paper.

In 1876, the United States made a treaty with the Sioux Nation

by which the Indians surrendered all right and title to the region known as the Black Hills. The United States in lieu of such cession agreed to provide all necessary assistance to them in the work of civilization, to furnish schools for their children, and instruction in mechanical and agricultural arts as provided for in the former treaty of 1868.

"Also to provide the said Indians with subsistence consisting of a ration for each individual of a pound and a half of beef (net), or in lieu thereof one-half pound of bacon; one-half pound of flour; and one-half pound of corn; and for every one hundred rations four pounds of coffee; eight pounds of sugar and three pounds of beans, or in lieu of said articles, the equivalent thereof, in the discretion of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Such rations, or so much thereof as may be necessary, shall be continued until the Indians are able to support themselves."

There were at that time about 30,000 persons in the Sioux Nation. The ration promised was substantially the army ration and at the estimated cost of 28 cents each the total rations would amount to $8,400 per day, or $3,066,000 per year.

The treaty of 1876 continued in force all provisions of the former treaty of 1868, not in conflict therewith, or expressly annulled thereby. Therefore in addition to rations they were entitled to clothing and various other expenditures. This treaty was made by a commission, composed of the following men: Hon. G. W. Manypenny, Bishop H. B. Whipple, Dr. J. W. Daniels, Hon. A. G. Boone, Ex-Governor Newton Edmonds, H. C. Bulis and A. S. Gaylord. The treaty was signed on the part of the Sioux Nation by the head Chief Mah-Pea-Lu-Pah, Red Cloud, and over 400 tribal chiefs, subchiefs and head men.

Art. 4 of this treaty has the following:

"The Government of the United States and the said Indians being mutually desirous that the latter should be located in a country where they may eventually become self supporting and acquire the arts of a civilized life, it is agreed that the said Indians shall select a delegation of five or more chiefs from each band, who shall without delay visit the Indian Territory with a view to selecting therein a permanent home for the said Indians. If such delegations shall make selections satisfactory to themselves, the people they represent, and

the United States, the Indians agree that they will move to the country so selected within one year from this date."

The chairman of this Commission subsequently published the following statement in regard to this matter:

"By their instructions the Sioux Commission was informed that the President was strongly impressed with the belief that the agreement which shall be best calculated to enable the Indians to become self-supporting, is one which shall provide for their removal to the Indian Territory. Their main dependence for support must ultimately be the cultivation of the soil, and for this purpose their own country is utterly unsuited."

Under the guidance of Government officers appointed for that purpose, a delegation of Indians visited the Indian Territory and had a public reception at Okmulgee, the capital of the Creek Nation. The Chief of the Creek Nation made an address of welcome to the delegation in which he used the following language:

"We believe our right to our soil and our Government, which is best suited to our peculiar necessities, would be safer if all our race were united together here. That is my earnest wish. Then I think the rising generation could be educated and civilized, and what is still better, Christianized. This would be to our mutual benefit and good. I know I express the minds of our people when I give you this welcome to a life of higher civilization."

President Grant had specially recommended the removal clause in the treaty which, however, was rejected by Congress supported by the military.

By the terms of the treaty an annual appropriation for provisions alone required over $3,000,000. By an examination of the appropriation acts it appears that the total appropriation for the year 1888, for the six tribes of the Sioux Nation and the Santee tribe of Nebraska, for subsistence, clothing, schools, pay of employees and all other expenses pertaining to the support and civilization of these Indians was only $1,318,500; for the year 1889 only $1,168,500, and in 1890 only $1,263,500.

General Nelson A. Miles, on December 19th, 1890, sent a telegraphic dispatch from Rapid City, South Dakota, to General Schofield, at Washington, D. C., in which he used the following language:

"The difficult Indian problem cannot be solved permanently at this

end of the line. It requires the fulfillment by Congress of the treaty obligations which the Indians were entreated and coerced into signing. They signed away a valuable portion of their reservation, and it is now occupied by white people, for which they have received nothing. They understood that ample provision would be made for their support; instead, their supplies have been reduced, and much of the time they have been living on half and two-thirds rations. Their crops, as well as the crops of the white people, for two years have been almost total failures. The dissatisfaction is wide spread, especially among the Sioux, while the Cheyennes have been on the verge of starvation, and were forced to commit depredations to sustain life. These facts are beyond question, and the evidence is positive and sustained by thousands of witnesses.

The trouble has been gathering for years. Congress has been in session now for several weeks, and could in a single hour confirm the treaty and appropriate the funds for its fulfillment; and, unless the officers of the army can give positive assurance that the Government intends to act in good faith with these people, the loyal element will be diminished, and the hostile element increased."

The Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, dated December 26, 1890, has the following statement:

"I desire to ask your attention briefly to the situation as viewed from the Indian standpoint.

Prior to the agreement of 1876, buffalo and deer were the main support of the Sioux. Food, tents and bedding were the direct outcome of hunting. And with furs and pelts as articles of barter, or exchange, it was easy for the Sioux to procure whatever constituted for them the necessities, the comforts, or even the luxuries of life. Within eight years from the agreement of 1876 the buffalo had gone, and the Sioux had left to them alkali land and Government rations.

It is hard to over-state the magnitude of the calamity, as they viewed it, which happened to these people by the sudden disappearance of the buffalo, and the large diminution in the number of deer and other wild animals. It was as if a blight had fallen upon all our grain fields, orchards and gardens, and a plague upon all our sheep and cattle. Their loss was so overwhelming, and the change of life which it necessitated so great, that the wonder is that they endured

it as well as they did. For not only did the vast herds of buffalo, and exhaustless supply of deer and other animals, furnish them with food, clothing, shelter, furniture and articles of commerce, but the pursuit of these animals and the preparation of their products furnished to the great body of them continuous employment and exciting diversion. Suddenly, almost without warning, all this was changed, and they were all expected at once and without previous training to settle down to the pursuits of agriculture in a land largely unfitted for use. The freedom of the chase was to be exchanged for the idleness of the camp. The boundless range was to be abandoned for the circumscribed reservation; and abundance of plenty to be supplanted by limited and decreasing Government subsistence and supplies. Under these circumstances it is not in human nature not to be discontented and restless, even turbulent and violent."

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Interior dated January 5, 1891, estimates the number of Sioux at 22,324, and shows, that the whole amount of beef furnished to them for the year ending June 30, 1890, was only 15,331,611 lbs., and of flour 2,899,583 lbs. This would give only about 1 9-10 lbs. of beef gross, and 36-100 of a pound of flour, per day, while the ration stipulated in the agreement was to be 3 lbs. of beef gross, and ½ lb. of flour, per day, besides sugar, coffee, corn, beans, etc. The Commissioner in the same letter says: "The failure to fulfill speedily all the promises made to them by the Sioux Commissioners, especially the restoration of the rations diminished by act of Congress, as a condition of securing the signatures of the majority, discouraged those who signed, and gave some reason for the taunts and reproaches heaped upon them by the non-progressive party."

When the Sioux delegation was in Washington, in February, 1891, shortly after the hostilities were over, the Indian Chief, Two Strike, who was considered as the real leader of the hostiles, made a statement as to the cause of the trouble, substantially as follows:

"We have been suffering for food and other things, which the Government promised to give us for our lands which we sold in 1868 and 1876; and we were disappointed at not getting pay for the land we sold to the Government last summer. We had come to fear that the Government would let our wives and children starve, for rations were getting less and less all the time. Last spring we heard of a

great Medicine Man out in the far West who had been sent from the Great Spirit to help the Indians. From what we could learn of him he was like the white man's Christ. We sent one of our men out to Montana to see this new Messiah. He came back and told us that it was all true what we had heard; and that he had seen the new Messiah and talked with him, and he said that he had come to restore the Indians to their former state. Some of us believed this good news, and we began to hold meetings. These meetings are what the white people call "Ghost Dances." We pray to the Great Spirit, and dance around a pole, or post, while we pray. We did not think we were doing any harm by dancing our religious dances, and praying to the Great Spirit to send the Deliverer to us quickly. We had no thought of going on the war path against the Government or our white neighbors. One day a white man employed at a trader's store at the Agency came up to my camp and told me that the soldiers were coming to stop the dance. This scared us so that we put our women and children into wagons and got on our ponies and left our homes. We went to Pine Ridge and asked Red Cloud and his people to let us have a home on their reservation. They said we might stay, but in a short time we heard that the Agent at Pine Ridge had sent for soldiers to come and make us stop dancing. Then we went to the Bad Lands and some of the Ogallalas who had joined our dance went with us. We went there to keep away from the soldiers. We did not want to fight, we only wanted to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship the Great Spirit in our own way. We did not go off the reservation, nor rob any white man of his property. We did take some cattle on the reservation which we knew belonged to the Indians, for they had been bought by the Government with the Indians' money. We did not mean to fight unless the soldiers came to the Bad Lands to break up our dance and take our guns away from us. If the soldiers had not come to our country there would have been no trouble between us and the Government."

I have attached to this paper, in the nature of an appendix some interviews with the leading chiefs, and with others in a position to know and understand the real condition of things, and also letters from Dr. McGillycuddy, for many years an Agent at Pine Ridge, and from Miss Sickels, a lady who established the first Indian school at that reservation.

The whole difficulty might be summarized as the fault of the ills, resulting from a non-performance of the treaty stipulations on the part of our Government during the past thirteen years. The Sioux Nation as such, was not really on the war path during any of this time. A portion of them was justly excited at the assassination of their famous old Medicine Man, his children and followers on the Grand River. And their animosity was provoked by the useless massacre of Big Foot and his heroic band on the banks of Wounded Knee. But the vengeance of the Sioux Nation was never directed to the white settlers adjoining the reservations in Dakota, Wyoming and Nebraska. There were no blazing cabins, no desolated settlements, no fields crimson with the blood of frontiersmen. Not a single settler was killed, nor a white man's home disturbed during the whole trouble. The assassination of Sitting Bull, his sons and others of his band, and the massacre of Big Foot and the two hundred or more partially armed warriors and defenseless women and children, are the dark and bloody tragedies resulting from the grievous errors of the men charged with the administration of the Government, and will forever stain the soil of America, and add to the infamy of the dark spots on the record of our republic in its dealings with the Spartan race of the Western Continent.

Letter from Dr. V. T. M'Gillycuddy, formerly Indian Agent in Charge at Pine Ridge:

"PINE RIDGE, S. D., Jan. 15, 1891.

"GEN. L. W. COLBY, Commanding Nebraska State Troops.

SIR:—In answer to your inquiry of a recent date, I would state that in my opinion to no one cause can be attributed the recent so called outbreak on the part of the Sioux, but rather to a combination of causes gradually cumulative in their effect and dating back through many years, in fact to the inauguration of our practically demonstrated faulty Indian policy.

There can be no question but that many of the treaties, agreements, or solemn promises made by our Government with these Indians have been broken.

Many of them have been kept by us technically, but as far as the Indian is concerned have been misunderstood by him through a lack of proper explanation at time of signing, and hence considered by him as broken.

It must also be remembered that in all of the treaties made by the Government with the Indians a large portion of them have not agreed to, or signed the same. Noticeably was this so in the agreement secured by us with them the summer before last, by which we secured one-half of the remainder of the Sioux reserve, amounting to about 16,000 square miles. This agreement barely carried with the Sioux nation as a whole, but did not carry at Pine Ridge or Rosebud, where the strong majority were against it; and it must be noted that wherever there was the strongest opposition manifested to the recent treaty, there, during the present trouble, has been found the elements opposed to the Government.

The Sioux nation, which at one time, with the confederated bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, controlled a region of country bounden on the North by the Yellowstone, on the south by the Arkansas, and reaching from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, has seen this large domain under the various treaties dwindle down to their now limited reserve of less than 16,000 square miles; and with the land has disappeared the buffalo and other game; the memory of this, chargeable by them to the white man, necessarily irritates them.

There is back of all this the natural race antagonism which our dealings with the aborigine in connection with the inevitable onward march of civilization has in no degree lessened.

It has been our experience, and the experience of other nations that defeat in war is soon, not sooner or later, forgotten by the coming generation, and as a result we have a tendency to a constant recurrence of outbreak on the part of the weaker race.

It is now sixteen years since our last war with the Sioux in 1876, a time when our present Sioux warriors were mostly children and therefore have no memory of having felt the power of the Government; it is but natural that these young warriors lacking in experience should require but little incentive to induce them to test the bravery of the white man on the war path, where the traditions of his people teach him is the only path to glory and a chosen seat in the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

For these reasons every precaution should be adopted by the Government to guard against trouble with its disastrous results. Have such precautions been adopted? Investigation of the present trouble does not so indicate.

It must also be remembered that in all of the treaties made by the Government with the Indians a large portion of them have not agreed to, or signed the same. Noticeably was this so in the agreement secured by us with them the summer before last, by which we secured one-half of the remainder of the Sioux reserve, amounting to about 16,000 square miles. This agreement barely carried with the Sioux nation as a whole, but did not carry at Pine Ridge or Rosebud, where the strong majority were against it; and it must be noted that wherever there was the strongest opposition manifested to the recent treaty, there, during the present trouble, has been found the elements opposed to the Government.

The Sioux nation, which at one time, with the confederated bands of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, controlled a region of country bounded on the North by the Yellowstone, on the south by the Arkansas, and reaching from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, has seen this large domain under the various treaties dwindle down to their now limited reserve of less than 16,000 square miles; and with the land has disappeared the buffalo and other game; the memory of this, chargeable by them to the white man, necessarily irritates them.

There is back of all this the natural race antagonism which our dealings with the aborigine in connection with the inevitable onward march of civilization has in no degree lessened.

It has been our experience, and the experience of other nations that defeat in war is soon, not sooner or later, forgotten by the coming generation, and as a result we have a tendency to a constant recurrence of outbreak on the part of the weaker race.

It is now sixteen years since our last war with the Sioux in 1876, a time when our present Sioux warriors were mostly children and therefore have no memory of having felt the power of the Government; it is but natural that these young warriors lacking in experience should require but little incentive to induce them to test the bravery of the white man on the war path, where the tradition of his people teach him is the only path to glory and a chosen seat in the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

For these reasons every precaution should be adopted by the Government to guard against trouble with its disastrous results. Have such precautions been adopted? Investigation of the present trouble does not so indicate.

Sitting Bull and other irreconcilable relics of the campaign of 1876 were allowed to remain among their people and foment discord.

The staple articles of food at Pine Ridge and some of the other agencies had been cut down below the subsisting point, noticeably the beef at Pine Ridge, which from an annual treaty allowance of 6,250,000 lbs., gross was cut down to 4,000,000 lbs. The contract on that beef was violated in-so-much as that contract called for Northern ranch beef, for which was substituted through beef from Texas, with an unparalleled resulting shrinkage in winter, so that the Indians did not actually receive half ration of this food in winter, the very time the largest allowance of food is required.

By the fortunes of political war, weak agents were placed in charge of some of the agencies at the very time that trouble was known to be brewing.

Noticeably was this so at Pine Ridge, where a notoriously weak and unfit man was placed in charge. His flight, abandonment of his agency and his call for troops have, with the horrible results of the same, become facts in history.

Now as for facts in connection with Pine Ridge, which agency has unfortunately become the theater of the present "war;" was there necessity for troops? My past experience with those Indians does not so indicate.

For seven long years, from 1879 to 1886, I as agent managed this agency without the presence of a soldier on the reservation, and none nearer than sixty miles, and in those times the Indians were naturally much wilder than they are to-day.

To be sure during the seven years we occasionally had exciting times, when the only thing lacking to cause an outbreak was the calling for troops by the agent, and the presence of the same.

As a matter of fact, however, no matter how much disturbed affairs were, no matter how imminent an outbreak, the progressive chiefs with their following came to the front, enough in the majority with the fifty Indian policemen, to at once crush out all attempts at rebellion against the authority of the agent and the Government.

Why was this? Because in those times we believed in placing confidence in the Indians; in establishing, as far as possible, a home rule government on the reservation. We established local courts presided over by the Indians with Indian juries; in fact we believed in having the Indians assist in working out their own salvation.

We courted and secured the friendship and support of the progressive and orderly element, as against the mob element.

Whether the system thus inaugurated was practicable, was successful, comparison with recent events will decide.

When my Democratic successor took charge in 1886, he deemed it necessary to make general changes in the system at Pine Ridge, i. e.: a Republican system, all white men, half breeds or Indians who had sustained the agent under the former administration, were classed as Republicans and had to go. The progressive chiefs, such as Young-Man-Afraid, Little Wound and White Bird, were ignored, and the backing of the element of order and progress was alienated from the agent and the Government, and in the place of this strong backing that had maintained order for seven years, was substituted Red Cloud and other non-progressive chiefs, sustainers of the ancient tribal system.

If my successor had been other than an amateur, or had had any knowledge or experience in the inside Indian politics of an Indian tribe, he would have known that if the element he was endeavoring to relegate to the rear had not been the balance of power, I could not for seven years have held out against the mob element which he now sought to put in power.

In other words, he unwittingly threw the balance of power at Pine Ridge against the government, as he later on discovered to his cost. When still later he endeavored to maintain order and suppress the "Ghost Dance," the attempt resulted in a most dismal failure.

The Democratic agent was succeeded in October last by the recently removed Republican agent, a gentleman totally ignorant of Indians and their peculiarities; a gentleman with not a qualification in his make-up calculated to fit him for the position of agent at one of the largest and most difficult agencies in the service to manage; a man selected solely as a reward for political services. He might have possibly been an *average* success as an Indian Agent at a small, well regulated agency.

He endeavored to strengthen up matters, but the chiefs and leaders who could have assisted him in so doing had been alienated by the former agent; they virtually said among themselves: "We, after incurring the enmity of the bad element among our people by sustaining the Government, have been ignored and ill-treated by that

Government, hence this is not our affair." Being ignorant of the situation, he had no one to depend on; in his first clash with the mob element he discovered that the Pine Ridge police, formerly the finest in the service, were lacking in discipline and courage; and not being well supplied with those necessary qualities himself, he took the bluff of a mob for a declaration of war, abandoned his agency, returned with troops—and you see the result.

As for the "Ghost Dance" too much attention has been paid to it. It was only the symptom or surface indication of a deep-rooted, long existing difficulty; as well treat the eruption of small pox as the disease and ignore the constitutional disease.

As regards disarming the Sioux, however desirable it may appear, I consider it neither advisable, nor practicable. I fear that it will result as the theoretical enforcement of prohibition in Kansas, Iowa and Dakota; you will succeed in disarming and keeping disarmed the friendly Indians because you can, and you will not so succeed with the mob element because you cannot.

If I were again to be an Indian Agent, and had my choice, I would take charge of 10,000 armed Sioux in preference to a like number of disarmed ones; and furthermore agree to handle that number, or the whole Sioux nation, without a white soldier.

Respectfully, Etc.,

V. T. McGillycuddy.

P. S. I neglected to state that up to date there has been neither a Sioux outbreak or war.

No citizen in Nebraska or Dakota has been killed, molested, or can show the scratch of a pin, and no property has been destroyed off the reservation."

Letter from Miss Emma C. Sickels, who established the Indian school at Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

"Pine Ridge Indian Agency, S. D., Jan. 15, 1891.

"Gen. L. W. Colby, Commander of Nebraska State Troops:

"Honorable Sir:—This has been a week full of events that come to the lives of but few. The situation has depended upon the ability to gain the confidence of those who have had real grievances, and to defeat the plots of the treacherous ones who have artfully been trying to involve all the Indians in an attack upon the whites. Rosebud Indians, the few survivors of Big Foot's band (Standing Rock

Indians), and Red Cloud's followers among those at Pine Ridge, have been locating themselves among the camps, and have been using every means in their power to foment the trouble by urging revenge for the death of their friends at Wounded Knee by threats to kill the friendlies and set fire to their tepees if they did not join them—by rehearsing their grievances and by bringing to them the reports (circulated in newspapers and authorized by the almost universal sentiment of the terrified settlers) that all the Indians were going to be killed, their arms taken away, and men, women and children slaughtered without discrimination.

The reports brought them about the killing of Big Foot's band seemed to be in confirmation of this. The accounts have been very conflicting in regard to this, and we cannot wonder that from their standpoint they must have been driven to a fit of desperation bordering upon insanity.

They have been keeping up their dancing; have become worn out physically; are frenzied mentally and had come to the agency with the fullest determination to massacre every one who opposed them, or die in the attempt. This has been defeated in two ways: The hostile Ogalallas have been detected and outwitted. The confidence of the progressive Indians has been obtained and the plots of their real enemies (the hostiles), have been shown to them and they have emphatically placed themselves on the side of the government. The soldiers have been so managed and placed that the friendlies have been defended and supported while all felt the hopelessness of an attack.

General Miles has availed himself of the help of all who had the confidence of the best Indians, and through them has gained their confidence, while he has seemingly listened to the treacherous Indians; and they, thinking that they could make use of him to further their plots as they had been doing with General Brooke, were thrown off their guard, and managed in a way that could not but command the admiration of all who appreciated the gravity of the situation.

I have been able to find no difference of opinion among settlers, soldiers and Indians, in regard to the management of General Brooke and Dr. Royer. General Brooke is unanimously, and justly, characterized as obstinate, short-sighted and easily deceived.

He used Red Cloud and Father Jutes for his advisers in spite of

the fact that their reports had never proved reliable, and they can point to the accomplishment of nothing but a delay that, to say the least, was giving the defiant hostiles further time for preparation.

There is strong evidence to show that they were giving every assistance in their power toward carrying on disturbances. They brought false reports against their enemy, "Little Wound," which were relied upon to show that he was a "hostile, dangerous man," for the purpose of driving him to take that position in self defense.

We have evidence to show that Red Cloud had planned this campaign, having invited the Sitting Bull band to his camp. The Rosebuds joined his band when they came to the Agency, after the trouble had begun, and their presence there was considered a serious menace to peace by the friendlies, and all who are the most thoroughly posted.

Their fears were substantiated by the fact that in the *panic* occurring after, *or at the time of*, the Wounded Knee fight, the attack first came from Red Cloud's camp who fired at the *school house* which was *defended by Indian police*. Red Cloud had been an inveterate enemy to the school ever since I organized it, and required his daughter to take her place in regular performance of duty. Many have been his plans for the destruction of the school. It has been defended by the friendlies. These attempts are matters of history, one of them being the basis of the outbreak of 1884. I would call especial attention to it at this time, because it is an important link in the chain, showing the connection between these disturbances and a common and identical source. Two weeks before the recent attack upon the Agency, I learned of it and reported it to Dr. Royer, telling him that while I never gave away my sources of information, I had received knowledge which it would be criminal for me to withhold. I would present the information, which it would be, of course, his privilege to test. He requested me to state this to General Brooke. I told him that it would be useless. He was one who knew about facts *after* they had happened, and seemed to be constructed so that he was mentally incapable of anticipating or preventing any event. Dr. Royer said: "I concur in your opinion, but I request you to go." I replied: "I will go at your request, but without faith." I reported the plot with the anticipated result, as I informed Dr. Royer. With his characteristic inefficiency, he feared and trembled,

but could do nothing. His whole attitude to the Indians has been, "Oh, please be good and don't make any trouble." The friendly Indians ignored him after a few discouraging experiences, the treacherous ones used him as their tool, while all despise him.

I saw Major ——— and Fast Horse privately, telling them of the plot, and urged them to watch, exacting from them the promise that when the attack was made they would rush to the defense of the school. *They did so.*

The plan is shown by subsequent events to have been that at the attack to be made by Big Foot's band, who, protected by their medicine men, were to be invincible, Red Cloud and the Rosebuds encamped with him, were to destroy the Agency. This was frustrated by friendly Indians and white people who acted independently of any orders given by General Brooke or Dr. Royer.

The Seventh Cavalry was rescued by Colonel Henry without orders from General Brooke. No defense of fortifications or outlying sentinels had been placed around the agency. Only through the services of Major Cooper was it possible for those to act who defended the Agency and prevented a massacre. I am stating these facts plainly to show why there is so strong a feeling against a man who, by his criminal inaction placed so many lives in danger, which he was employed to defend, by permitting the plots to be carried on in spite of warning, by allowing preparations for hostilities to be publicly made at the Agency blacksmith shop, and by depending for his information upon those only who, to say the least, were of very questionable character. His command to Colonel Forsythe was: "Disarm them; if they resist, destroy them!" I have been told that there is written evidence of this.

The attack of Big Foot's band was premeditated and skillfully planned. If it had been successful, those who have been in readiness to join the uprising in their different places along the line from Texas to Montana, would have broken out.

Although we may justly condemn the lack of discretion that would forcibly disarm them while their worst feelings were aroused, creating a resistance consistent with all ideas of manliness and bravery (in which the Indians have never been deficient), yet this has been overruled for good by showing the opposing forces their mutual power and spirit. As one of the Indian boys wrote in lan-

guage work at the school: "Indians laugh when white soldier comes. They think he cannot fight, and cannot hurt them; but white soldier fight strong and Indian man now think it not easy."

On the other hand, the desperation and bravery shown by a body of one hundred and fifty men who will attack five hundred who have surrounded them, show the spirit of the foe our soldiers had to meet, and should convince a skeptical nation of the firm, strong measures needed to be taken.

The Rosebuds are Indians who had settled upon a strip of land on a boundary between the two Agencies. I have heard many versions of the cause of their coming. One is, that they were allowed to have their choice as to whether they would join the Rosebud or the Pine Ridge band, and having decided to join the Ogallalas came there for the sake of living with that people. There is no well founded reason for believing that they came with hostile intentions; but their coming was made the occasion of terrifying reports by those who stood ready to use all the means for stirring up a strife.

We hope now that the danger is over, but everything is still in a critical condition. However, they are in able hands. General Miles has the confidence of soldiers, settlers and Indians. Captain Pierce, who is now the Agent, is a man whose firmness and quickness of perception is admirably fitted to restore confidence and order, and may Heaven grant that these poor people may not again be the victims of such Agents as the indolent, mercenary Colonel Gallagher or the weak, narrow-minded Dr. Royer.

I have used the plainest language in my power. I believe the situation calls for such; I have carefully gathered my information, weighing evidence brought me from the highest authorities, as well as from those who have been involuntary participants or observers, and have accepted only such facts as have been borne out by the testimony. As such, I submit it to you. It now seems essential that by concerted action on the part of the friends of peace and justice, all people shall be aroused to legislate in such a way that a blind policy may not be adopted which, by systematically unbusinesslike methods causes just complaint, drives a body of people to a self defense in the only way open to them, practically places all of the progressive, peaceable Indians at the mercy of their most treacherous enemies, involves our nation in an enormous expense that would have been

much more honorably applied to remedying or preventing the trouble, and is fatal to the prosperity of a large number of human beings, both white and Indians.

Respectfully,

EMMA C. SICKELS.

Miss Sickels was present throughout the time of the Indian troubles, and probably knows as much as any person about the different factions and feuds existing among Indians. The letter from her as well as that from Dr. McGillycuddy, was written in response to my inquiries for information upon the subjects therein treated; and, while I do not agree with them in all their opinions, their views are instructive.

But the opinions and statements of the Indians themselves should receive some consideration from an intelligent and thinking public. Through the aid of interpreters and Indian scouts in my employ, I obtained interviews with the prominent Indian characters, some of which are as follows:

YOUNG-MAN-AFRAID-OF-HIS-HORSES.

Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses is one of the ablest as well as most honest representatives of the great Sioux nation. I am told that he is the regular hereditary chief of the Ogallalas, the most powerful tribe. I rode with him from Chadron, Nebraska, to the Pine Ridge Agency, and have also met him a number of times since and have found him on all occasions to be a very sensible and intelligent man.

He said in substance: "This whole trouble came from a misunderstanding between my people and the Great Father. There was no need of the war. General Miles understands our situation. He is our friend. The Brules have much to complain of. Their Agent was a very bad man. Their wives and children were hungry. They only had half rations. I have been away on a hunt and am just coming back to explain and help stop the trouble. Peace will soon come. We will have our big councils and explain things, and I will go to Washington and settle our difficulties. Our Agent was a bad man. The Great Father does not know this. I will tell him. The Indians are brave and the white men are brave, but the white men do not do as they agree; that is the trouble with the Indians. Some Indians are bad, but most of them want to be good and want to learn to live like white men."

LITTLE WOUND.

I had an interesting interview with Little Wound, a Sub-Chief of the Ogallalas, who, by the way, is a particular friend of Miss Sickels, and has engaged to make a tour of the principal cities of the West with her and explain the situation to the people.

He said: "Red Cloud is not my friend and he has talked much against me. We are holding councils and trying to settle all the difficulties. The Great Father does not know our troubles. The Agents have stolen from us and made themselves rich. We do not get the pound and a half of meat or beef promised us. We do not get our coffee, sugar and flour. The Agents lie to us and lie to the Great Father. I will go to Washington and tell them how we are treated.

The Wounded Knee battle was very bad. The Big Foot Indians were driven into the fight, and they fought brave, but they were killed. The soldiers were too many. They fought for their lives and did not want to be made prisoners and have their guns taken away, and the soldiers killed them and their wives and children. Our hearts are all sad about those that were killed. General Miles is our friend. All we want is what is right. We want our children to go to school. We want to live in houses and have farms, and have our money. We want what the great father promised us. We want the Government to do right, and we will not fight. We have money and we have property in the hands of the Government, and the Government agrees to take care of us, but we are hungry and can get nothing. We do not want to be beggars. If we had our lands and our money that the Great Father has promised us, we would take care of ourselves."

TWO STRIKE.

Two Strike, one of the ablest Chiefs of the Brule Sioux, made the following statement:

"We were driven to fighting. We did not fight first. Our Agent treated us bad, so we came over to Pine Ridge. Big Foot and his wives and children were all murdered at Wounded Knee. The soldiers took away their guns and cut them down like grass, and fired big guns at them, and so we proposed to fight. General Miles said we could have our guns back again if we gave them up. We

believe General Miles, and many of my people will give up their guns. He has given us beef. One hundred and forty of my people with Yellow Robe, have gone to Rosebud Agency. I want to go to Washington and see the Great Father and tell him how the Agent starved us and did not give us what the Great Father promised when he took our lands from us. My heart is good. I am for peace; I am not for fighting, but we had rather die fighting than be disarmed and then killed. The army officers are our friends. They do not steal from us. We believe what they say."

KICKING BEAR.

Kicking Bear, Chief of the Minneconjous tribe, is a fine looking Indian, about forty years old, who is regarded as very reliable and honest. He made the following statement:

"My people have much to complain of. Our rations are too small. The Great Father promised us plenty. He sends us bad Agents, who rob us. Our land is poor and we can raise nothing. The buffalo, deer, elk and antelope are all gone. We want more meat. We are hungry. We do not want to fight. We did not begin to fight. We want to be like white men and have our children go to school and learn to work. If the Great Father will do as he promised us, we will live in peace and be happy. Our Great Father said when he took our land that we should have plenty of meat and coffee and sugar, and have so much money every year, but we do not get it; and when the Agent robs us they send soldiers. We want the Great Father to know this."

LITTLE CHIEF.

Little Chief, Chief of the Cheyennes, was one of General Crook's friends and has always been a friend of the white man. He usually wears a head dress of eagle's feathers, a blanket, a belt of pocupine work, and a large bright silver cross which was presented to him by a Catholic priest, upon his left breast.

He said: "My people are warriors. If the Government does with us as it agreed, they are peaceful. The Government took away our good land, promised us money and plenty to eat; they said they would bring us to a good country and teach our people to farm and be like white men. They brought us to this country where nothing grows. The agent steals our beef. My people get poorer every day,

and when they starve their hearts are sore. They say the Great Father does not know this. When we complain and my people dance, they send soldiers. But General Miles is our friend and we like him. He sends off the bad agent. He gives us something to eat. We want peace, but we do not want to be robbed. We want what the Great Father has promised us."

ROCKY BEAR.

One of the finest looking men, among the Indian Chiefs, is Rocky Bear, a Sub-Chief of the Ogallalas. He is a large, manly looking Indian, over six feet high, about thirty-eight or forty years old, speaks considerable English, has been to Europe, and although a warrior has always been considered a friendly Indian. He made substantially the following statement:

"The cause of the trouble is the same old story. The Great Father sends his agents here to make treaties with us. The white man came and we were driven out. We are promised things, but they never come. The Great Father promises to give us food, money, farming tools, and to educate our children, in exchange for our lands, but he forgets to do it. Treaties are only a lot of lies. The Government never kept any treaty it ever made with us. We have always been robbed and lied to. We did not commence the fight. We know that will do no good, but the government takes our lands and puts us here where nothing can be raised, and our wives and children suffer for food; they are cold and hungry. Then they send soldiers to kill us, and the Agents lie about us after they rob us. If my people could get what the Government agreed to pay us, they would all be fat and there would be no trouble. The Great Father knows this, and the white people know this.

CROW DOG.

One of the most notorious Indians is Crow Dog, who is also a Sub-Chief of the Brules. He is a small, inferior looking Indian, with one withered arm, but he is a man of brains and iron nerve, and is the Indian who killed Spotted Tail in personal combat in 1878.

He said: "The Indians are not to blame. We did not want war. We had many things to contend with. My tribe came to the Ogallalas on a friendly visit and did not intend to fight. General Miles says that the Great Father does not know that we have been robbed,

and that we shall have what was promised, and that we shall go and see the Great Father and tell him all about it. When they took our lands they said our children should be educated and that we should have plenty every year, but we have not received it, and we are hungry. We want what was promised. We want to do right, but we do not want to have our guns taken away and be treated as slaves!"

AMERICAN HORSE.

American Horse is one of the Indians who has become known by reason of his connection with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Although well known to the public through the newspapers, he is not recognized among the Indians as either a leading Chief, or as distinguished in war or council. His experience in the world, however, made an interview with him desirable, and the following statement by him is instructive:

"My heart is good. I am a man of peace. I always help the Agent preserve order. I have tried to stop the fighting. The Great Father is our friend. I have tried to pursuade the Brules to turn over their arms and surrender, and I think the trouble is about over. I hope no more people will be killed. Agent Royer was scared and sent for the soldiers too soon. Many Agents are bad and rob the Indians. Let the Great Father turn out the bad Agents and keep the promises which were made and there will be no more trouble. I will go to Washington and tell the Great Father. There are many bad white men who steal our horses and cattle, and they kill our people. We want to learn good things from the whites. We want our children to go to school and learn to work and read. The Indians and the whites should all live as one."

WILLIAM VLANDRY.

William Vlandry, a half breed Indian, who was in my employ as scout, made the following statements on the subject:

"The Indians had no intention of fighting until they were forced to it, in what they thought was self defense. They made no attacks upon the settlements or settlers; they were guilty of no raids or depredations. At Wounded Knee, Big Foot was very sick with pneumonia and was shot in his teepee. His band thought they were going to be disarmed, imprisoned and sent to Florida, or Alabama, and kept there as prisoners. They had done nothing whatever, but

had been robbed of their rations and were suffering for the necessaries of life, and so they resisted and were killed, with their wives and children. The Government has not carried out its treaties with the Indians. It has made promises, but never performed them. Last year was a very hard year. The Indians who tried to farm raised nothing. The dry weather killed the crops. Then they did not get only half their usual rations of beef. This was their cause of complaint. If the government had issued them full rations and sent no soldiers, there would have been no trouble. Agent Royer got scared, and then the trouble began. The Indians do not want war."

BIG ROAD.

Big Road, Chief of the Wafagas, made the following statement:

"When I promise to do something, I do it. When the Great Father promises he never does it. Yet they say the Indian is a bad man. The Great Father should have good Agents, and he should not lie to us. His Agents rob us and starve us, and do not give us anything that they agreed to. They promise us good things—money, clothes, tools, and plenty of food for our good lands, and they said they would teach us to farm, but they lied. I do not lie like the white men. The Great Father should not let his Agents steal. The Indians should stand up for their rights. They have a right to food and money, and clothing, and everything that was promised them. The Indians have not stolen from the white neighbors, but they have stolen our cattle and horses. The Indians have not killed our white neighbors, but they have killed our women and children. We did not want to fight. The Indian who is starving has a right to complain, has a right to dance the same as a white man. Let the Great Father do right by us and there will be no trouble. Our hearts are not bad, but we have some rights."

EARLY SETTLERS ENROUTE.

By Clarke Irwin.*

The "Omaha" in May, 1856, was slowly making her way up the Missouri, having on board a large number of persons bound for Nebraska—some to settle, some to go thence to Salt Lake. Among several I have forgotten were: V. Berkley, A. N. Snider, Theo. Dodd, John Chapman, nephew of the late Jas. S. Chapman. Kansas was in a troubled state, and our boat had several chests of arms for delivery at certain stations on the border. We expected to be annoyed; but as our boat was "all right," its officers being in the pro-slavery clique, no disturbance occurred. At one point near Atchison, we were visited by a large number of lately arrived South Carolina troops, that had come there as immigrants. They were howling and raging and thirsting to get a look at an abolitionist. Poor fellows! Before many years, they saw enough to satisfy them for all time; many for all eternity.

By this time, we were getting near the promised land. We were flooded with circulars and pamphlets booming the country. Each town-site, then, was as well up and posted on advertising its merits, as any to-day. Nor has anything in these days of 1880–88, surpassed in "puffery" the efforts of our pioneers in Nebraska, at that early day. Cities, whose names are now forgotten, loomed up in all the possible magnificence of coloring and print.

None of us had ever seen a prairie save those endless flats of Illinois. We were very curious to get a glimpse of what land looked like from the tops of some of those enormous bluffs along the river. So one afternoon, we came to a place where there was a coal mine, far up the bank on the Nebraska side. There was an opening, and coal

*Mr. Irwin is son-in-law of Hon. Hadley D. Johnson, whose article on the "Kansas-Nebraska Boundry" was published in Vol. II, of the Transactions.

lying around and men stood there. The boat stopped to get fuel, which had been very scarce and poor. And we all started to climb to the top, and get a view. I will never forget that an old Pennsylvania farmer was first to arrive there. He whirled his hat, gave a yell, and cried "My God boys! Here is a perfect ocean of glory." Sure enough and so it seemed to us. I thought then, and have ever since, that all this region of the Missouri River, north of Kansas City, and extending several miles, on both sides, is certainly the most beautiful country in the world. It might be a notion of my own, but I was confirmed in it by the report of Bayard Taylor, who in one of his chapters of "Colorado," happens to mention a trip by stage down the Nebraska side; and coming to some place on the uplands south of Brownsville, he pauses to describe the country, whose great characteristic, in his opinion, was beauty. He had been, he said, everywhere, mentioning various famous regions and the character of their scenery; but, if I remember rightly, he awards to this the palm for simple "Beauty." And that word aptly describes it. The person, who can stand on a bright day in June, on one of the numberless eminences overlooking the scenery of this region, and not feel a thrill all through him—a kind of ecstacy, is certainly blind or "has no music in himself," as Lorenzo says in "Merchant of Venice."

To us, strangers, arriving on the borders of our future home, the sight was intoxicating. Most of us had lived on dull flat prairies or in towns or amid vast forests of deadened timber, where a three mile view was wonderful. To have such a vision, extending, as the captain of our boat assured us, fifty miles, was like a miracle. And so lovely, so unspeakably charming! We all became delighted. I have often thought, however, that our descendants do not appreciate this supreme characteristic of our landscapes. Born in it, they are too familiar with it.

Our boat often had great difficulty in making her way, and several times, just as she was making past a difficult point, she would be hurled back by the current, four or five miles. Our trip was long and tedious, but no one complained. We seemed like one family; and friendships to last for life, were there formed, and, indeed, several business partnerships and agreements made. One man on board was a lot speculator in Omaha; and he sold a lot to a German for some five hundred dollars, before the boat landed. The lot was

not more than four squares northeast of the great centre resort, the Douglas House, and in a deep hole, or rather all hole. The Dutchman, when he saw it, was awful mad. "Mine Got in Himmel; dot vos a pe tammed rascal." He brought suit and employed me. I suppose it was the first suit ever had about a lot there, but don't know. However it was settled in some way. I have no doubt that the same lot has sold for thousands of dollars since. Indeed property was rising so fast, that I suspect that the buyer soon got his eyes opened and was content.

The arrival of the boat there, was a great event for Omaha. The quay was crowded; very many people turned out, though it was raining as it can rain here sometimes. There were all of the Captains, Colonels, Generals, Governors, and high officials of the Territory. In truth, to them, it was a matter of anxiety, as we may now conceive. Navigation had just been opened. Were immigrants coming into the Territory? If so, how many and especially of what condition and character? Are there probable lot buyers? Do they come with cash, or hoes and plows, or with cards? I think there were several hundred thousand dollars in our whole crowd, and that every man came with a view to business. None were rich, but all had some funds and some had several thousand dollars. The first great boom for Omaha was just beginning and many of us helped it. As to money, I never saw money so abundant anywhere, as it was at, and around Omaha within a few weeks. I doubt if ever any community, of the same size, has had so much money, as we had in Nebraska, for some time. Anything passed for change, as small bills and silver pieces were scarce. I remember going to the saloon Apex, with three other persons and asking for a glass of ale. Four small glasses were passed out from a bottle. "How much?" "One dollar, sir." I handed the man one of these imitation bills, that used to be wrapped around patent medicine. As the man threw it into the drawer, I asked him if he looked at it. "Why, it's a one dollar bill, isn't it?" I then told him to examine it, and I read it to him. He laughed and said "I will take more of them. Change is so scarce, they are just as good as anything you can give me." And it was so. Money and town stock, as nicely printed and ornamented paper were, for a time, superabundant and almost equally current. Bills on banks in all parts of the Union

were passing. Land warrants also were common. Labor was the one article in highest demand. In the fall, I saw a man offer another quite a sum of money for something. "I do not need the money, but for God's sake help me dig my potatoes." There were too many fancy gentlemen among us, who would have thought it a degradation to be seen at manual labor. Strange that American citizens could so regard labor. Terrible mis-education.

I have often reflected over these good times. I noticed some writer of an article in one of your volumes remarks upon the hardships we endured during that awful winter. Yes, they were hardships, but never did I see happier people. Hope sported in our blood, and the more aged were rejuvenated. Strangers slapped each other on the back exclaiming, "A'nt you glad you came out here?" Here was everything to be done. If there ever was poverty, here it was. The first plow furrows and fence rails were to be made. War's desolating track leaves no greater scarcity than was here. Why, then, were we so happy and prosperous? For there never was a more prosperous people. And why, not long after, with our cribs bursting with abundance, all around us cattle and hogs, etc., etc., were we desponding and miserable, and even suffering in some cases? I offer no solution. Common sense ought to do that. Society has it within its own power to make itself happy. Lessons like these can never be forgotten. I never have conversed with any old settler yet but he admitted those were happy days and that even the aged people, who came among us, were animated with all the hopes and joys apparently of youth.

During the summer and fall of 1856, the very greatest enterprise was manifested. In some cases such was the haste to build, that houses were shingled by lamp light, at night; the days not affording time enough to do the work. Great schemes were afoot and new plans were created every day. Immigration was coming to the Territory rapidly, and had things continued in this state for a few more years, Nebraska must soon have become as wealthy and well settled as she is to-day. But the great crash in the Fall of 1857, put a sudden stop to enterprise. There was no more money; no more credit; no more spirit left in us. The land sales swept away what gold and land warrants were in the country. All would soon have come right had confidence returned. But the foolish specie basis

system was all we knew of banking, till the great necessities of the war taught us lessons never to be forgotten—not only lessons, but gave us warnings, which we may never forget. He who aids to build up a new state learns much of the origin of things, which those never learn who pass their lives in old settlements.

I maintain, that were it not so windy, ours is the best climate I know of. Our fine dry air, clear skies, splendid roads, make our region very attractive. They talk of the sunny South, it should be the sunny North West; for we have more days of sunshine, than any other country that enjoys the four seasons. I say this after having tried all the climates of our continent. As between the regions along the 40th parallel of latitude east of the Mississippi and our the contrast is so much in our favor 'tis useless talking. And when own I see men taking their families from here to Louisiana and Florida, knowing what I do, I shudder. They know not what they do. Winds and blizzards; they are nothing to sunstrokes, warm rain water, swamp fever, and all the ills imaginable from snakes, centipedes, and ten thousand winged cusses. Time may ameliorate these troubles after forests are cleared, and swamps dried, but innumerable lives must be sacrificed. I once heard an old Louisiana planter of Rapids Parish say: "Sambo runs this country. He has a right to it. Every bit of the soil, that has been tamed by cultivation, has cost hundreds of black men's lives." No one there could deny it. And yet that region is not half cultivated.

Of all the new countries ever settled, this North-west prairie region is the healthiest for those who keep off from the bottom lands, and are careful as to their drinking water. Bad water kills more new settlers, than bad whiskey.

The winter of 1854-5 was so remarkably mild that everybody who had come to Nebraska, was thrown off his guard and imagined it enjoyed an Italian climate. And the North-west is peculiar in this, that occasionally, it will have a winter so dry and mild and constantly full of calm sunshine, as to surprise strangers. Neither California nor Florida ever affords such wholesome, delightsome weather owing to the dry, clear atmosphere. Such winters are rare and that was one of them. The blizzard was unknown to us. The first perfect example of a blizzard came in December, 1856, beginning with a snow storm from the north-east, early one forenoon—a

fine warm, heavy, snow storm, giving us around Ft. Calhoun, about two feet by night. At night the blizzard began from the north-west and lasted over forty-eight hours. It was one of the worst ever known, and was followed about once every week or two by others almost as bad, and during some days in February, the mercury fell below 40°. And yet, they were followed by the most beautiful winter weather imaginable; calm, clear and cold. It was a labor requiring time, and money to break the roads and restore communication between various points. Many persons perished during these storms, because none of us could realize the danger. Even cattle died, being suffocated by the frozen mists that filled the air, so that even by day one could not see his hands before his face. By mid-winter the wolves and deer became so desperate, they would come close to the houses. Thousands and thousands of big grey and black wolves were killed for their skins. But for deer meat, we must have suffered. It was a common thing to meet deer in the paths and they would not give way, owing to the deep snow and the crust on it, which would cut their legs as they broke through. All one had to do was to carry a club and knock the animals down. Night after night the wolves would surround our houses in turn, and give us a taste of their quality as serenaders. Those who lived in our region had experience enough with wolves and Indians that winter. The whoops of the latter with the howlings of the wolves, often made the nights lively. The Indians were all very friendly and gave no trouble except in borrowing wood. Large numbers went back and forth. They lived high that winter on the dead cattle. As so much poison was put out for the wolves, we continually warned them never to touch anything that had the hide taken off. I never heard of any calamity from poisoned meat among them. Slowly the hard, dull winter passed away and and spring came reluctantly. The high waters that spring were remarkable. Everything in the bottoms was overwhelmed. Several important young enterprises were ruined.

Talking of the climate, there is no earthly Eden. Every region has its drawbacks—its extremes of some kind—and when you find one of perpetual mean, you may occasionally find it very mean in another sense. I have met settlers of Northwest Nebraska and along Colorado borders, who are natives of South Mississippi, descendants of the men who pioneered that tropical region, who declared that

they believed their hyperborean regions enjoy the finest climate on earth, and insisted that nothing could induce them to return to the fever-cursed swamps of their native soil. "Winter! Winds! Blizzards!" They laughed at such things, and said: "Health, fine roads, glorious, dry, bracing air, sunshine all the year round," were everything. "Look at these people," said one man who was conducting a troop of connections to some point near the Northwest corner of Nebraska. We were on a train near Memphis. "Look at their color! Poisoned by malaria. In one year from now their nearest kin will not know them! Cold! Cold is a humbug! Forty below zero, in dry air, is easier to bear than thirty above in swamp." I had to admit that the nearest I ever came to freezing to death in feeling was when the mud was just about half freezing. Where the air is so dry the mercury is no test whatever of our feelings. Eight degrees in a Louisiana swamp is dreadful weather, and at 88 "niggers and mules" tumble down, while those not acclimated cannot go out in safety.

Parker, the land office register, was one of our company. He was from Washington, as were Snider and some others. Snider brought two slaves with him, a man and a woman servant, and he was in very comfortable circumstances. I do not believe any person was disposed to interfere with his "property" at that time in our part of Nebraska, north of the Platte. I have to laugh when people say slavery could not be made profitable in Nebraska, and that the cotton gin put an end to the abolition of slavery; as if any crops were more profitable than hemp and tobacco and the like, and as if labor saving machinery was not in its very nature hostile to slave labor. We have lately seen the cotton picker scattering the colored workmen away from the plantations down South. Prior to 1814, there was no such thing as sectional jealousies in our politics. One after the other New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and other states had abolished slavery. Nowhere had slavery paid better than in New York. Kentucky came within a vote or two of abolishing it. It was dying out in Delaware and Maryland and Tennessee. Invention was rapidly making it ridiculous, old fashioned, unprofitable. Right here, where this is written, the colored race abominates washing machines, efficient soaps, wood sawing machines, etc. In the great cane fields of Louisiana, where

a team and two men could do the labor of fifty slaves, the old way was pursued, by having each slave carry his load of heavy cane across the fields one or two miles wide—a labor that in the three or four years made invalids of the hardiest. No! Create any question and get up a sectional jealousy on it; then farewell to all its moral aspects. The section on its defence, whether the question be rum, piracy, smuggling, slavery, polygamy, or what not, will fight to the bitter end. Passion blinds to all sense of right. You may as well try to reason with a mob as with a jealous section, and if the least seeming interest is at stake, so much the worse. Pennsylvania will fight for her tariff, Utah for polygamy, as South Carolina did for slavery. Tobacco and hemp require more hard labor to-day, than any other crops, and Nebraska could have made as much of slave labor, as any other state, and more, for her healthy air would have kept the race healthy. As to cold, we find the blacks endure it as well as do the whites. In truth they live here in such open houses the winter long, as hardly any whites would tolerate.

One evening a crowd of Poncas stopped with us, en route for Washington. While I was talking to their interpreter, a young chief, who had been out, was let into the house, which had a weather door and entrance, a hall and side door. After he had lain down a few moments, he talked to the others stretched around on the floor. Suddenly they all rose up, talking and in a great hubbub, appealing to the interpreter. He replied to them in a talk of two or three minutes, when they all lay down in quiet. "What was it?" I asked. He laughed and said, that young man told them, that at the first house they stopped at, white man used a cloth hanging for a door, just as do Indians in tents; that at the next town was a door (Indians untaught are inexpert at opening doors); and at the next town, the man had two doors; at the last town there were three doors; and here were four. "Now he said, by the time we get to Washington, the big man there will have thousands and thousands of doors and we can never one of us get out." This created the great hubbub and alarm. The interpreter quieted them by saying, "You will see, you will see before you get there, that it is not so." I don't think a wild Indian could open two doors in succession and enter them—he will pull and slam everything but the right one.

The first settlers saw and heard things, that can hardly be imagined

now. One night at Ft. Calhoun, in October, will give an idea of our experiences. The change from hot mid-summer to perfect Indian summer came in one day about the last of September, 1856, with all the suddenness of a Texas norther—the mercury falling from 95° in the shade, to several degrees below freezing, from four o'clock p. m. till sun down, and by morning there was considerable ice. The grass was dry as powder. From that lovely plateau of the old fort, at least a hundred feet above the Missouri bottom, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, and in the centre of the whole district the great Missouri winding, there is an unbroken view towards the east of forty or fifty miles up the Bouyer Valley of Iowa; and in other directions some fourteen miles away, the bluffs of the great river valley loom high in various shapes like pinnacles, mounds and far reaching hills. Often in those days the air was so clear, strangers would assert a view of ten miles, could not exceed two or three. Those beautiful high table lands are peculiar to the region north of the Platte; and of them all, that at the old fort, was the most beautiful. Cultivation has so changed the landscape, that only a few years ago, I could hardly recognize it as the same. Immediately following the change of weather, came all the, to us, novel signs of the Autumn, heralded by flocks of cranes circling all day long high in the air; then followed pelicans, swans trumpeting, ducks, brant screaming, and the overwhelming clangor of millions of wild geese. Never since has there been such a gathering of the clans of the air. They seemed as thick as locusts. The wolves too came nearer and began their night carnivals. Often a few hundred Indians would make, on these nights, a temporary encampment. One Indian summer night, while the warm southwest wind was roaring, all the world seemed on fire from the burning prairies, and all the highest peaks and bluffs far off, and the vast extent of the Bouyer Valley, with its heights and table lands, were ablaze. What with the howling of wolves, the singing and yelling of several bands of Indians, the screams and clanging of wild birds, and their rush by the myraids through the air, it seemed, as though the end of all things had come. I have looked from a high point, over a burning city, where rioting and murder led the way, but the noise, the uproar was nothing to that. It was a scene of splendor, sublimity, and awfulness, such as can not often be witnessed. The Indians and wolves have disappeared; the wild birds come only in

the sky and in scattered lines, while prairie fires are controlled and limited, orchards, farms, and houses have cut up and closed in the once vast illimitable views.

In those days, it was quite an adventure to go west forty or fifty miles from the Missouri among the buffalo. Those who went out on hunts that far were looked upon as men of mettle and spirit. And in truth no one could tell just what the Indians might do. Luckily they never disturbed us; but we knew that a few bottles of whiskey and a revengeful spirit might stir them up to do mischief, in case any white man had done them harm. My short experience with Indians has taught me, that some white man always begins the trouble. Seeing Henry Fontenelle's letter reminds me, that he told me the very same facts as are contained therein, as to the origin of the name, Omaha, in the summer of 1856, at Fort Calhoun, while he and several Indians were lying out on the prairie, which had been then staked out as a town-site, near Steven's Hotel, a double log cabin. Some of us took a trip out to the town of Fontanelle, and were surprised at its size. It must have had twenty cabins or shanties, some of which were large enough, to have two rooms and were quite aristocratic, as we thought. One of the most glorious views in the world, was to stand at the edge of the table land on which the town stood, and look far off over the expanses of the Elkhorn and Platte Valleys, and of the other streams that came winding thither. "I believe I will just run down to the stream there, and dip my hands in, just to say I have been in the Elkhorn," said one of our party about 3 o'clock p. m. A citizen looked at him in surprise and said, "You won't get back before night." "Why?" "Well, how far do you think it is to that point?" "Oh, perhaps a quarter mile." "It's three miles at least." I do not know the distance, but I am sure appearances are very deceiving.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN NEBRASKA, AND A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

By H. W. Caldwell.

[Read before a meeting of the Society, January 8, 1889.]

The Kansas–Nebraska bill, under which Nebraska was organized as a territory, became a law on the twenty-seventh of May, 1854. Settlement began immediately, and in less than a year,—on January 16, 1855,—its first territorial legislature was convened. The Hon. T. B. Cuming was at that time acting governor. In his first message he calls attention to the necessity of making careful provision for education, at the same time expressing the hope that Nebraska might profit by the experiences of the older states. This part of his message was referred to the committee on schools, a committee as we shall see later exceedingly prolific in charters for universities. The fitness and wisdom of its course however may well be questioned. During this first session charters were granted to Nebraska University located at Fontenelle; to Simpson University, a school to be founded at Omaha City; to the Nebraska City Collegiate and Preparatory Institute. The character and aims of these universities will be discussed later in this paper; at present it is enough to remark that they were like the Hydra of old; when Hercules smote off one head three more were ready to grow in its place. The proof of this is found in the next session of the legislature. In the session of 1855–'56, not only does Simpson University ask for a renewal of its charter, but it is now supported by the Nemaha University at Archer, by Washington College at Cuming City, by the Plattsmouth Preparatory and Collegiate Institute, and by the Western University at Cassville, Cass county. A joint resolution also passed the territorial

legislature asking Congress for a land grant for Nebraska University.

But to show that the demands for higher education were insatiable it is only necessary to notice that the legislature meeting January 5, 1857, added to the above list, the Brownville College and Lyceum, the Salem Collegiate Institute (a name that we recognize by this time,) the Rock Bluffs Academy (notice the modesty of the title,) the University of Saratoga, Dakota Collegiate Institute, Nebraska University at Wyoming, the Omadi Collegiate Institute, St. Mary's Female Academy, the University of St. John, the Omaha Medical University, and finally an act amending the charter of the Western University. In the fall session, in the same year, 1857, a few more universities and institutes were added to our already pretty complete list. The University of Nebraska, Wyoming College, DeWitt Collegiate Institute, Falls City College, the Literary Association of the Elkhorn, the Dodge County Lyceum and Literary Association, and finally, last but not least, the Nebraska Historical Society, were incorporated during this session. The supply seems nearly to have equalled the demand in 1858, as the territorial legislative records show only two new universities incorporated in this year:—the Dempster Biblical Institute, and the Lewis and Clark College. The great demand from this time on was to secure land endowments. Joint resolutions were sent to Congress asking for 15,000 acres of land for Simpson University, and 20,000 acres for the University at Fontenelle, and the Marine Hospital at Bellevue—with its branch at Nebraska City. Two marine hospitals for the sailors on the Missouri—just think of it!

From the number of charters granted during these three years, one might suppose that the legislators had little time for other work, until he learns that they had one form of charter for all applicants; that the only labor necessary to perform, was to substitute a new name in the formula, when the charter was ready for action. The genesis of this patent charter has thus far eluded discovery; however it has some provisions that may well engage our attention for a moment. In general these early universities were joint stock companies. Several of them seem to have been undertaken as financial ventures on the part of their incorporators; others to advertise the towns where they were located. The charter provided for a certain number of trustees—from five to twenty—under whom was placed

the control of the university or college. The object as set forth was "to promote the general educational interests and to qualify students to engage in the several pursuits and employments of society, and to discharge honorably and usefully the various duties of life." The powers granted were those usual to educational institutions; to sue and be sued, to hold property, to prescribe and regulate the courses of study, to fix the rates of tuition, to appoint a president and professors, and to fix their compensation, and other powers of a similar nature. These boards of trustees were frequently self-perpetuating, and their charters authorized them to remove a trustee on a two-thirds vote of all the members. Sometimes the trustees were elected by the stockholders, as in the case of the Nemaha University at Archer. The capital stock, exclusive of lands, varied from $100,000 to $200,000; and the value of a share from $50 to $100. A very interesting feature in all these early charters is found in the clause forbidding the holding of land in perpetuity in excess of 1,000 acres; lands received through donations or otherwise above that amount were to revert to the donor after ten years, if not sold within that time. In the later charters no such provision is found, showing that the fear of the formation of large landed possessions had passed away. The charters also provided that these schools should be open to all denominations of Christians, but leave one in doubt whether the intention was to include non-Christians as well. The clause reads as follows: "The said college shall be open to all denominations of Christians, and the profession of any particular religious faith shall not be required of those who become its students."

Simpson University received, on January 23, 1856, a new charter which marked the first break from the set forms before adopted. The control of the university was now placed in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The trustees were to be chosen at the annual conference for a term of four years, one-fourth retiring each year. In addition to the ordinary collegiate instruction, provision was made for the departments of theology, law, medicine and agriculture. Both sexes were to be admitted on terms of equality. In the charter of the Brownville College,—one of whose charter members was our honored president, the Honorable R. W. Furnas,—the amount of land which might be held by the school was, for the first time, left unlimited. Provision was made for the annual election of one-third

of the trustees. In the Salem Collegiate Institute the object as set forth was "to build up and maintain in Salem an institution of learning of the highest class for males and females, to teach and inculcate the Christian faith and morality of the sacred scriptures, and for the promotion of the arts and sciences." In the charter of the University of Nebraska at Saratoga, there is a curiosity, in the provision which requires that "the trustees must, before entering upon their duties, take an oath to support the constitution of the United States and the provisions of this act." Cassville, whose site it would now require a Schliemann to discover, seems in those early days to have been an especially favored spot, as the Methodists were to establish a University and the Congregationalists a Seminary there. An act for the establishment of a Seminary, at Peru, Nemaha county, to be under the control of the Methodist church, was passed January 11, 1860. This Seminary was actually put into operation, and in later years developed into the State Normal school. A new provision was introduced into the charter, providing that the buildings and the grounds not exceeding forty acres in extent, should be free from taxation. The charter required that the buildings should be erected and the school begun within a period of five years.

The establishment of a University at Columbus, Platte county, in this year, 1860, shows how rapidly the population was extending westward. With the exception of some modifications in the charters, and the founding of two or three Seminaries, the University at Columbus closes the list until near the end of the civil war. All Souls College was established at Bellevue, Sarpy county, February 15, 1864. Among the list of incorporators is found the name of Rev. O. C. Dake, Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska, from its beginning in 1871, to his death in the spring of 1875. In this same year there was chartered the Nemaha Valley and Normal Institute at Pawnee City. For several years it was under the charge of Professor J. M. McKenzie, afterwards State Superintendent of Education. The buildings in this case were already in existence when the charter was granted, the first example of the kind in the history of the state. Its property to the amount of $50,000 was to be free from taxation.

From this time on it becomes more difficult to trace the progress of the schools of higher education, for in 1864, a general act was

passed which permitted colleges and universities to be organized without special legislative charters. After 1860 for several years the civil war so far absorbed the attention of the people, that little thought was given to the subject of the school interests of the state. During several years very little legislative action, either for the common schools, or for the schools for higher education, shows itself on the statute books. As the war drew to a close there seemed to be a revival of interest, and the second stage in the territory's intellectual activity began, when general legislation took the place of the special enactments of its earlier years.

A very unique piece of legislation, passed in 1865, providing for the Johnson County Seminary, deserves a moment's attention. In brief its terms were as follows: the county commissioners of Johnson county were authorized to levy and raise a tax of $1,000 per year for each of the five succeeding years, for the purpose of erecting a building for educational uses at Tecumseh. The government was placed in the hands of the county commissioners and six trustees chosen by the electors of the county. This board had the usual powers, and was authorized to elect a secretary and a treasurer from its own members. The building was to be erected whenever the trustees thought that the funds on hand were sufficient to justify it. A peculiar provision authorized the use of certain rooms in the building, at the discretion of the trustees, for the purpose of holding therein district and county court, for the use of the county treasurer, the county clerk, and some other specified county officers, but for no other purposes whatsoever. Evidently the newness and the poverty of the country were tempting the people of the county to secure a court house and a school house at the least possible expense. This proposition was submitted to a vote of the people, but apparently must have been defeated for nothing has been found thus far in the Johnson county records of any further proceedings under it.

This brief account of the history of higher education in the territorial period should not be closed without calling attention to the spirit shown. The anxiety of every town, in many cases even while yet a paper town to have the name of enjoying the benefits of the higher education, seemingly indicates the general high character of the early immigrants. While much of this history seems ludicrous, and to us as we look back upon it absurd, yet there is abundant evi-

dence that to them much of it was very real. One of the reasons for this university fever, if it may be so called, is to be found in the fact that so many young men fresh from college or seminary were among the early settlers in the territory. Another, undoubtedly, is found in the mania for land speculation which ran to a high degree during those years. The names of educated men abound everywhere among the charter members of these colleges and universities; and without attempting to mention the names of all such men, Rev. O. C. Dake, Hon. A. J. Poppleton, Hon. J. M. Woolworth, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Hon. R. W. Furnas, Hon. David Butler and many more nearly as well known should always be kept in mind.

The Methodist church exhibited the greatest activity in this educational field, but some of the other churches were only a little less active. Scarcely a town that had aspirations to be the metropolis of its section, and what one had not? but had its university or its collegiate institute among its attractions. Of course it is true that very few of these schools ever passed beyond the paper or charter stage, yet we cannot help honoring the spirit of those who recognized the value of the higher culture. The great mistake which they made in their plans was, that they failed to recognize the need for concentration. This mistake has long been a hinderance to the cause of higher education in our country, and especially in our own state. Within the past few months it has been recognized and acted upon that the higher schools should be only few in number, and that they should have the strongest endowments possible. Practically, perhaps little of permanent value in education was produced by this early spirit. Yet that this enthusiasm for education was sufficient to leaven the state, when it became one, and to secure the passage of an act for the present State University within two years after it was admitted in 1867, can be called no small influence.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

The bill chartering the University of Nebraska, known as S. F., No. 86, was introduced into the senate, February 11, 1869, by Mr. Cunningham, of Richardson county. On the same day it was referred to the Committee on Education, the Hon. C. H. Gere, now regent and editor of the *State Journal*, chairman. The committee reported it back the next day with amendments. It was passed and sent to the House on the thirteenth. Under the suspension of the

rules it was read a first and a second time the same day and referred to the Committee on Schools. On the fifteenth the bill was read the third time, passed and sent to the governor who signed it, and it became a law on that day, the last day of the session. Thus in four days after its first introduction the bill was a law. Was the rapidity of its passage a premonition of the rapidity of the development of the University?

The building was provided for by S. F., No. 32, a bill to provide for the sale of unsold lots and blocks on the town-site of Lincoln, and for the erection and location of a State Lunatic Asylum, and a State University and Agricultural College. This bill was amended February 12, 1869, on motion of Mr. Tullis, of Lancaster county, by striking out the words "Lunatic Asylum," before the words "University and Agricultural College," and inserting them after "State University and Agricultural College."

THE CHARTER.

The charter has been amended several times, but as it has never been thoroughly revised, it is now in a very chaotic condition. In the original charter provision was made for a board of twelve regents; nine of them to be chosen by the legislature in joint session, three from each judicial district. In addition to these nine, the Chancellor, the Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Governor were members *ex-officio*. The members of the first board were appointed by the governor. This method of choosing regents was probably adopted from Iowa, for that was the only state in the west where such a system prevailed. However, jealousy of the chancellor's influence soon entered into the minds of some, so in 1875, an amendment was passed providing that he should not hereafter be a member of the board of regents. This amendment separated Nebraska from its neighboring western states where the chancellor was uniformly a member of the managing board. At the same time provision was made that an increase in the number of judicial districts should not increase the number of members. By the constitution of 1875 an entire change was made, and a board of six regents was created to be elected by a direct vote of the people. Undoubtedly the Michigan influence was predominant in the convention, for in all the neighboring states, except Iowa, at that time the regents were nominated by the governor and confirmed by the Senate.

In accordance with the terms of the original charter the board elected a secretary who, in addition to the duties incident to that position, was to fill the office of librarian for the first five years after the organization of the board. The records do not show that these conditions were ever complied with. The first secretary was Mr. A. F. Harvey, the father of the University bill. The original charter also provided for a treasurer who was to have charge of and to keep all university moneys, and pay out the same on the proper orders. In 1870 a supplementary act was passed placing the control of the endowment funds in the hands of the State Treasurer, and leaving only the income to be handled by the University Treasurer. Five years later the office of University Treasurer was abolished, and the State Treasurer made custodian of all the funds.

The general management and government of the University is placed by the constitution in the hands of the Board of Regents. They are to elect a chancellor "who shall be the chief educator of the institution." These words are somewhat ambiguous, but probably a reasonable interpretation would make them mean that he is to be the chief executive, to make known and to carry out the will of the faculty, to see to the general interests of the University, and to call the attention of the faculty to them on the one hand, and the attention of the regents to them on the other. In other words he should be regarded as the chief administrator. An absolute monarchy in education does not coincide with our theories or our nature, any more than it does in politics. In some colleges, especially in the south the tendency is to do away with the office and to allow the faculty to choose some one of their own number to act for them in those cases where the whole body cannot well act. The regents are to elect the "prescribed" number of professors and tutors and a steward. The use of this word "prescribed" has no meaning whatever in our charter as it now stands. In the Iowa charter, which may be the basis of our own, the word is the "requisite" number which perhaps may be the word intended in our charter. There is however another explanation possible. In the charter of 1869, the names of the chairs were fixed, and the number of professors for each definitely limited. In such a case the word "prescribed" could properly be used; but since, by the amendment of 1877, the number and designation of the chairs has been left to the regents, the word has evidently lost all meaning.

The regents prescribe the duties and fix the salaries of the professors and tutors. Here again the present indefiniteness, to say the very least, of the charter is seen. Under the decision of the supreme court that the legislature must appropriate the money, and, of course, if it sees fit, may limit its use to a specific purpose, the power of the regents to fix salaries is practically nullified. A nominal salary of $4,000 may, as in one case has already been done, be reduced to $2,500, and might be reduced to nothing just as well, as far as the principle is concerned.

In the words of the original charter the regents could remove only "upon the proof of written charges, and after a chance for a defense had been given." By an amendment of 1875, the regents were given "power to remove the chancellor or any professor whenever the good of the University shall require it," leaving of course the regents to be the judges when such a case occurs. There does not seem to be any doubt of the wisdom of this amendment, but the object for which it was passed may well be questioned.

The charter of 1869 provided for six colleges: the college of literature, the sciences and arts; of law, of medicine, of agriculture, and of the practical sciences, surveying and mechanics; of fine arts. The last department was not to be opened till the annual income had reached $100,000. The amendment of February 19, 1877, reduced the colleges to five by the union of the Agricultural College with that of the practical sciences. By the same amendment the time when each department should be opened was left to the discretion of the regents. However this last provision may at any time be made a practical nullity, so long as the funds of the university are subject to control by the legislature, for it may simply refuse to make provision for support and the regents are helpless. Again, no far-reaching plans may be matured safely and acted upon, so long as there is no secure income which the regents may depend upon, to carry into execution plans which it takes years to perfect.

The charter states that no course of study shall be adopted, nor series of text-books used, without the approval of the regents. The first provision is now and has been a practical nullity from the first, for the preparation of the courses has uniformly been left to the faculty, subject to final revision and adoption by the regents. The clause regarding text-books seems to be both indefinite and unwise. What

constitutes a series of text-books is doubtful; also no one is so competent to decide what books, if any, should be used as is the specialist in each department. The claim that it prevents collusion between professor and publisher merits no consideration. Again it does not seem right to burden the regents, men who receive no pay for their services, with such details. The faculty of each college are authorized to grant rewards of merit to their own students. The regents, in their meeting of March 18, 1873, empowered the chancellor to offer prizes, under this provision, but the resolution was reconsidered at the next meeting and the order rescinded.

A matriculation fee of five dollars is provided for in the charter. Tuition and other fees are left to the discretion of the regents, with a curious proviso, however. Any person paying or whose parents pay thirty dollars school taxes per year to the state, shall not pay any other tuition fee for the period of four years than the five dollars matriculation fee. Such discrimination ought not to be endured, for it gives the rich man's son free tuition, and compels the poor man's son to pay for his schooling when he has probably already paid fully as much in proportion to means as the richer man. Of course under the present plan of free tuition it makes no difference, but this may not always last, since already in a number of states an annual fee of from ten to fifty dollars is charged. This clause also provides that the graduates of high schools with diplomas from the county superintendents to that effect, may be admitted to the college without further examination. Here we have expressed the fact that the university is only the crowning feature of the public schools. The plan that Hamilton in his ideal University wished, and that Jefferson proposed for the University of Virginia, is in a general way realized. A democracy at the basis; and from this common school democracy, the best are selected, by the natural law of the survival of the fittest, for the state's higher education, and the very best training is provided for them. In Missouri an elaborate system secures or attempts to secure, the best intellects in each county for the state university. In New York, Iowa and some other states, each senator or representative is entitled to send one or more youths to the university, whose tuition is free. The selection is frequently made after a competitive examination, and thus the best intellects are secured from all parts of the state.

The charter says that the regents shall purchase the text-books and shall furnish them to the students at cost. Various attempts were made in the early days of the university to live up to this requirement, but nothing seems to have been accomplished except to make arrangements with the book-dealers to secure a certain per cent. reduction for the students. Several committees were appointed, and several reports were made, but the problem seems to have been too complex to solve satisfactorily, and it was finally abandoned entirely. The regents may donate text-books and on a two-thirds vote may give financial aid to worthy students, who shall give security to repay the same within five years. Apparently no attempt has ever been made to use this power; in part perhaps because the funds of the university have been too limited; in part because it has been felt that when tuition was given free enough had been done. In the session of the board of June 13, 1871, the tuition of students from other states was fixed at eight dollars per term, but in 1873, on the recommendation of Chancellor Benton, the University was made free to all who were qualified to do its work satisfactorily. An incidental fee of two dollars per term was imposed on all students from June 1876 to June 1879. With these two exceptions no charges have been made in the University of Nebraska except for laboratory expenses. In very few, if in any of the other state universities, are the terms so liberal for the student.

"Age, sex, color or nationality shall not debar from its privileges" are the words of the charter; but it adds that provision for the education of females apart from males, "in separate apartments or buildings shall be made, provided however that persons of different sexes, of the same proficiency of study, may attend the regular college lectures together." The Kansas charter uses language still more explicit on this subject. The expectation in both cases seems to have been that the sexes would be educated apart. This view is strengthened when it is known that Mr. A. F. Harvey, the author of the Nebraska bill, was a southern man, hence naturally would have strong leanings for separate schools for the sexes. There was no debate on the bill, therefore, the view of the legislators on the subject cannot be discovered. Whatever may have been the expectation, the election of Mr. A. R. Benton as chancellor secured co-education, for his whole past experience had been in schools where that principle pre-

vailed. No demand has ever been made that this clause should be carried out, and the minutes of the regents do not show that any one ever even so much as recognized that there was such a provision in the law.

It has already been remarked that the charter is in chaos, and needs a thorough revision. Before passing to other subjects let us notice a few more of its absurdities. In the first place the wording of the various amendments is not consistent with the original charter, neither are they in harmony with each other. Parts of the same section may still be in force, while other parts of it have been superseded by a more recent amendment. In one place we read, the university fund is hereby appropriated to the use of the university, but there is no such fund described as the University fund. The funds are designated as (1) the endowment fund and (2) the regents fund. The former cannot be used for any purpose whatever, and one section forbids the latter from being used for building purposes. The vagueness of the language leaves it uncertain whether this prohibition has been superseded or not. If not then there is no building fund available should any one see fit to test the matter.

It would seem to be clear from the wording of the charter that the legislature had intended to leave the control of the income of the endowment funds wholly in the hands of the regents, but the supreme court has held that not a cent of this income can be used till specifically appropriated by the legislature. Their reasoning rests almost wholly on general principles, almost entirely ignoring the terms of the charter. As before noticed an amendment of 1875 made the state treasurer the custodian of the university funds. Now the supreme court says that the state treasurer does not hold these funds as treasurer of the Board of Regents, but as state treasurer, hence, since the regents have no corporate power over these funds, they can have no control of them. This reasoning may be satisfactory to a lawyer, but to a layman a three-fold repetition of the phrase "these funds are hereby appropriated to the University" would seem to outweigh it. However this control can now probably be obtained only by means of a new charter. It would seem from the dilapidated condition of the charter, that it ought not to be difficult to secure a revision. Most of the other western states put the control of these funds in the hands of the regents, while in Nebraska, where the con-

nection of the regents with the people is most intimate, such control is denied them.

THE BUILDINGS.

The first newspaper mention, I have found, of the University is in an article of November 21, 1868, in the *Nebraska Commonwealth*, the Hon. C. H. Gere, editor, entitled "Lincoln and Its Surroundings." In this article occurs this sentence:—"The State University and Agricultural College are located in Lincoln, and ample endowments are provided, and the necessary buildings will probably be erected the coming season." It will be noticed that this was written before the formal act establishing the university was passed; but in the act locating the capital, provision was made for establishing the University and Agricultural College at the new capital, Lincoln. Governor Butler in his message of January 9, 1869, called attention to the necessity of taking immediate action for the organization of the University and Agricultural College, and the acceptance of the land donation of Congress, which by the terms of the gift must be accepted within three years from the admission of the state; and the buildings must be erected and the school opened within five years. In an editorial in the *Commonwealth* of January 16, 1869, it is said that one of the most important subjects before the legislature will be "to make provision for the erection of the University and for the sale of lots to secure funds for it." The bill provided that out of the proceeds of the sale of lots—the state at the time owned about 2,000—$50,000 was to be used to build an insane asylum, $15,000 to finish the dome (doom?) of the capitol, and $100,000 for the erection of the University. June 5, 1869, the sale of lots began, and the first day 105 lots were sold for about $30,000. The next day the *Commonwealth* remarks that "now the completion of the State University and Agricultural College is assured." Eleven days later the paper announced the arrival of Mr. R. D. Silver who will immediately put in a large plant for manufacturing brick for the university—the capacity of the plant was to be 12,000 brick per day. The plans of Mr. J. M. McBird, of Logansport, Indiana, were accepted on June 2, and on August 14, the *Commonwealth* contains an editorial description of the plans for the new building, classing the style of architecture as Franco-Italian. The same issue of the paper an

nounces that the excavation for the basement of the University was completed.

On August 18, 1869, the contract for the erection of the building was let to Silver & Son, for $128,480; soon afterwards the troubles which followed the University for so many years began. Even the Brownville *Advertiser*, a good friend of the University, thought the policy of letting a contract for $28,480 more than the appropriation, unwise. The *State Journal* came to the defense of the regents, arguing that it was better policy to begin the erection of a building of sufficient size and well suited to its uses, even if it were necessary to have an additional appropriation, than to spend $100,000 on a building that would soon have to be torn down because unsuited to the needs of the future. The corner stone was laid on September 23, 1869; two days later a glowing account of the ceremonies appeared in the *State Journal*. The exercises were in the hands of the Masons with Major D. H. Wheeler as master of ceremonies. A brass band from Omaha, imported for the occasion, headed the procession. In the evening a grand banquet was given. Governor Butler made a few remarks, and Mr. Wheeler a short speech. Then Attorney General Seth Robinson gave an address on "Popular Education," but as most of it concerned Greece and Rome, and very little of it related to Nebraska, any further reference to it may be omitted here. The banquet—thanks to the good ladies of Lincoln—was enjoyed by fully a thousand people, dancing being indulged in from ten till four o'clock. This was the beginning, but the end was not yet, as Lincoln people well know. The regents visited the building, and after inspection approved the plans and construction, on January 6, 1871, but before a student had ever entered its doors, the cry was raised that it was insecure. June 13, 1871, three professional architects were employed to examine the building thoroughly. Their report was made June 23, and pronounced the building safe for the present, and probably for years to come. This probability they thought could be made a certainty by a few repairs that would not be very expensive. These repairs were made, and September 6, the University was opened with an enrollment of about ninety students the first week. However the rumor of the insecurity of the building would not down, so March 18, 1873, a special meeting of the regents was called to consider further repairs. After a report from another set of archi-

tects, a new foundation was ordered to be put under the chapel. The foundation walls, as they were torn out were to be examined by an architect under the direction of the attorney general, General J. R. Webster, who reported that the foundation had not been built in accordance with the contract. The Chancellor in his report of June 26, 1877, again called the attention of the board to the condition of the building. Four architects were now employed, one from Omaha, one from Nebraska City and two from Lincoln. On the strength of their report, the regents resolved, July 6, 1877, to tear down the building and to erect a new one at a cost of $60,000; $40,000 of this amount to be raised by Lincoln. Work was to commence immediately on securing the above amount. The citizens of Lincoln were not satisfied, so they sent to Chicago and to Dubuque for architects who examined the building and pronounced it easily repaired. A committee of Lincoln's citizens met the regents on August 15. From the new light thus secured, the resolution to tear down was reconsidered. A new foundation with some other repairs was ordered, and the bill of $6,012, was paid by Lincoln. Various attempts have been made to secure an appropriation to reimburse the city for this outlay, but all have ended in failure. At the same time the roof was repaired at an expense of $1,625; but the water still found its way through, till finally in 1883 a slate roof was put on and this "leak" stopped. Just after the reconsideration of the resolution to tear down the building, a committee came from Nebraska City to present a bid for the re-location of the University at that point. This was the last public scare, although several thousand dollars have since been spent in replacing the inner foundation walls and in making other necessary repairs. Undoubtedly the faulty construction of the building delayed the growth of the University considerably; certainly it used up much of its funds that were greatly needed elsewhere.

THE FACULTY.

In 1869, June 3d, a committee consisting of regents C. S. Chase, State Superintendent Beals, and Rev. D. R. Dungan was appointed to secure the names of persons suitable for Chancellor. A. R. Benton was elected on the second ballot. H. S. Tappin, J. D. Butler, E. B. Fairfield and A. Burns each received one vote on the first ballot. January 6, 1870, the Chancellor's salary was fixed at $5,000 per an-

num; a year later the reduction of salaries began. The first motion was to reduce this salary to $3,000, but the motion was lost by a vote of five to two; on the next day a motion was carried to fix the Chancellor's salary at $4,000, and the professors at $2,000 a year. The first faculty was elected April 4, 1871: Ancient Languages, A. H. Manley; Mathematics, H. E. Hitchcock; English Literature, O. C. Dake; the Sciences, H. W. Kuhne. Mr. Kuhne declined and recommended Rev. Samuel Aughey who was unanimously elected at the June meeting. Prof. Hitchcock declined at first, but being re-elected at the December meeting, to begin his services in the fall of 1872, he was finally prevailed upon to accept. June 13, 1871, G. E. Church was elected tutor at a salary of $1,000. The first faculty was completed, September 6, 1871, by the election of Mr. S. R. Thompson to the chair of agriculture. Prof. Thompson was not to enter upon his duties for at least one year, in order to have time to visit other Agricultural Colleges. Perhaps it ought to be added that at the same time a thousand pound bell was ordered; perhaps it ought to be included in the list of the faculty, for it has performed functions not much less important, and has had many a prank played upon it that entitles it to recognition. The first assistant employed was in the department of chemistry. Chancellor Benton on June 23, 1874, offered to pay $500 toward securing an instructor in the sciences provided the regents would pay a like amount. The arrangement was made and G. E. Bailey was chosen for the position. Time and space forbid any attempt to trace the growth of the faculty from this modest beginning of four professors and one tutor, till it reaches its present development when twelve professors, two associate and two adjunct professors, two instructors, two tutors, two lecturers and the principal of the Latin school, besides assistants in the laboratories, and the teachers of art and music are all crowded with work to their utmost capacity. To write the history of this development would not all be pleasant work, for the present prosperity and harmony have not been reached without many a bitter struggle; and the best history that some phases of it can have is oblivion.

THE CURRICULUM.

Two sharply marked principles have governed in the formation of the courses of study. The first period was characterized by an al-

most inflexible course of study. There were practically no electives; the classics and mathematics formed the back-bone of the entire work. A term or two of history and of Englisn literature, a couple of years of French or German, and a text-book study of two or three of the sciences were introduced without any expectation of acquiring more than a mere outline knowledge of these subjects. Apparently they were not supposed to be able to give mental culture. The scientific course even was not arranged to give a consistent mental development; its object was to give a practical knowledge to practical men. In short whether for better or for worse, the ordinary college course of the Renaissance type, only slightly impregnated with the modern scientific and historic spirit, was the only one recognized as worthy to be considered a culture course.

The second period begins in 1880, and marks an entire revolution in ideas. The elective idea was introduced, and the principle recognized that all studies may be made about equally valuable for purposes of mental culture; hence the courses were planned with reference to continuity of work in each line. The pamphlet announcing this change says: "The elective system is the one that insures the greatest interest and profit in every study, and it is the only system that allows a student to become a special scholar in any one department while still leaving to him the option of a general education." This plan prepared by the faculty was approved by the regents December 16, 1880. To carry it out in detail the year was divided into semesters, instead of into three terms as before, and recitations continued six days in the week. The classical and scientific students had no recitations on Saturdays; the literary none on Mondays. All recitations except in chemistry were held in the forenoons as had uniformly been the case up to this time. This semester plan lasted only one year, 1881–1882; then a reaction took place and the three term system was restored. Against this change Professors Emerson, Church, Woodbury and Howard protested for they knew that it was a blow at the recently introduced elective system. Finally a compromise was reached by which the elective principle was saved and the three terms restored. This was accomplished by introducing afternoon recitations, and putting the electives largely in the latter part of the day. At present, 1889, the courses are prescribed throughout the Freshman and Sophomore years; in the Junior year

about three-eights is elective, while in the Senior year in the general courses, nearly the entire course is optional with the student. By this plan two results are reached. In the first place general culture, and at the same time a fixed plan of work, are secured for the first two years of the student's course. During the last two years he may specialize in some one or two fields of investigation, and thus gain some practical experience in original or semi-original work similar in kind to that he will have to perform in later years when in active life. Secondly this plan tends to accuracy and to concentration; it avoids superficiality to some extent at least, the special bane of a course that attempts to cover the entire field of modern knowledge.

DEPARTMENTS.

(1) *Modern Languages.* The development in the department of modern languages has been especially marked. In the first catalogue the following announcement was made: "The German language is of such importance in science and letters that it properly claims a place in a course of liberal education, therefore it is made a part of the university course." Seemingly it had no place for its own sake. No provision however was made for instruction in it, other than "to hand it round" as circumstances necessitated. French was not mentioned at all in the first catalogue, but the second catalogue made up for the omission as a short quotation from it will prove. "Since French is the language of diplomacy, of tourists, and of foreign courts, it is unnecessary to urge its practical importance. But it has another side. It is as remarkable for its capabilities in the finish of style as French taste is in matters of fashion and in objects of Vertu. The French mind is singularly perspicuous. Its conceptions are clear and its statements elegant. It has produced a literature that, in criticism, is unrivaled, and in lyric poetry, romance, historical narrative, and scientific exposition, is necessary to all who aim at thorough and extensive scholarship."

Mr. Harrington Emerson on the nomination of Chancellor Fairfield was elected, on June 21, 1876, to the chair of modern languages. The course was soon extended, and both French and German were required, while Italian, Spanish and Modern Greek were offered as electives. In 1879–80 Mr. Fossler, then an undergraduate gave some help in German. From 1884 to the present, two men have been

giving their entire time to the subject, and at present under Professor Edgren's direction it is one of the strongest courses in the University, offering nearly the entire range of modern languages.

(2) *English Literature.* The apparent change in this department has not been quite so marked as in the department of modern languages, but the real change has been perhaps fully as great. From the first there was nominally an instructor in literature, while in fact, he was really occupied in giving instruction in other subjects. In early years in German and French; later in logic and history. In the catalogue for the year 1873–74, a year selected at random, omitting the preparatory course, one term of rhetoric and one of English literature in the junior year, or about 120 hours all told, included the entire possible culture in English with the exception of a very little work in essays and rhetoricals. When this is compared with the present course which requires the entire time of two men, where it is possible to take eleven different lines of work for a full year each with two exceptions, where to finish the possible work would require about 910 hours, or almost five full college years of five hours per week, besides a course in essays and oratory more extended by far than formerly; some idea then can be formed of the growth of the University in this department.

(3) *History.* The development of the department of history, as is well and generally known, is due almost wholly to the untiring and successful work of Professor Geo. E. Howard. A careful comparison of the courses here with those of other western schools will convince any one that this department is second to very few; and the only state universities that outrank it are those of Michigan and California. Other universities have good men and good courses. In Kansas, Professor Canfield is able and is doing good work, but he has to care for political economy as well as history. The University of Missouri does nothing, that of Iowa very little. Professor Jesse Macy, at Grinnell, is able, but he has only part of his time to devote to history. In Wisconsin, Professor Allen, one of the ablest historians in the country has till very recently united Latin and history. The work of Professor Knight, in Ohio, deserves commendation. But in none of these schools have two men had their entire time for this work as has been true here since the election of H. W. Caldwell in 1883, as Professor Howard's assistant. It may be said unhesitat-

ingly that nowhere in the west is the course as complete and as logically arranged as in Nebraska State University. The growth in this department has been as marked as it well could be. In the catalogues till 1877, no mention is made of a teacher of history. In that year G. E. Woodbury is designated as "Acting Professor of Rhetoric, English Literature and History." In 1881, Professor Howard was elected to the chair of history. Two terms of history were provided for in the first couse of study; in 1879 the number was increased to three terms. The first year after Professor Howard's election, eight courses were offered, or about four year's work averaging three hours per week. Now, 1889, there are eleven courses, with about 1,050 hours, or six full years of five hours per week, open to those who wish to specialize in history. Of this work two full years of five hours per week are in American history, and about one-half of the remainder in English history.

(4) *The Sciences.* In the first years of the University one man gave all the instruction there was given in the sciences, besides assisting in other departments in case of need. Now there are five full professors devoting their entire time to purely scientific work, each one a specialist in his line. Then chemistry and physics and the natural sciences could be and were all housed in two small rooms. Now the same subjects feel themselves cramped when they have one entire building and part of another to themselves. Science Hall will soon be ready for the natural sciences, and it undoubtedly will all be needed immediately.

(5) *Mathematics and the Classics.* If there has not been as marked changes and as rapid a development in these departments, it may be accounted for by the fact that in the early days they occupied nearly the entire field, and were comparatively well developed then, hence there was not the same opportunity for growth as in the other lines of work. However, the civil engineering course is an entire creation of the last few years, and the higher work in pure mathematics has been largely extended. The spirit of progress is everywhere, and is making itself felt with increasing force. The prospects are now exceedingly bright that the too long neglected departments of philosophy and political economy may advance to their proper position and development.

THE LIBRARY.

The development of the library has gone hand in hand with the progress elsewhere. Under the old course of study, the library seems to have been regarded as something to talk about and to look at rather than to use. Since the elective courses went into operation, it has been one of the most valuable and best used features of the University. In the catalogue of 1873, the announcement was made that the library will be open two hours per day, and that certain classes may take books to their rooms. About 1875 or 1876, it was opened only once or twice a week to the writer's certain knowledge. In 1877, its doors admitted students for three hours per day. From 1877 to 1880 the announcement was made that it would be opened at "stated" hours for consultation. Since 1881 it has been possible for all students to have access to the library for from six to eight hours per day. Great difficulty has existed in managing the library on account of the limited funds at command. Till recently some professor had to take charge of it in addition to his other duties, but since 1886 Miss Smith has been its custodian. March 22, 1877, Mr. C. C. Starbuck was elected librarian, but on the next day the vote was reconsidered, and the election then lost. The increase in the number of volumes in the library has been from 2,000 in 1877, to 4,000 in 1881, and to about 11,000 in 1889.

LAW AND MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

Various attempts were made at an early day to establish schools of law and of medicine. A memorial was presented December 14, 1875, and a second one, March 26, 1876, asking for the establishment of a medical school. A committee appointed to consider these petitions reported as follows: "Your committee report that a medical college be established as soon as practicable; that the time is rapidly coming when such action should be taken; also action should be taken for the establishment of a law school." The regents postponed their decision to the next meeting, referring the subject in the mean time to the consideration of the medical, and of the law societies. The regents resolved on December 21, 1881, to ask the legislature for an appropriation of $3,000 for a law, and $7,000 for a medical school. This action was apparently the result of the favorable reports of the State Bar Association and the Medical Society. The

medical school existed for four years, but expired at the end of that time from lack of financial support. The University of the State of Nebraska is now about the only one that has not some professional school connected with it. In some of the states several such schools are sustained, generally made nearly self supporting by means of rather high tuition fees. The policy here thus far, and perhaps wisely too, has been to develop thoroughly the departments under way rather than to dissipate the already inadequate funds on new schools.

THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

The act of Congress of July 2, 1862, donating 90,000 acres of land to the Agricultural College requires that provision shall be made for teaching military tactics. This condition has been faithfully fulfilled. The department however was not put into operation without some friction; but in later years the relation between the military professor and the cadets has been peculiarly pleasant. The regents asked as early as 1872 for the detail of Colonel Jas. J. Brisbin as instructor in military tactics. This request was refused on the ground that an officer of that rank was never detailed for such a purpose. Finally a commandant was secured, and in the fall of 1876, Lieutenant E. S. Dudley entered upon this work. The first year no suits were required and service was voluntary. But December, 1876, the regents passed a resolution "requiring" suits, after the word "advising" had been stricken from the report. The following June drill was made compulsory on certain classes for one hour each day. In the fall of 1877 trouble began. The students felt that their rights and liberty had been invaded, and they proposed to have a redress of grievances, at least to have their say. The old Tichenor House, at the corner of Thirteenth and K streets was then rented by the University and used as a dormitory for the boys. Far up under the eaves on the third floor, two or three indignation meetings were held, and resistance was resolved upon. A petition however was first to be tried, at the suggestion of some of the more conservative. This was really supposed to be a sharp move, for the leaders expected of course that the request would be refused, then they conceived a just cause of rebellion, and of war would exist. This petition was duly signed by nineteen brave young men asking to be excused from drill on the ground that they had come with all the clothing necessary for

the year, and their pocket books would not stand the additional drain for the military suits that were required. The answer was awaited in trembling expectancy for the brave nineteen had resolved to go to some other school rather than submit to such tyranny. The answer came. It said (1) that for the coming year since no announcement of the requirement had been made, suits need not be purchased; (2) that two companies would be formed, one for those with military suits, and one for those who had none. The noble nineteen met, and consulted. They agreed that the faculty had outgeneraled them; eighteen of them fell into line and drilled, known in the squibs of the time as the "ragamuffin squad." The nineteenth got excused on the ground of manual labor, and set type on the *Hesperian Student* to prove it. He has not been unknown in Republican political circles since.

RELIGION.

Three distinct eras are clearly traceable in regard to the relation which it has been supposed religion should sustain to the University. In the first period the idea seems to have been that the University was to be so related to the churches that they might divide the professorships, among themselves in such a way that no one church should have the controlling influence. Merit was of course to be considered in selecting teachers, but merit must bend to accommodate itself to this condition of affairs. Certain religious bodies in the state did actually present the names of certain men as their candidates for professorships. Orthodoxy was taken for granted as an essential requisite. That merit alone should be the standard seems to have been foreign to the phase of thought then prevalent. In this period the rules required attendance upon chapel exercises; and that each student should attend regularly at some church once at least each Sunday. The latter requirement was changed March 28, 1877, to read "attendance on Sunday worship shall only be necessary when required by parent or guardian." The second era was a period of reaction, when an attempt was made to separate the University entirely from religion. No religious exercises were to be allowed, and chapel meetings were to be held for business purposes only. Of course the attempt was entirely unsuccessful. While in its immediate results this contest was disastrous to all concerned, it ushered in, through its outcome, the third or present era. This second era

assumed such a form that perhaps its best history is oblivion. For those who care to know more let them search the newspapers from about 1880 to 1882. In the third period perfect toleration is accorded to all, and is recognized as right. Moral and intellectual qualifications are the only ones known to the regents, the faculty and the students. Chapel exercises are not compulsory, yet they are cheerfully and generally attended. The students are free to meet in their Y. M. C. A. rooms for religious exercises unhindered; prayer meetings are common and attended by all who wish to attend. The fact is fully recognized that the age demands that no question should be asked regarding religion, and that perfect freedom is the fundamental idea of our country and of our civilization.

THE RELATION OF THE UNIVERSITY AND THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

The charter itself recognizes the intimate connection existing between them. As early as 1872, a committee was appointed by the regents, consisting of Chancellor A. R. Benton, Superintendent J. M. McKenzie, and Regent Bruner, to discuss, with the State Teachers' Association, the relation existing or that ought to exist between the University and the high schools of the state. No definite arrangements were made. In the spring of 1881, a committee of the faculty was appointed to investigate the matter. After a long correspondence with the officers and principals of the high schools in the state, and after a careful investigation of the plans existing in other states where the graduates of high schools are admitted to their universities without examination, the committee reported that the time had not yet arrived when any satisfactory arrangements could be made in Nebraska. Thus the matter ended for a time. In 1882 State Superintendent Jones began agitating the matter again, but he was unable to accomplish anything definite until Chancellor Manatt's arrival in the early part of the year 1884. Chancellor Manatt joined heartily in this work, and soon the plans were perfected that are now in operation. In Kansas the terms are much more strict for accrediting schools than in Nebraska, and we might well learn something from them in this matter.

THE STUDENTS.

A constantly increasing proportion of the students comes from other states, or from other portions of Nebraska than Lincoln. In

the first catalogue, of the 130 students named, 88 are credited to Lincoln. The catalogue of 1887–88 contains the addresses of 324 students belonging to the college proper; of these, 140 reside in Lincoln, and 184 elsewhere; or at the beginning of the University two-thirds of the students are credited to Lincoln, now only a little over one-third. The increase of the numbers in the college classes has been very marked during the last few years; and should the same ratio of increase continue for the next seven years that has prevailed during the last seven,—and the prospects are exceedingly bright for such a growth—the number in 1895 in the college classes alone would be 430. The total number of graduates, including the class of 1889, and excluding the medical classes, has been 156. Of this number 50 graduated from the classical course, 49 from the literary, 35 from the scientific, 8 each from the Latin scientific and from the engineering courses, and 6 from the agricultural. Approximately the total number of different students for the same time has been 1,869; young women about 650, young men 1,219. Of the young women who entered the University, about one in twenty remained to graduate; of the young men, one in twelve. The following table furnishes some interesting statistics in regard to student life in the University.

YEAR OF CATALOGUE	Number in College Classes	Total number including Music, Art and Medicine	Total number excluding Music, Art and Medicine	Total number of Young Women	Total number of Young Men	Total number of Graduates, excluding Medical	Number entering who afterwards Graduated
1871–72.....	12	130	130	51	79	....	12
1872–73.....	46	123	123	42	81	2	2
1873–74.....	43	100	100	27	73	3	6
1874–75.....	48	132	132	42	90	....	9
1876 (*a*).....	68	282	282	122	160	5	22
1877.....	64	244	244	96	148	4	6
1878.....	63	218	218	71	147	7	8
1879.....	76	259	259	95	164	5	13
1880.....	80	348	317	151	166	8	12
1881–82 (*b*).....	67	284	284	117	167	19(*c*)	7
1882–83.....	69	288	238	89	149	13	8
1883–84.....	96	349	283	127	156	12	....
1884–85..... ..	97	373	257	95	162	6	....
1885–86.....	134	313	261	109	152	12	....
1886–87.....	157	381	300	100	200	15	....
1887–88.....	173	412	324	115	209	21	....
1888–89.....	191	427	335	122	213	24	.. .
Totals.....	....	....	....	1571	2516	156	....

(*a*) This Catalogue published in the fall. Really embraced a large part of the attendance for two years.

(*b*) Returned to system of counting for academic year.

(*c*) Two classes—1881 had 12 members; 1882 had 7 members.

LANDS AND INCOME, 1889.

	ACRES
Agricultural college lands, located	90,150.23
Agricultural college lands, under lease	44,260.91
Agricultural college lands, under contract of sale	44,052.57
Agricultural college lands deeded	1,156.75
Agricultural college lands, vacant	680.00
University lands, located	45,426.08
University lands, under lease	21,285.82
University lands, under contract of sale	21,008.60
University lands, deeded	1,811.66
University lands, vacant	1,160.00

VALUES AND INCOME FROM LANDS.

Agricultural lands, lease value	$121,312.56
Agricultural lands, sale value	278,352.75
Agricultural lands, permanent fund—invested	30,000.00
Agricultural lands, permanent fund—uninvested	9,504.52
University lands, lease value	60,108.84
University lands, sale value	132,184.19
University lands, permanent fund—invested	22,500.00
University lands, permanent fund—uninvested	7,198.14

ANNUAL INCOME.

Agricultural lands, from leases	$ 6,566.35
Agricultural lands, from interest on sales	16,761.59
Agricultural lands, interest on permanent investment	1,500.00
University lands, from lease	3,676.47
University lands, from interest	7,931.05
University lands, from permanent fund	1,590.00
Total annual income from lands	$38,025.46

Each year some lands revert to the state from the inability of the purchaser or lessee to pay the interest or lease rental, hence a deduction of from $2,000 to $3,000 per annum must be made for such losses. In the year 1888 the arrears amounted to a little over $2,300, the total income being $35,694.25 instead of $38,025.46. The maximum income has not yet been reached, and will not be for several years. The limit will probably be about $60,000 per annum. The following table shows approximately the total income, and the sources from which it has been derived:

(1) Sale of lots in Lincoln (approximately)		$152,000.00
1868–70..State tax (one mill)		26,436.74
1870–72..State tax		50,998.65
1872–74..State tax (¼ mill)	$31,885.70	
1872–74..Land	126.76	
1872–74..Interest on loan to State	2,280.00	
		34,292.46
1874–76..State tax (¼ mill)	38,739.13	
1874–76..Land	101.72	
1874–76..Interest on loan	720.00	
		39,560.85
1876–78..State tax (¼ mill)	40,314.39	
1876–78..University lands	709.53	
1876–78..Library fund (matriculations)	1,096.31	
		42,120.23
1878–80..State tax (⅜ mill)	52,031.36	
1878–80..University lands	4,789.37	
1878–80..Library fund	394.20	
		57,214.93
1880–82..State tax	70,307.20	
1880–82..University lands	5,978.84	
1880–82..Agricultural College lands	2,137.07	
1880–82..Library fund	695.00	
		79,118.11
1882–84..State tax	76,434.71	
1882–84..University lands	15,945.84	
1882–84..Agricultural lands	13,343.97	
1882–84..Library fund	1,440.00	
		107,164.52
1884–86..State tax	91,323.91	
1884–86..University Lands	18,771.62	
1884–86..Agricultural lands	41,313.36	
1884–86..Interest on bonds	2,955.95	
1884–86..Library fund	1,165.00	
		155,529.84
1886–88..State tax	110,179.74	
1886–88..University lands	18,652.98	
1886–88..Agricultural lands	37,650.93	
1886–88..Interest on bonds	2,670.00	
1886–88..Library fund	1,435.00	
		170,588.65
1887.....Appropriation from general fund for Grant Memorial Hall.		15,000.00
Total income from all sources		$930,024.98

CURIOSITIES.

The first bill for hard coal was $24 per ton, and for soft coal $12.50; March 2, 1871, the expense bill for coal having reached $656.19, the fires in the furnaces were ordered put out.

Regularly for the first three years a visiting committee composed of educators from the schools of the state, mainly principals of the small high schools, was appointed to inspect the workings of the University and report the results of their observations to the regents. At present the process is reversed, and those schools that wish to get on the University's accredited list must submit to an inspection by some member of its faculty. One of these reports is extant, and judging from its tone, one might conclude that perfection had been reached.

An order was passed at one time, still in force as far as the records show, providing that diploma fees should be invested in books; and that the name of the graduate should be entered on the tag, together with the date of his graduation, when the fee was paid, and other interesting and valuable information of a like nature.

The following, taken from an early catalogue, needs no comment: "Resolved that it shall be required of all students graduating in the agricultural course, that they shall have a practical acquaintance with agriculture." Again, "labor on the farm is designed to be educational in its nature." But perhaps this announcement made in 1877 caps the climax: "At the farm the students can find a pleasant home, far enough from the city to be out of the way of its temptations to idleness and worse."

At one time the students deficient in English had a hard time, as the following resolution shows: "Resolved that students deficient in English shall be required by the faculty to write an essay every week till they have made up said deficiency."

A few very modest announcements were made from time to time, as these few quotations prove: "The completeness and conveniences of the laboratory equaled any in the country." At the very moment one room housed it all. At a later time: "the apparatus was equal to any in the country;" in quality, perhaps, was meant. The very next catalogue announced that "large additions" had been made in apparatus, an announcement that leads one to wonder how it compared with Harvard or Columbia, after large additions had been made to an equipment already equal to the best.

ASSOCIATIONAL SERMON.

By Rev. Willard Scott.

[Preached before the General Association at Beatrice, Oct. 28, 1885.]

TEXT—PSALM XC; 16, 17.

Congregationalism began in Nebraska in 1855. In the fall of that year the Rev. Reuben Gaylord, pastor of the Congregational church of Danville, Iowa, thirteen miles inland from Burlington, took his vacation westward as far as the Missouri valley. Business directed him to Council Bluffs; curiosity, and the desire to learn something of the death in Omaha of a nephew, led him over the river. The day was Saturday, when preparations for the Sabbath are completed, or, as in this instance, made, and he was asked to remain and preach, which he did. In the audience was "Governor" O. D. Richardson, a prominent Congregationalist, and subsequently one of the charter members of the Omaha church, who urged the claims of the field upon him and invited him to remove hither.

That invitation, as he set out on his journey homeward, followed him. He had been accustomed to the frontier and loved it. He says; "Before entering the ministry, in the providence of God, I was made acquainted with the West to some extent." That was in Illinois, previous to 1838. In that year he crossed the Mississippi into Iowa, the second Congregationalist in that state, and there wrought for seventeen years before his visit to Omaha. That visit decided him to remove once more. Accordingly, having conferred with his family and his brethren in the ministry, he resigned his pastorate in Danville, and with the hearty endorsement of his associates, sent on his application to the secretaries in New York for

commission in his newly chosen field, and, without waiting for either an answer or instructions, set out. He says: "So clear was the call of God to go forward, we left the eastern part of Iowa for a journey across the state, not as now in the easy and comfortable car, but in a carriage with small children, encountering storms, crossing swollen streams, without bridges, with steep and icy banks, and finally meeting winter in its sternest aspects."

The journey was for three weeks, and ended on Christmas day, 1855, when he and his crossed the Missouri river on the ice and housed themselves in an unfinished dwelling on Capitol avenue. A part of his Christmas welcome was a letter found awaiting him from the Rev. Milton Badger, D. D., senior secretary of the Home Missionary Society, granting his application, and adding, "*Blow the Gospel Trumpet so loud that all the land can hear.*"

Consider, for a moment, the significance of that pioneer history.

He was made familiar with the West in his early manhood while tutor for two years in Illinois College, so that, when he was prepared to enter upon ministerial duties, he was inclined toward it. God had prepared him through secular circumstances for this choice of fields.

Weariness in his work made a vacation necessary. Business directed it westward. Curiosity, and the death in Omaha of a relative, led him over a great river. It happened on a Saturday and he was asked to preach. A prominent Congregationalist heard him and was moved to invite him westward. His second call, like his first, was forerun by circumstances.

When it came it was not equivocal. "So clear was the call of God to go forward, we left." He could say, almost as truly as Paul, "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." He was a vidette in saddle, ready at a moment's notice.

What was the result? A wonderful history by an average man. Second into Iowa, he was first into Nebraska. His life divided itself, as Robert Collyer said of his own, "into two sections of striking on long lines," seventeen years Iowan and twenty-four years Nebraskan. He was one of three to organize the General Association of Iowa in 1840, and one of three to organize the General Association of Nebraska in 1857. He was one of the founders and for ten years a trustee of Iowa College, and one of the founders and for many years a trustee of Nebraska University at Fontenelle. He was moderator

of the General Association of Iowa in 1853, and moderator of the General Association of Nebraska in 1860, 1862 and 1864. We say that middle aged trees and men do not transplant easily. But he transplanted easily and firmly at forty-three. "I came in perfect health," he says, "full of enthusiasm to do the work of Him that sent me."

This same vigor characterized him to the end. When he ceased, it was as he had often wished, with the "harness on." His last sermon, on the Sunday before his departure, was from the scripture, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and the sermon in preparation, when he was suddenly called, was from this, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." He died in the midst, and in the full spirit, of the week of prayer, January 10th, 1880. "Forwards! Forwards! Forwards!" was his motto,

"Still renewing, bravely hewing,
Through the world his way!"

On arriving that December day he found four clergymen in the state; a Presbyterian at Nebraska City, another at Bellevue, and in Omaha a Methodist and a Baptist, preaching alternately in the council chamber of the old state house on Ninth street. They occupied the forenoon and evening. He took what was left, the afternoon. A Congregational society was formed during the winter, and on May 4th, a church of nine members, Mr. Gaylord, his wife, and daughter, being three of them. A church building was begun, and by October was so far completed that the basement could be used for services, when six were added to the membership, and a denominational Sunday school was organized. Work on the building was continued until the following August (1857), when on the 9th, "the carpenter work, the painting and graining of the seats was done, and the spire crowned with ball, vane, and rod, and all was in readiness," at a cost of $4,500. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Mr. Gaylord from Psalm xc; 16, 17:

"Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."

Such privation, toil, and self denial went into that building as have since gone into many another in this state, and, as in too many

instances, the chief burden fell upon the pastor. It was he who secured subscriptions, (making three canvasses), and what was far harder, collected them; who made the contracts for the work and afterward enforced them, and who gathered much of the material, even to the hauling of some of the timber. There was not much opportunity in this for mental dyspepsia, not much for polishing manners, as General Winfield Scott did for hours before a mirror. It was genuine pioneer work. But if sometimes he regretted it and longed for what would have been naturally more congenial, he consoled himself with Burn's reflection:

> "For a' that, and a' that,
> Our toil's obscure, and a' that,
> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that!"

A second church followed at Fontenelle only seven days later than the first at Omaha, almost winning the fame of being first, and whereas Omaha organized with only nine members, Fontenelle organized with twenty-four, a part of that sturdy colony from Quincy, Ills., which had settled early in 1855, under the leadership of Logan Fontenelle, chief of the Omahas, upon the bluffs of the Elkhorn, and had established religious services among themselves, while they planned what they hoped would be a metropolis.

The next attempts were less successful. Mr. Gaylord went south in 1856 to Bellevue, and north to Florence and Fort Calhoun, holding religious services, and at the latter places subsequently organized churches which did not live, owing to the removal of their adherents. In 1857 he went north sixty miles to Decatur, and organized with twelve members, and south seventy-five miles to Brownville, on the same errand. Neither did these churches survive as Congregational, being absorbed, for want of ministers, by the Presbyterians.

Meanwhile, a third church, which was to live, was being prepared at Fremont. Mr. Gaylord not only wrought in the state, but wrote much concerning it, which was published in the East, arousing interest and immigration. Among the many who came were two helpers in his divine vocation, the Rev. I. E. Heaton, who recently celebrated among us his seventy-seventh birthday, and the Rev. E. B. Hurlbut. These came, like their predecessor, *to stay*. Says Mr. Gaylord, "We pulled up the bridges behind us." So they did, and

here they are still, one living, and two, fallen warriors of God, lying as to their flesh in

* * * * "the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!"

Mr. Hurlbut went to Fontenelle, and Mr. Heaton to Fremont, where he organized on August 2, 1857. Seven days later the church building in Omaha was dedicated, and in it, before the month closed, the three churches with their pastors met and organized the General Association of Nebraska, whose twenty-ninth annual session we inaugurate to-night.

So the work in the state was begun and everything presaged a vigorous and eventful history. Immigration was rapid. Business throve. Christians appeared. Sinners were converted. Out stations were planted and maintained. In two years the Omaha church increased from nine members to fifty. They said, "Another year we shall support our minister."

Then came a crash, a disheartening, a decline. From 1857 to 1859 the population of Omaha decreased. They who had been sails to speed the Gospel ship were compelled to become anchors to hold it from drifting.

But anon the cry, "Ho! for Pike's Peak!" was heard, and the westward trail was white with locomotive homes. Traffic aroused. Stores in Omaha were open day and night and on Sunday. It was indeed the Gate City. Hosts went through, but left prosperity behind them, as western streams bring the gold, and leave it in their path while they flow by.

Later, the tents of the war were pitched, and troops marched eastward with the toes of their boots pressed bravely into the heel-tracks of the west-bound gold-seekers.

Still later, in 1863, ground was broken for the great Pacific highway. Grading began the next year, attended by increase of population and trade. Such fluctuations made church planting, and especially church maintaining, difficult. At the end of 12 years (1867) they could report only ten ministers and as many churches in the state. The ministers were Reuben Gaylord, Isaac E. Heaton, Everett B. Huribut, Charles G. Bisbee, Frederick Alley, James B. Finch, Henry E. Brown, William W. Rose, Lucius H. Jones, and E. C. Taylor. Two others, M. Fayette Platte, the fourth arrival in

the state, and William Uber, ought in fairness to be added to the list, although laboring, for the time being, in Iowa and Missouri respectively.

The churches were: Omaha, Fontenelle, Fremont, Weeping Water, Nebraska City, Salt Creek (now Greenwood), Avoca, Lancaster (now Lincoln), Papillion, and Columbus. Nine of these reported only 210 members. Omaha had 52; Nebraska City, 49; Fontenelle, 36; Fremont, 21; the others fewer still. Twenty-six were absentees. Of average congregations, Omaha had 95; Fremont, 75; Nebraska City and Fontenelle, 60 each; the remainder forty and under. There were about 550 scholars in Sunday schools. Omaha had a church building ten years old, and Columbus one newly built. These were all. Fremont and Nebraska City were planning houses. The rest were homeless.

Those were twelve hard, initial years; occasions for long patience and perennial confidence. Such graces these early toilers had. I have read the proceedings of the General Association of 1867, when they took this review, and there is not a complaint in any of their mouths. They are full of courage. The committee on the narrative reported that "the general aspect of the churches is cheering, and gives promise of vigorous growth. There seems to have been an important preparatory work going forward, and the power of the gospel has been greatly extended." The opening sermon was from the text, "Behold, the Lord thy God hath set the land before thee; go up and possess it; fear not, neither be discouraged." Deut. i. 21. At that Association, for the first time in their history, they had with them a secretary of the Home Missionary Society, Dr. Clapp. Till that year no railway train had ever reached the Missouri valley; when it finally came it was on Sunday.

Theodor Christlieb, professor at Bonn, unable to attend a great meeting of evangelical Christians in America, sent his greeting in two ancient words—"*Nunquam retrorsum!*" (never draw back). These men of Nebraska never did. They were fast men. They loved the state. Four of them are still living in it, and two are buried in its soil. More than one-half of those ten are here.

The cradle of the Prince of Burmah is said to have cost two million rupees. It is a frame of mango wood incased within and without with sheet gold. Over this is ornamental gold set with

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The churches were: Omaha, Fontenelle, Fremont, Weeping Water, Nebraska City, Salt Creek (now Greenwood), Nora, Lancaster (now Lincoln), Papillion, and Columbus. Nine of these reported only 310 members. Omaha had 32; Nebraska City, 40; Fontenelle, 80; Fremont, 21; the others fewer still. Twenty-six were absentees. Of average congregations, Omaha had 85; Fremont, 75; Nebraska City and Fontenelle, 60 each; the remainder forty and under. There were about 330 scholars in Sunday schools. Omaha had a church building ten years old, and Columbus one nearly built. These were all. Fremont and Nebraska City were planning houses. The rest were homeless.

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diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. It is swung from a rod of cords of gold twine, and the cushion is of embroidered green velvet. But the cradle in which Congregationalism in Nebraska was rocked was as primitive as that of the babe of Bethlehem, and was rocked by hands which knew toil and pain, as those which seized on Plymouth Rock for a refuge.

These men in their death will doubtless have very simple memorials. But monuments cannot preserve a lifeless fame, nor their lack destroy a fame fit to live. One who has visited the burial place of the Humboldts says, that, leaving the house, passing through the garden, and down a long avenue of trees where the branches intertwined make a thick roof overhead, into a thick wood, far from the busy hum of life, there is their sepulcher. "No urns, no monuments, no triumphant inscriptions, but only green mounds, plain white slabs, primeval forest trees, and on a lone, marble column, a snow white figure of Hope," while on two plain white slabs are the world famed names, William and Alexander. Yet their deeds in their exalted departments of labor are told, and will be. So the deeds of these whom we recall to-day. Congregationalism in Nebraska will never forget her beginnings.

The years immediately succeeding 1867 were scarcely more prosperous. Two churches and three pastors were added in 1868. The year following was much the same. Then came the completion of the Union Pacific railway, causing everything to spring forward. Church planting did not lag behind, and much growth was made in all its fields, so that when they met in Omaha, in the fall of 1875, they were able to make this wonderful report:

Churches	increased	from	10 to 77
Ministers	"	"	10 to 50
Members	"	"	210 to 2002
Congregations	"	"	452 to 3716
S. S. scholars	"	"	550 to 2941

However, this gain was made through much suffering and struggle. Those eight years were full of severities. The old question, "Where shall we plant and how?" was changed to, "How shall we maintain and develop what we have planted?" People were plentiful, almost too plentiful. In 1871, sixty-five thousand came and settled. Other years equaled and even exceeded that number. But they were poor;

many of them were worthless. "Soldiers of the late war, young men, the poor but the energetic, the shiftless and improvident, virtuous and vicious, cultured and ignorant, from the four quarters of the globe; single, in families, and in colonies; some at the noon-time of life to retrieve broken fortunes; some to lay foundations for homes where land is given for its occupancy; all with hopes born of land advertisements, to be realized only by the provident and industrious." So sighed the state superintendent, Rev. O. W. Merrill, in 1872.

"You will find," he adds in the same report, "hundreds of families shoeless and nearly naked, living on bread and water while they are seeking to get a first crop from their farms. For rich as is the soil, yet the bread is not grown baked, and the meat is not in the larder ready for use."

Three years later the narrative committee tells much the same tale. "The struggle, not for wealth or competency, or even for the comforts of life, *but for existence*, crowded out every other earnest thought. One year ago it seemed to human comprehension that very many of our feeble churches must be blotted out. It was difficult even to raise the eye of faith to any brighter scenes or hopes beyond. The fears of the worst, of starvation even, drove multitudes of our people to the older states." The Prophet Joel's desolation of the palmer worm, the locust, the cankerworm, and the caterpillar, was seen in Nebraska. "Entire harvets were swept from the fields, as by the wand of the enchanter."

But in these years, even, it is said, to the everlasting honor of Christ, "not one standard-bearer left his post on account of these trials, and very few even of the members withdrew." Rather, the Almighty came to them, and such spiritual replenishing was among them as had not previously been experienced. In 1873, the narrator says: "From the dug-outs, sod houses, and other unpretending dwellings, souls have been gathered into the kingdom of heaven." In 1875 revivals were reported in nine churches. Weeping Water alone received one hundred and five members, seventy-two being by profession. So the churches "were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied."

To these eight years belong also the first separation of the churches into local associations. As early as 1868, when the act seemed like making two bites of a cherry, they dared to meet and resolve, "That

the formation of one local association on each side of the Platte river is desirable for the better development of piety and direction of Christian labor." This resolution seems not to have taken effect until 1870, when the Omaha and the South Platte Associations were organized. In 1872 the Columbus followed, being separated from both the others, and in 1875 the South Platte gave up its name and churches to its successors, the Lincoln and Blue Valley. So, in eight years they had grown from one feeble band of ten churches to five bands aggregating seventy-seven. They even districted the state among themselves for the better evangelization of it, giving to pastors "the regions contiguous to them," and in 1872, I find Mr. Sherrill appointed in this way to have oversight of the "U. P. R. R. west of Lone Tree," a veritable apostolic parish. Every movement of these first men meant conquest, *conquest, the state for Christ.* Nothing was willingly omitted which could further this cause.

In these times occurred also the great struggle for the location of a Christian college within our bounds. The earlier attempts at Fontenelle had been only measurably sucessful. The state was too new, the population too sparse, and the support too feeble. Even the very elements seemed to conspire against it, burning to the ground the building which they had laboriously reared and dedicated in 1858. In 1866 its founder was compelled to say of it: "Since its inception it has passed through a period in which to keep it alive was all we could do." With the dawning of better times the cause was taken up afresh and with interest, but opinion had grown to be divided as to the proper point for its location. Fontenelle had ceased to be central, and had not fulfilled its early promises of growth. Other towns had surpassed it, and were anxious to strengthen themselves by securing the institution. In consequence there was precipitated such a strife between the brethren as had not vexed them in all the preceding years of their labors. The final debate and decision were reached in Omaha at the General Association in 1872. So animated (the record says "spirited") did the debate become, and so zealous were all parties that no injustice should be done them, that the following precautions were taken:

1. "Speakers were limited to five minute and two speeches."

2. "Eleven o'clock was fixed upon as the time when the debate should cease and the vote be taken."

3. No one was "allowed to vote by proxy, *or to cast more than one vote.*"

When eleven o'clock came, an amendment postponing the whole matter for four months, was narrowly lost—twenty out of forty-six supporting it. The ayes and noes were then called on the main question, which resulted in locating the college at Crete, by a vote of 31 to 14. Every man's vote was recorded as he gave it, and stands still upon the minutes of that Association meeting. Looking back upon that scene with the composure of to-day, we cannot appreciate how much grief to some that action caused. But the strife is passed and we have instead our solid, useful, and promising college in the valley of the Blue, and can contentedly say that events seem to have justified that stormy decision.

One other event of these years must be mentioned—the organization in 1873, of the Woman's Board of Missions for the state, auxiliary to the W. B. M. I. The first gift to this National Society was five dollars from Mrs. Gaylord in 1871, and the first from an auxiliary society was from the "Little Workers," of Ashland in 1874. In 1875 they met in Omaha in connection with the General Association, and reported $97.30 as their receipts for the year, being, they said, "an increase of over one-half in our donations."

So these eight years were full of notable progress. They greatly developed what the preceding twelve had planted. They answered the question whether what had been sown was God's seed or man's, and whether it had fallen upon soil, wayside, stony, and thorny, or upon that which was good. Other years of this number will doubtless show greater results in the quantity of work done, but they can scarcely exceed these in their quality. These put to the proof that Congregationalism is adapted to Nebraska, and that, even in most severe trials, it can be trusted to live and do good. They attest the character of the work as divine, and illustrate the confidence of one who sang:

"The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best.
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good-will
Meets all its wants."

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Since 1875 the work in the eastern part of the state has been consolidating and maturing, and in the middle and western districts the same old privations, heroisms, and conquests have been experienced. Our pickets have been pressed westward to Stratton, Ogalalla, and Denver Junction (all of them over 300 miles from Omaha, the last named 380), and northwestward to Chadron, within trumpet call of the Black Hills. Chicago is nearer in time, and almost as near in miles as our furthest station. The Republican Valley and the German associations have been formed south of the Platte river, and within a few months the Elkhorn Valley has separated from the Columbus, making seven in all. Churches have increased according to the statistics of 1884, now one year old, from 77 to 159: ministers, from 50 to 113; members, from 2,002 to 4,548; average congregations, from 3,716 to 7,557; S. S. scholars, from 2,941 to 7,381; benevolences from $1,380 to $7,118; and church expenses from $31,901 to $61,550. The reports of the past year will doubtless show great gains over these figures. Many things have discouraged, and still do, but happily they are decreasing from year to year, so that we can say with even greater confidence than the narrator in 1876: "Many who take the worldly view have said: 'This country has now *gone up*.' and others in despondency have declared that 'everything is *going down*,' but we have been able to feel and say that 'up or down,' all things are kept and moved on by divine skill and love, and will surely end well."

Brethren and Sisters of the Congregational churches of Nebraska! what is the message of this review to the present audience and hour? Certainly it is this, that the successors of such men and deeds should be heroic. We have not yet passed the *first things* in our history. We still need the first consecration and the first self-sacrifice. One generation of pioneers has passed, or is fast passing. Some are dead, some, still living, are feeble. Upon a new generation, still pioneers, is resting the burden and heat of this day.

When it can be truly said, as now, that of the 159 churches one year ago reported, 44 were either too dead or too feeble to report, and that, of the remaining 115, only 15 were self-supporting, while the great remainder were suckling the parent society, is it not evident that we are still pioneers? The eastern part of the state is fast maturing in civilization and comforts, but even in the valleys of the

Missouri and the eastern Platte are churches approaching their tenth, their fifteenth, their twenty-fifth anniversaries—in one instance a thirtieth—and are still weaklings in the arms of a fondling mother. I have searched and I find one church 29 years old, one 22, one 19, two 17, two 16, and *forty-five* between the ages of 10 and 15 inclusive, which have not yet had the courage to be independent and self-supporting. What! will you suckle for a quarter of a century?

I remember that, in some sense, this question is asked of the wrong parties—of pastors—many of them recently come, and not yet thoroughly identified with their churches, whereas it should be asked of the churches themselves. Even so asked, some exceptions might fairly be made, since population is very much changed in many of our parishes. Those who organized, and in earlier years supported, many of our churches, are gone from us. Still, though we excuse ourselves from the past (and some cannot do even that), is any pastor, are any people willing to go on two years further repeating this record of weakness if not of laziness and dishonor? This matter in a great majority of instances, is not a question of means, but of *meaning;* the weakness is in the will. "They can, who think they can." "A stout heart climbs a steep hill." Congregations have not courageously and persistently said: "We will be free." Things result as we begin and continue them. When a church starts its subscription list, as an old and stable church in Massachusetts did, with this preamble: "We can *git* two hundred dollars from the society," the battle is lost before it is fought, because self-respect and pluck are gone. But when the first pledge means freedom, the last one will bring it. We have ability enough to make fifty of our churches self-supporting within two years. What we need is courage, self-sacrifice, and the grace of sticking at it.

This we ought to do for our own honor and good, even if the Home Missionary treasury were a Peruvian house of gold. Dependence is a curse. In tropic lands it makes a stupid population, and in any land a stupid people. Except to save from death it should be neither sought nor given. Growth and might come with independence. So, also, comes what is better still—the Lord's blessing.

"God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear."

Adversity is the school of opportunity. The churches of Nebraska need only to be heroic to be free and strong.

But the Home Missionary treasury is not a house of gold. Much of the time it is an empty room. Sometimes it is actually in debt. Nebraska is only one of the thirty-eight states and territories which need her assistance. Old Maine asks aid for 104 missionaries; Central Michigan for 135; Dakota for 110; Kansas for 105; the Rocky Mountain region for 59; the Pacific Slope for 43; our foreign population for 80; the "solid south" for nearly every Congregational pastor in it. More than 1400 prophets of the Lord eat at this table; the exact number last June was *fourteeen hundred and forty-seven.* What are we among so many? How can less than half a million dollars a year support these, and have anything left for the new work in cities, among foreigners, and on the boundless frontier? In no way except by our Home Missionary churches, five years old and upward, determining that they must and will come to self-support. The magic answer to our perplexity is the word *self-help*, a hard word, but with wonders in it for those who will undertake to develop it in their own field.

This will require, in some instances, a self-sacrificing struggle, steady help for years has made many of our parishes irresolute and illiberal. But why should we shrink from what others have endured? We belong to a faith whose very genius is self-denial. Its founder was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, who had not where to lay his head." Its first heralds rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer." Its doctrine is: "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up the cross and follow me." Its promises for the world to come are, "to him that overcometh." "No cross, no crown" is, in everything but its language, scriptural. The very history we have rehearsed incites to this. Shall the second generation of pioneers in Nebraska be less faithful than the first? The answer must be individual, but the issue must be common. We cannot, any one of us, say yes or no, without affecting the destiny of all. Who will be the next to say, as the Omaha church said in 1857, when only one year old: "Another year we shall support our minister."

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE HISTORY IN NEBRASKA.

By Rev. Willard Scott.

[Delivered at the fifteenth anniversary exercises of Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, June 22, 1887.]

II.—EARLY HISTORY OF DOANE COLLEGE.

On December 15th, 1873, Mr. Thomas Doane wrote from Charlestown, Mass., to Rev. D. B. Perry, at that time professor of Latin and Greek in Doane College:

"I advise, on reflection, without hesitation, the purchase of the letter-press of which I spoke to you. * * * * All the correspondence, bills, etc., etc., going forth from the college, will then be copied in order of time, and, being the property of the college, will become valuable matter of history in the *ages* to come."

The word "ages" he underscored with a vigorous stroke of his pen, thereby expressing the same confidence contained in a previous letter of five closely written letter pages to the same individual (October 28th, 1873), in which he said:

"We will look forward to a *university*. We must not so meanly and unwisely plan that future generations will have occasion to regret that we were ever born, or had to do with planning for them; but boldly look forward to great things. Time and things hasten on, and, oh! how rapidly in our Nebraska."

So a letter-press and book were purchased and set in operation, about the middle of January, 1874, the first entry, after the list of officers and trustees, being a copy of the certificate, duly attested and subscribed (January 14th, 1874) in the presence of H. S. Fuller, notary public, to the effect that the thirty thousand ($30,000) dollars

required to be raised to secure the grant of six hundred (600) acres of land from the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company in Nebraska, as by their offer of May 25th, 1872, were secured:

In notes and cash *outside* the state	$10,000.00
In notes and cash and land *inside* the state	11,414.87
In notes and cash by Thomas Doane	12,000.00
	$33,414.87

Nearly upon the same date Mr. Doane himself was moved to act more definitely upon his own suggestion, and opened a letter-book (January 23d, 1874) for his personal correspondence in connection with the college, labeling it upon its back: "Doane College from January 23, 1874, to .." This book, not yet full, contains to date six hundred and forty (640) pages of compact and invaluable history, its last entry being that of January 19th, 1887. From this it appears that the record, narrative, or, if the largest word be preferable, *history*, of Doane College, is reasonably secure from January, 1874, to the present time, unless these copies should by some mishap be destroyed; and we may leave, for this occasion, the story of these later years to some other reviewer, thankful that so early in the growth of the institution two copy-books were procured and opened in the interest of ourselves and others.

But what shall we say of those who failed to do this earlier? It is not surprising that the beginnings of present great institutions, which have continued for centuries, are in obscurity. Methods of record were not then generally known, and time is a great waster. But Nebraska is younger than the middle-aged among us, and her educational history younger still; while all the methods for preserving records were in possession when these things were begun. Yet years of this really recent story, through which some of us have lived, are accessible only in fragments of memory or of accidental account.

But it is not grateful upon an anniversary to recall omissions. Doubtless we are daily as neglectful in what we are now doing. Some distance is necessary for determining the real importance of facts, and it becomes us chiefly to be grateful that the things we now review were done, the results of which we see, though the steps of their development are not as clear as we would choose.

So far as can now be recalled the first organized educational effort in Nebraska which looked toward something higher than a mere local

school was made by the colonists from Quincy, Ill., whose representatives crossed the state of Iowa in wagons, and the Missouri river at Omaha by ferry in 1854, and, proceeding northwestward, located their new home upon the uplands overlooking the Elkhorn and the Platte valleys at their junction, naming it Fontenelle, after Logan Fontenelle, chief of the Omahas. Here, as they selected their homes, they planned a college, assigning for these purposes one hundred acres of land and calling it College Hill. They secured also, from the first territorial legislature of Nebraska at its first session in Omaha, a charter under the "name and style of Nebraska University," and, because most of the colonists were Baptists, they made it of that denominational order. During the succeeding seasons, however, the relative religious strength of the Congregationalists increased. A church of that polity was organized at Fontenelle, as also at Omaha and at Fremont, and a Congregational General Association of the three churches at Omaha on August 8th, 1857. One of its first solicitudes was a college for itself, and a committee was appointed in that interest. This resulted, the following February (1858), in a transfer by the Baptists of their title in the Nebraska University to them under certain mutual pledges, to be under the control of a board of trustees elected by the General Association from year to year at its annual meetings. Under this new management a building for the preparatory department was begun and its corner-stone laid with appropriate ceremonies on July 27th. It was occupied in the fall, with Professor J. S. Burt as its first principal. Everything seemed promising. But hard times came and stayed. Professor Burt resigned the following season. "It passed through a period," says one who knew the facts well, "in which to keep it alive was all we could do." Year by year they brought their reports to the meetings of the General Association; told the story of their trials, needs, and hopes; re-elected as trustees those whose term of office had expired; or added occasionally a new name which might bring a friend and helper. The churches of the state were few; in 1865 seven; in 1869 fifteen. They were poor and struggling. The general population was not large. The East was distant and uninterested. But they were well agreed among themselves, and as strong as their fewness and poverty would permit.

In the fall of 1864 a new beginning was made, and the following

year a boarding house was purchased and opened. Professor H. E. Brown accepted the position of principal and began his duties, when suddenly the school building was destroyed by fire. It was a severe blow, but they fitted up a part of the boarding house for school purposes and continued the work. In 1866 an addition to the boarding house was made, and Professor Brown went East for funds. A gift of five hundred ($500) dollars, received during 1867, enabled the trustees to put their building in good repair. Rev. C. G. Bisbee succeeded Professor Brown as principal, and, with two assistants, a flourishing school was maintained during the winter. The accommodations were full.

At the meeting of the General Association at Omaha in June, 1868, the usual items concerning the college were presented; an historical sketch, a financial report, a statement by the principal, and resolutions:

"1st. That we recognize in this institution an agency that is worthy to enlist the earnest co-operation and support of all our churches.

"2d. That we recommend to the trustees to take immediate steps to liquidate all the floating debts of the institution, and that we hereby pledge ourselves to do what we can to forward this object."

The resolutions were "*unanimously*" adopted, and the word italicised in the record. Trustees were elected as usual. But the following month (July, 1868), at a meeting of the board of trustees, a proposition was made by the people of Weeping Water, through Rev. Frederick Alley, pastor of the Congregational Church there, a member of the board, to furnish a property basis of nine thousand ($9,000) dollars for the college, provided it was removed to that place. The proposal was discussed, and referred to the executive committee, which, after careful investigation, reported (June, 1869) unfavorably to the change. But the question was not thereby settled. It arose again in the General Association at Fremont, June, 1869, in the form of a resolution, presented by Rev. Roswell Foster, to the effect that bids be asked from all the towns in the state with a view to securing the best possible location. A general discussion followed, continued during parts of two sessions, when the motion was lost. But trustees of the university were not elected as heretofore, and the Association finally declared itself as follows:

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to have power to convey all the property, right and title we possess in the Nebraska University to the citizens of Fontenelle, as per original contract, or to such other persons as the trustees may decide upon."

This ended the formal connection of the college with the Association. Henceforth it was dependent entirely upon its own resources, which in some respects was an advantage.

The following year (1870) at the meeting at Camp Creek, the condition of the *school*—not now styled *university*—was presented, as also for the first time, that of the school at Milford, and neither school asked the Association for the present to take any immediate responsibility in it. But the subject of *education* was considered, questions were asked, views expressed, and the whole matter left in the hands of the standing committee appointed for that purpose. This was new—a standing committee on education. Its members were Rev. F. Alley, Rev. O. W. Merrill, and Rev. T. N. Skinner. Mr. Alley was now at Plattsmouth, in charge of a new church just received into fellowship; Mr. Merrill was the successor of Mr. Gaylord as superintendent of Home Missions, and Mr. Skinner was the pastor at Milford. Fontenelle had no representative on the committee.

Our attention is now directed to Plattsmouth. The Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company in Nebraska was operating its construction from that place, and pressing westward. At the Brooks House we are asked into a room, in the winter of 1870-1. It is small; so small that when the necessary articles of furniture are placed there is room only for two large easy chairs and a fur robe, kept rolled up and strapped ready for use at short notice, in a nook between the bureau and the table. Here evening by evening—and long evenings they seemed to the lady seated on the fur robe—sit in the easy chairs two gentlemen, a civil engineer of the railroad and a preacher, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Plattsmouth. The theme is a college, and the idea seems to the lady on the fur robe "as impossible as establishing one in the moon." "Can we secure the land? Where is the best place for it?" Crete is proposed "as being beautifully situated on the Big Blue." But Lincoln seems very young; what may Crete be? In May the lady goes to see and "finds two or three houses, others being built," and dines in a hotel where "they

stopped driving nails in the dining room the half hour allotted to dinner."

Yet months before, beginning with December, 1870, the idea of a new college had become prevalent. Many were thinking of it. The chief engineer had asked his railroad (Dec 20) if he might offer "40 or 50 acres of land" to secure its location, and was in correspondence with the state superintendent concerning it. Towns were multiplying. Greenwood, Crete, and DeWitt were platted and asking donations of church ground. On February 15th, six lots in Crete, three of them business lots, were offered Rev. Charles Little, of Lincoln, if he would establish a paper of given size, type and quality, to be continued regularly for two years. Before February 20th Mr. Alley had located there, entering, it is said, "upon a load of lumber," and had contracted with Mr. George W. Bridges for "one hundred dollars per year for two years" to start an academy. There was talk of "a combined residence, school house, and meeting room" (March 29th). Town lots were asked of the railroad—the seeming foster mother of all enterprises—and a canvass for money was made. If this was to be the beginning of the future college, there was no time to waste. Other towns were seeking it, and however true it might be, as Mr. Bross has pleasantly said, that Crete was especially designed as the location for it "when the great World Builder formed the magnificent valley of the Blue," and that the name it should bear was decided upon in the old Doane House on Cape Cod about sixty years ago, in a family council between John Doane and Polly Eldridge Doane," yet it will not do for Crete to be inactive when Milford is busy, such is the sweet simplicity of this doctrine of the divine decrees. So prompt efforts were put forth, money was contributed, and articles of incorporation adopted on May 22d, (1871).

Meanwhile another Associational year had rolled around and the delegates met at Lincoln on June 8th, with the college idea prominent. The state university had just been organized, and Rev. J. B. Chase was proposed as the choice of the association to occupy a chair in that institution, and word to that effect was sent to the board of regents. The standing committee on education made its report. It "was verbal and not unanimous," was accepted, the committee discharged, and the association entered into a committee of the whole

to discuss the entire subject of a state college and its location. Two proposals were received. Crete and the B. & M. R. R. Co. offered the academic property, eighty acres of land adjoining the town, twelve lots and three thousand dollars ($3,000) in money in four years, a total of twelve thousand dollars ($12,000), less an indebtedness of two thousand dollars ($2,000) on the academy property. To this was subsequently added the promise of fifty average town lots worth three thousand dollars ($3,000). Milford offered one hundred and five acres of choice land near town, value not stated, and three thousand dollars ($3,000) in money, with all the stone needed for building, at reasonable distance, free. It was decided "not best at the present time to locate a college, but to foster as far as possible the interests of academies to be feeders for a college," and a committee consisting of Rev. O. W. Merrill, Rev. Julius A. Reed, and Mr. George F. Lee, was appointed "to supervise, until the next meeting of the association, the general educational interests of our order in the state." Fontenelle, Milford and Crete were commended for their interest in academic work, and the establishment of two or more academies in addition was recommended. The thanks of the association were extended to the people of Milford and Crete and the B. & M. R. R. Co. for their generous offers, and further time for consideration was asked. The importance of many academies and "*one* college for our order in the state," was emphasized in a resolution. At the close of the meeting the association took an excursion to Crete by invitation of the B. & M. R. R. Co., extended through Mr. Alley, and participated in the laying of the corner stone of the academy building (June 12th), returning a vote of thanks for the favor.

On June 30th, at the annual meeting of the academy trustees, the president and secretary were "empowered to execute a note to Thomas Doane for the amount ($2,000) borrowed of him for building purposes, May 1st, 1871, this note to be secured by mortgage." Mr. Alley was "requested to act as principal of the academy the coming year," and "the erection of the academic building was left with the executive board to be carried on according to the best of their judgment." On July 5th the articles of incorporation were filed, and on the 10th the contract for the building was let to Mr. John Eaton, who was "to take the material on hand and furnish the

remainder," with certain exceptions. During the summer Mr. Doane built a home for himself in Crete and removed thither. The academy was dedicated "to religious education," on November 5th, six ministers and one hundred and fifty people being present, and upon it, it was hoped, the mantle of college dignity would soon fall.

A school was now begun—or re-begun; it "had been under way before,"—called "a good school," though a heavy debt burdened it. Mr. Alley was "its president, professor, agent, and nearly proprietor." The winter of 1871-2 wore slowly away without leaving much record of what was done. But preparations for the next meeting of the general association were being made. Crete, disappointed at not having been selected already as the site for the future college, was still determined to secure it if possible. Milford, Weeping Water, and other towns were active. It was understood that Mr. Merrill, the chairman of the educational committee, was favorable to Crete, and that Mr. Reed preferred some point in the Platte valley. That Mr. Lee, the third member of the committee might agree with the chairman, he was invited by Mr. Alley to visit Crete before going to the association meeting at Omaha. He found that a tornado had preceded him and the academy building was eight feet off its foundation to the north-east and considerably damaged. On his way to Omaha, crossing with Mr. Merrill an island of the Platte river, he heard for the first time what was afterwards known as "the argumentative report," which presented favorably the offer of Crete, viz.: six hundred (600) acres of land, fifty (50) town lots, the academic property, subject to its indebtedness ($6,506) and cash subscriptions of May 5th, 1872, to the amount of eight thousand dollars ($8,000), a total net offer of twenty-nine thousand five hundred and nineteen dollars ($29,519), but made no recommendation. It was said that Mr. Reed would not sign it. While they were "deliberating aside in the timber," Mr. Lee urged that he "was ready to sign a recommendation that the offer be accepted" and the college located at Crete, and then and there such recommendation was added to the report.

The presentation of this by Mr. Merrill to the association of 1872, aroused a vigorous debate. So "spirited" did the discussion become that "speakers were limited by vote to five minutes and two speeches," and "it was established as a rule of the association that —when the vote was taken—no one be allowed to vote by proxy or

to cast more than one vote." A recess was taken over night and the question made the order of the day for nine o'clock. "Eleven o'clock was, on motion, fixed upon as the time when the debate should cease and the vote be taken upon the adoption of the report, thereby accepting or rejecting the proposition to locate the college at Crete." The question was really two-fold:

1st, Has the time come to locate a college?

2d, If it has, is Crete the place?

Of these the second drew the hotter fire because of individual preferences and interests involved, "each man standing up manfully for the town in which he lived." Mild personalities even were not wanting. One brother, regarded with esteem for his classical abilities, could not resist a rather liberal quotation from Virgil, "I am afraid of those Cretans, even when bringing their gifts." Many shared his solicitude. At eleven o'clock (June 8th) a motion to postpone the whole matter to a special meeting of the association in October was lost by a vote of 26 to 20, when the main question became the order of the hour, "Shall we adopt the recommendation of the committee and thereby locate the college at Crete?" The ayes and noes were called, resulting in an affirmative answer by a vote of 31 to 14, and a committee was appointed to nominate trustees. So ended the great struggle connected with the founding of this institution at this place.

The development of the college has done honor in part to those who had most to do with its establishment. Its name, Doane, proposed by Mr. Alley, recognizes one of its earliest and most ardent supporters, but should be extended to include his lady, to whom much of its success quietly belongs. The fur robe in the Brooks House at Plattsmouth deserves a place in the memory as well as the two easy chairs. Its first permanent building, Merrill Hall, perpetuates the remembrance of the "argumentative report," and serves as a memorial of the chairman of the committee under whose wise leadership these things were done. But of one other, whose name has not yet been set to any permanent monument, should mention be made, the occupant of that other easy chair at Plattsmouth, to whom belongs a large share of the credit. Indeed it is quite probable that without Frederick Alley, there would not have been a Doane college. And back of these, though he never interested himself in this partic-

ular work because he was devoted to the success of the earlier school at Fontenelle, which he did not believe it wise to supersede, to Reuben Gaylord should some recognition be given at this time as a foremost laborer in the same things which here have their expression, and who, we believe, wished more that the cause of Christian education should succeed, than that any particular institution should be continued.

I speak only of the more prominent names. Others nobly aided, and others have been as prominent more recently, of whom it would be pleasant to speak if our review were more extended. But under the leadership of these the beginnings were made which we now commemorate.

The succeeding year and one-half, to the time named in the introduction of this paper, was a period of intense struggle. It required only a vote to locate the college, but vastly more to develop it. It needed money, land, students, and the recognition and aid of the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education; and all seemed equally hard to reach. But articles of incorporation were filed on July 11th, and the work undertaken. On the same day Mr. D. B. Perry was ordained in the academy building, Rev. O. W. Merrill preaching the sermon, and was informed that the trustees were thinking of asking him to take charge of the infant college. He received the formal invitation on the 25th, and accepted it on the 30th. On September 3d the preparatory department was opened with four classes and eleven students, six of whom were girls. Mr. Perry was the only teacher. On December 14th the president and secretary of the academy were "authorized to convey, by quit-claim deed, all the property of the academic board to the trustees of Doane College" under certain reversionary conditions, and it was voted that when it was so conveyed the Academic Association should cease to exist, and its books and papers "be placed in the hands of the treasurer of Doane College for preservation." At the close of the first year (June, 1873), Mr. Perry was made professor of Latin and Greek, and Miss Mary W. Merrill was engaged as assistant. On July 2d five young men were admitted upon examination to the first Freshman class, and on the 4th application was made to the Collegiate and Theological Society for recognition. The summer was spent in an endeavor to realize an offer of Mr. Doane, of March 5th,

1873, to give two sums of five thousand ($5,000) dollars each to the College, provided ten thousand ($10,000) dollars were raised without the state, and ten thousand ($10,000) dollars within it, in cash or indorsed notes, within six months. Rev. J. B. Chase undertook the task at home, and Professor Perry in New England.

The Nebraska pledges were usually notes of small amount, at ten per cent, due in five years, but were "from churches all over the state, and from almost all the churches." They represented, in many instances, the severe self-denial of people to whom the college was dear, but who were very poor. The salaries of pastors were small, and paid mostly in fuel, provisions and work, "not one-fourth in money." The college was "what they talked about when they met, and wrote about when they wrote to each other," but money was scarce. Very little was seen from year to year. It was hard to pledge and harder to pay. Before one brother—perhaps one among many—was able to cancel his note for seventy-five dollars, he had paid seventy-five dollars in interest upon it. Some failed altogether.

But slowly the pledges were secured. On July 12th notes to the amount of $1,120 were acknowledged to Mr. Chase by the treasurer; on July 14th $170 more; and on August 12th $870. By September 18th the sum reported had reached $5,140, not counting the Crete subscriptions of May 5th, 1872, which, with the exception of two thousand ($2,000) dollars pledged and already paid by Mr. Doane, were to be included in the total. Although the time limit (September 5th) named by Mr. Doane in his offer, had passed, the collection was encouraged to proceed, and it finally reached by Christmas day one hundred and fifty-two (152) notes for six thousand and forty-six ($6,046) dollars, all at ten per cent.

Meanwhile Prof. Perry was in the East endeavoring to raise the ten thousand ($10,000) dollars proposed from outside the state, and was meeting with varied success. He had secured seven and one-half thousand ($7,500)—one thousand of it being his personal pledge—when it became necessary to return for the opening of the next school year. Rather than fail to complete the amount he gave his own note in addition for the balance ($2,500), thinking that others would soon be found to assume part of it. But they were not found, and he was compelled to pay all, with interest. "My pledge," he says, "stood for more than I was worth, down to boots and old

clothes." The picture of this honored brother, then unmarried and measurably alone, writing in red ink in his accounts the slow payments of that hard pledge, is one of many in those early days.

But by such sacrifices was the endowment of thirty thousand ($30,000) dollars raised upon which, in part, was conditioned the offer (May 25, 1872) of six hundred (600) acres of land by the B. & M. R. R. Co., and (June 1, 1872) of fifty average town lots in Crete, by the Eastern Land Association; so that they were secured to the college before changes in the officers and methods of the companies made such negotiations impossible. A little later very different results might have been experienced. As it was, the ten thousand ($10,000) dollars from outside the state were declared raised, and Mr. Doane—unable to pay his pledge in cash because of the tightness of the money market—gave his first note for five thousand ($5,000) dollars on September 25, following it on January 1, 1874, by a second note for the same amount, in "consideration of there having been donated by persons resident in the State of Nebraska, the sum of ten thousand ($10,000) dollars to the use and benefit of Doane college at Crete, Nebraska, satisfactory proof of which has been given me." On December 16th, the college received the recognition of the society for the promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education (now the American College and Education Society), and an appropriation of five hundred ($500) dollars for current expenses.

The way was now prepared for requesting from the B. & M. R. R. Co. the transfer of the land promised, the conditions as proposed to them on April 4, 1872, and accepted on May 25—that the college be located at Crete, by the General Association of Congregational Churches, for a term of not less than ten years; that the sum of thirty thousand ($30,000) be secured within that time; and that the official recognition of the Collegiate and Theological Society be obtained—being now met, an application, was accordingly made, and the deed issued, bearing date December 30, 1873, and was delivered to Mr. Doane on January 23d following. Negotiations for the fifty lots were continued until November 7, 1874, when they also were transferred. On March 16, 1874, the treasurer certified that the total assets, reckoning nothing which might be regarded as doubtful, and putting a low estimate upon the land, were $49,719.05. On June 25, the college was "out of debt with a balance in the treasury."

This, briefly, but as accurately as the material at hand will permit, is the story of the earlier events connected with the founding of this institution. Of necessity it is limited, at this time, to the first years. It scarcely enters upon the actual collegiate history. It does not consider the erection of any of the permanent buildings—Merrill Hall, Boswell Observatory and Ladies' Hall. It does not reach even to the graduation of its first alumnus; there are now thirty-eight alumni. The story, from the one frame building under the hill, and far "out of town," as it seemed then, nearer town to-day than the academy was in 1873, is a long one. Into this development many costly efforts have gone, and many have won honored names for their services. Of these some one else must speak. Our task is with the beginning, that we may know what of heroism and sacrifice these things have cost, and what we, the inheritors of such labors, ought now to do.

CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE HISTORY IN NEBRASKA.

I.—FONTENELLE COLLEGE, 1857-72.

A brief history of the Congregational College, established at Fontenelle, Nebraska, in 1857-58. Compiled chiefly from historical facts furnished by Mrs. E. R. Kline and Rev. C. G. Bisbee, of Fontenelle. Also some notes from an address by Rev. R. Gaylord.

This paper, by MRS. REUBEN GAYLORD, of Omaha, was read at the fifteenth anniversary exercises of Doane College, Crete, Neb., June 22, 1887.

Soon after congress had organized the Territory of Nebraska, and had appointed officers for its government, a few citizens of Quincy, Illinois, conceived the idea of planting a *colony* in the newly organized territory. In accordance with this plan they formed a company with printed laws and regulations, to be known as the Nebraska Colonization Company. The payment of one hundred dollars was the price of admission to membership and company privileges. In July of that year (1854) a prospecting committee was sent out to locate territory for settlement of the colony, and select a site for a municipal town. Hon. J. W. Richardson, one of the party, was secretary and field reporter to take notes of the journey. They traveled with wagons, camping on the prairies at night, and after crossing the Missouri followed the divides, going by way of what is now Fort Calhoun, until they came to the high bluffs of the Elkhorn river. Here they looked down upon the Platte and Elkhorn valleys united, making a broad and fertile valley ten miles wide. The Elkhorn, pursuing its winding way, skirted with timber, could be traced for a long distance, and, looking across the valley ten miles away,

the eye rested upon the high bluffs of the Platte river, adding a very pleasing variety to the fine scenery. This prospecting party represented the professor, merchant, banker, lawyer, clergyman and farmer. But as they stood there together on that summer day in 1854, all were so captivated by the scene of wondrous beauty and fertility that they selected it as the site of their embryo city, and the surrounding country for future homes for the families of the colony. They purchased the right of possession of Logan Fontenelle, a chief of the Omaha tribe of Indians, giving him one hundred dollars to keep their claim until they should return. The report of these explorers was favorably received by the Colonization Society at Quincy, and Mr. Richardson was appointed as their agent to return and take possession of their land for them, cause cabins to be built for the settlers the ensuing spring, and to use his influence in the coming territorial legislature to procure a college charter for the Baptist colony, many of them being members of Baptist churches in Quincy and vicinity. In October he returned to the new Eldorado, accompanied by his wife (now Mrs. E. R. Kline). The town was named Fontenelle in honor of the Omaha chief. Logan Fontenelle was a half breed, his father being French. He was educated at St. Louis, and spoke English fluently. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Col. Kline, Mr. Seely, and some others spent the winter of 1854-55 at Fontenelle. This winter the territorial legislature was organized and held its first session in Omaha. The company at Quincy instructed their agent, Judge Richardson, to use every effort to secure the location of the territorial capital at Fontenelle. They also sent two of their number to Omaha to work for that interest during the session of the Legislature. In November, Dr. M. H. Clark was elected councilman to the legislature, and Judge Richardson and Col. Doyle representatives from Fontenelle. But their efforts to secure the capital of the new territory were unsuccessful, as the prize was given to Omaha. They succeeded, however, in obtaining a charter for a Baptist college to be located there, under the "Name and Style of Nebraska University." The Colonization Company at Quincy, when they first designed planting a colony in this new land, conceived the idea of an institution of learning in which their own and other children and youth might have the opportunity of obtaining a thorough education. When this charter was granted they felt

that a most desirable point had been gained toward the consummation of their plans. The legislature at this first session gave them a town and ferry charter; also organized Dodge county with Fontenelle as the county seat. During the session a bill was introduced chartering the "Platte Valley and Pacific R. R. Company." On the 16th of February, 1855, Dr. Clark, chairman of the committee on corporations, presented a report of great ability, which contained the following prediction: "It is the belief of your committee that before fifteen years have transpired the route to India will be opened through this valley, and the way across this continent will be the common highway of the world." Fourteen years and three months from this date the golden spike was driven which completed the Union Pacific railroad.

During the winter the company at Quincy were making preparations to come out in a body and take possession of their new homes. An erroneous idea had prevailed that the Platte and Elkhorn rivers could be used for navigation. With this object in view the company secured a small steamer, and a portion of them, with their families and effects, embarked at Quincy in the spring of 1855. They ascended the Missouri safely until they were near the mouth of the Platte river. Here the boat struck a snag and was completely wrecked. The lives of all were saved, but the cargo was nearly a total loss. Some were so disheartened that they returned to Quincy on the next steamer, while others pressed on to Fontenelle, took possession of their town lots by numbers, upon which they commenced building cabins for homes. Rev. W. W. Keep, a Baptist clergyman of the colony, was one of those who returned to Quincy, and Rev. J. M. Taggart came to Fontenelle to take his place. In June some lumber was drawn from Bellevue for the beginning of the Baptist college. In July a straggling party of Sioux Indians came suddenly upon the camp of some parties who were opening a farm one mile south of town. They killed the men and rode off with the provisions. They were a portion of the party who, that same month, killed Logan Fontenelle, the Omaha chief. He was hunting, and becoming separated a little from his band, was attacked by these warriors. He defended himself with great bravery, but after killing three of the Sioux, fell, pierced by fourteen arrows.

This alarm sent some of the settlers back to the states, thus diminishing the colony in numbers. Gov. Burt sent out troops from Omaha for protection, who were stationed in Fontenelle during the fall and winter, but it was some months before the settlers felt secure from further attacks.

In the meantime more Congregationalists came into the colony. This winter, on Christmas day, 1855, Rev. Reuben Gaylord arrived in Omaha. On the first Sabbath of May following he organized a Congregational church of nine members, and on the second Sabbath a church in Fontenelle with twenty-four members, under very encouraging circumstances.

Before proceeding further, a brief account will be given of Mr. Gaylord's labors in behalf of early collegiate education in Illinois and Iowa, for he seemed to have been early imbued with a love for the higher Christian education, and with a desire to do what he could for its advancement. And it will help to explain why, on coming to Nebraska, this should seem to him such an important adjunct to the success of a pure and working Christianity. Mr. Gaylord graduated at Yale College in 1834, and Prof. Sturtevant (afterward president), being present at commencement, sought his acquaintance and gave him an invitation to go out with him as instructor in Illinois College at Jacksonville. This resulted in his taking charge of the preparatory department for two and one-half years. Dr. Edward Beecher was at that time the president. In September, 1837, he traveled from Jacksonville to Connecticut on horseback and entered Yale Theological seminary. During that year seven students of the seminary, whose minds were turned toward Iowa as a field of labor, formed an "Iowa Educational Association." At that time Mr. Gaylord thus wrote: "It is our purpose to establish upon a firm basis a college for the future state of Iowa; also to encourage and assist in the location of academies throughout the district, and to lend a fostering hand to the general interests of education in the common school department. We shall aim to lay our plans so as to secure an endowment for permanent funds which may be worth, ten years hence, two hundred thousand dollars. This can be done with little trouble in the first settlement of a country when land is plenty and cheap. All of our number, with one or two exceptions, are going there to preach the gospel, not to engage in educational work as a

business, except as trustees of the college we hope to build, and to advise and help the people in the all-important work of a thorough education. We have laid the subject before the Home Missionary Board and they smile upon the enterprise." Within the year three of these were in Iowa; Clark went to Fort Madison, Stewart to Denmark. Whether the latter did anything toward founding Denmark Academy, which ever has been and still is, a blessing to the state, we do not know. It was seven or eight years before Iowa College was located at Davenport. Mr. Gaylord was one of the trustees, and was careful to attend the meetings of the board, often taking the trip on horseback, a distance of eighty miles. In 1847-8 the first college building was erected at Davenport, a plain, substantial structure, 36x55. Perhaps you will pardon a little reminiscence here. For many years every home missionary's wife was expected to contribute to Iowa College ten dollars *yearly* at the meeting of the general association. Some home missionaries' wives, (not all), could contribute fifty dollars *now* more easily than we could spare ten in those days, when our husbands had a nominal salary of four hundred, much of this being paid in work and provisions.

It was with these views and feelings, intensified by years and experience, that Mr. Gaylord came as a pioneer to Nebraska. The summer following the organization of the church at Fontenelle, in 1856, a school was commenced in a building temporarily erected for the purpose, which was also used for public worship on the Sabbath. The Baptist brethren had become somewhat reduced in numbers, and had not put up a building for their educational enterprise.

We will now give some extracts from Mr. Gaylord's address on laying the foundation of the building for the preparatory department of the college in July, 1858:

"We are assembled to-day to inaugurate an important enterprise —to rear the first building for an educational institution which we trust is to grow with our growth, and flourish with increasing vigor when its projectors and present patrons shall be silent in death. We behold gathered here a deeply interested assembly to lay the foundation of an edifice which is regarded as the germ of a mighty agency for good, the first link in a chain of influence that is to reach far into the future. You recognize and associate with this, the law of progress which pervades all nature, and thus are led not to despise the

'day of small things.' The growth of empires illustrates this law. Rome had its beginning, although its true origin is concealed in fable. But its progress to the highest pinnacle of greatness was the work of centuries. So it is with us as a nation, and the operation of this principle is seen in the progress of those institutions and agencies which are calculated to elevate man in the scale of being and develop to the utmost the intellectual and moral powers of this, the noblest work of God. Thus to develop man's faculties is the work of education, and in a well ordered system of education the college occupies a most important place. In a new state, where form and character are to be given to society, it is all important that early and well directed efforts be made to found these institutions of learning. Such was the view which the early settlers of New England took of this subject. Many of them occupied a high rank as educated men, being graduates of the universities of Cambridge and Oxford in Old England. Scarcely had they arrived in this western world before their thoughts were turned to the establishment of a college. Their great object in coming to America was to plant a pure faith and build up churches on the firm basis of the gospel. To accomplish this, they justly regarded a pious and educated ministry as indispensable, and were convinced that to secure an adequate supply of ministers they must make provision for their education at home.

"In accordance with these views a college was commenced at Cambridge near Boston, in 1638, which took the name of Harvard University from Rev. John Harvard. At a later period, in 1700, Yale College was commenced, first at Saybrook, but afterward moved to New Haven. The first contribution was a library of forty volumes. Each of the eleven trustees gave a number of books, and laying them on a table, said: 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.' Other donations were given in money, lands, goods and books. The early settlers in their deep poverty gave as they could for the endowment of their cherished institution. Such was the beginning of Yale College.

"One hundred and thirty years after, it had sent forth about four thousand five hundred educated men, among whom were members of all the learned professions in the state of Connecticut, and no less than twenty-six presidents of American colleges. In 1827, a few

students in the theological seminary at New Haven entered into an arrangement to go to Illinois and found a college. Thus Illinois College at Jacksonville was begun in 1829, in a small building under the direction of Rev. J. M. Sturtevant. He began with nine boys, some of whom were unable to read. This institution, Knox College at Galesburg, Beloit College, Wisconsin, and Iowa College, have all been founded within thirty years in a region which, half a century ago, was entirely uninhabited. And yet all of them, by this law of progress, are exerting a good, extended, and growing influence. All are needed, none can be spared.

"Those institutions founded by associated religious effort are under the direction, and receive more especially the patronage and support of some one of the leading denominations. Those who may feel that a union of all in a given region of country would be better, will find it difficult to change the present tendency of things so as to secure this result. In the meantime, I fear, the great interests of collegiate education would fail to be secured. * * * * Within the last few years settlement and civilization have extended far on toward the setting sun. Twenty years ago the Indian title, unextinguished, reached to within forty miles of the Mississippi, and Iowa then had a population of 18,000. The Iowa Congregational brethren, after much deliberation, chose Davenport as the place to found their college. To-day we meet at a point three hundred and fifty miles west of that place. The swelling tide of population has broken in upon this region of surpassing beauty and fertility, and already, far to the west of us, the virgin soil of Nebraska is made tributary to the support of man. * * * * We are gathered here, many of us of New England birth and ancestry, to transplant from the Puritan nursery a young and healthful tree, expecting it to receive that care and culture which will insure its future growth. Our work to-day may seem small, but when viewed in its true design and relations is worthy to enlist our largest energies and most persevering efforts. Ours is foundation work. It is so in all departments of labor, and the corner stone is the most important in the foundation. This, we now lay.

"The *corner stone*—the beginning of the temple of science and literature. To this posterity will look as the commencement of a practical effort to provide for the youth of our territory the benefits

of a liberal education. We expect this institution, so auspiciously begun, to advance in obedience to the law of progress we have contemplated, and to be deeply seated in the affections of the people of this place and of the Christian and liberal-minded people of the territory and future state.

"I desire now to turn your attention briefly to the past and to trace the steps by which we have been led up to our present position. In May, 1856, the two churches of Omaha and Fontenelle were organized. In August of the next year (1857), another was formed at Fremont, and in six days afterward, on the 8th of August, the Congregational Association was organized at Omaha with these three churches. At the first meeting of the Association, held at Fremont in October, 1857, the subject of taking steps for a literary institution was brought forward, and after careful consideration it was resolved that it is expedient now to lay the foundations for an educational institution of a high order for Nebraska.

Rev. R. Gaylord was chairman of a committee to receive proposals from different places and visit and report at the next meeting. In November a special meeting of the trustees of the Baptist University (eleven in number) was called to consider the resolutions passed by the Congregational Association, and a committee of three was appointed to confer with the committee of this association. The result of this conference was that in February, 1858, the university became the Congregational College of Nebraska. This Baptist institution, which had received its charter from the first territorial legislature, proposed through their committee to give over to a board of trustees appointed by the association all their property and interest, provided such association would erect a building for a preparatory school, of size sufficient to accommodate one hundred pupils, and open a school in October next, and within five years would also cause to be erected a college building of suitable dimensions and architectural proportions. The Nebraska Colonization company proposed on the same terms to donate to said board of trustees their title to one hundred and sixty acres of land on the south-east of town, and the citizens of Fontenelle and others contributed about sixty town lots, forty acres of land four miles from town, and seven hundred dollars in money, labor, and building materials. This, taken in connection with the situation of this place for beauty, health, its relation to other parts of

the territory, the character of its citizens, and the interest shown in the enterprise, induced the association to accept the proposals, and the contract was duly signed and ratified by the parties. In accordance with and fulfillment of that mutual agreement this work is now begun. The location is deemed a favorable one because it is removed from those temptations to evil and dissipation which gather around a commercial town, where business is the great absorbing interest. In this respect the location of Iowa College at Davenport has proved unwise and a removal of the institution will be a necessity. This place is also easy of access. It is but twenty miles from the Missouri river at the nearest point, and forty miles from Omaha, the leading business place in the territory, while it commands a view of the wide and beautiful Platte valley, destined at no distant day to be the great thoroughfare of the continent.

"The work we have undertaken is to build up a literary institution of a high order, and place it under such religious influences as will be calculated under God to develop man's physical and intellectual powers in proper proportion, and to bring all under the control of his higher nature, which fits him not only to enjoy but to bless. It is to be under the supervision of a board of trustees appointed by the Congregational Association of Nebraska, and its aim and design to fit youth of both sexes to engage in the several pursuits and employments of society, and to discharge honorably and usefully the various duties of life. * * * * Some may think we are premature in our efforts to lay so early the foundations of such an institution. Should this be the case I would say in reply, we are only acting in concert with the wisest and best minds in all the different periods of our country's history. Harvard University was founded only eighteen years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. 'The ends for which our fathers did chiefly erect a college,' says Increase Mather, 'were that so scholars might be educated for Christ and His Churches, and that they might be seasoned in their tender years with such principles as brought their blessed progenitors into this wilderness.' With similar views and feelings have those institutions established at the West within the last thirty years been founded. They have been begun with prayer and faith in God, and an earnest desire for His glory. That was an enlightened zeal and wise policy which led Sturtevant and others within

the walls of Yale Seminary in 1827 to conceive the idea of founding a college for the state of Illinois. What was Illinois then? In some respects it was not so far advanced as Nebraska is now. Wonderful has been the growth of the West. Fourteen years have given Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota to the number of states to which Kansas and Nebraska are soon to be added. A mighty tide of emigration, borne by the locomotive to our borders, will soon spread over these fertile plains. No; we have not begun a day too soon. With a deep sense of the importance of our work, with a firmer faith in that God from whom all prosperity comes, we now lay the foundations of an institution for the promotion of Christian education, and for the good of the church and the world. And may that God whose we are and whom we serve crown the undertaking with ultimate and glorious success."

In a note appended afterward Mr. Gaylord says: "This building for the preparatory department is nearly completed, and will be opened for the admission of students by the 20th of October, this year. It is forty by twenty-six, two stories high, with a cupola in which is to be placed an academy bell, the gift of friends in Cincinnati."

Rev. C. G. Bisbee, for many years secretary of the institution, also principal from 1867 to 1870, has very kindly furnished facts and statistics, many of which will now be given. He says during the spring and summer while the building was in progress arrangements were made as thoroughly as practicable for opening the school. Rev. J. S. Burt was appointed principal of preparatory department and agent for the university. As compensation for his services he was to have forty dollars per month during term time, and ten per cent of moneys collected by him. Committees were busy deciding on text-books, arranging course of study, etc. All were joyous in anticipation of the speedy opening of the seminary. Rev. R. Gaylord was elected president of the board of trustees, a position which he held to the end. During the year 1859 Prof. Burt resigned. Following this period, a combination of circumstances proved most unfortunate to the college and the town. Hard times, caused by the reverses of those years which some of us well remember as years of great financial depression all over the country, and the "Indian scare," which took away, for a time, nearly all the princi-

pal citizens. During the summer of this year Mr. Gaylord went East to solicit funds for the college, and, notwithstanding the stringency in money matters, secured, principally from friends, sufficient to relieve the building from pressure, and meet some other expenses. The Indian scare spoken of is known as the "Pawnee war." It was begun in consequence of the whole tribe of Pawnees leaving their villages and camping on the Elkhorn river near Fontenelle, where they soon committed depredations which were very inconvenient for the settlers. Many families left their homes and fled to Fontenelle for safety. Companies were formed and the Indians pursued for some distance beyond West Point, and finally to Genoa and Columbus. Gov. Black accompanied the expedition, which was under the direct command of Col. Thayer, now our honored governor. Some Indians were captured and a very few killed. But these hindrances were a heavy blow to both seminary and people, and as a result the college building, the pride of the town, which had been occupied both as church and school stood unused except as a place of worship. In these dark days the trustees and friends of the institution could do little else than pray for the time to come when prosperity should again dawn upon the enterprise. But there were men who, during these three or four years, stood firm in the midst of the darkness, and without complaining bore the heavy burdens, never looking for or expecting any personal reward. There were the long journeys to attend trustee meetings, often and at all seasons—the snows and cold of winter or the heat of summer did not hinder—and sometimes the giving of a little money from private purses which were never heavy. But perhaps these were strengthened by being able to say: "Surely my work is with the Lord and my judgment with my God." Among these names is that of Deacon Corliss, of Fontenelle, who is still living.

When there was no minister he conducted services on the Sabbath, took charge of the Sabbath school and prayer meeting, kept the keys of the building, and sometimes acted as janitor. These dark days were darkest in 1861-62 and '63. In 1864 Miss A. B. Savage, a lady who came highly recommended, was secured to take charge of the preparatory and ladies' department. Circulars were issued and Mr. Gaylord authorized to collect funds while on his trip East. In 1865 a building which had been used as a hotel was purchased for a board-

ing house. This and another block (block 52) were secured to the institution through the liberality and efforts of the citizens of Fontenelle. The trustees also instructed the executive committee to secure a male teacher and provide means for his support. As a result of correspondence between Rev. L. H. Jones and Prof. Fairchild, of Oberlin, Mr. H. E. Brown accepted the position of principal of the preparatory department, and was on the ground in the fall of '65, just about the time the college building was destroyed by fire—a heavy loss to both church and college. Prof. Brown was fertile in expedients and full of enthusiasm. He temporarily fitted up a part of the boarding house for a school-room for the winter, and the following spring the executive committee were authorized to build an addition to the boarding house for school purposes. Prof. Brown went East as financial agent, but was not successful in collecting funds. He returned early in the autumn with his family and superintended the building of the school room.

But his ardor led him to undertake too much. His efforts for the spiritual welfare of the students were very successful and several were hopefully converted.

Becoming discouraged he tendered his resignation, which was accepted after expressions of undiminished confidence on the part of each member of the board of trustees. About this time a donation of five hundred dollars was received from a gentleman in Brooklyn, and a part of it used to put the boarding house and school-room in good repair. In September, 1867, Rev. C. G. Bisbee was appointed principal, with Miss Sarah Jennie, assistant. Rev. Mr. Kuhlman was secured to teach the German class. During the winter term there were as many students as could be accommodated, and all were greatly encouraged. At the meeting of trustees in July the school was reported in a prosperous condition. But at the same meeting Rev. Mr. Alley, one of the trustees, presented a proposition from the people of Weeping Water (where he was preaching) to secure a property basis of nine thousand dollars, provided the university be removed to that place. The question of re-location was referred to the executive committee. Rev. Mr. Bisbee was continued as principal. He was to furnish the instruction, provide for incidental expenses, and have the tuition and rent of the college property as compensation.

During the year Weeping Water was visited and inducements for removal considered. In June the committee reported that Fontenelle was the better location. In July, 1869, Rev. Roswell Foster, then preaching in Fremont, proposed that the trustees invite bids from all parts of the state for the purpose of securing the most eligible and permanent location for the institution. This proposition was lost. But the association at their next meeting declined to elect trustees, and finally, through a committee appointed for that purpose, did relinquish the name and prestige of the association to the management and direction of the college, leaving the board of trustees at full liberty to conduct the affairs as circumstances might require, and to seek from the legislature such amendments to the charter as they might think proper.

The trustees now resolved that the time had come to erect a new building in place of the one that was burned, and declared their wish to place the seminary on a catholic and firm basis. The next month, August, 1869, the treasurer presented to the trustees a subscription paper on which four thousand two hundred dollars were pledged for the new building, and they decided to erect the same at once. A building committee was appointed, plans and specifications received, and the work begun. The trustees also decided to extend a call to some suitable person to become president of the college, and authorized the president of the board to extend such call to Rev. S. H. Emery, of Quincy, Ill., at a salary of from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars. But he had previously made other arrangements and could not accept. In January, 1870, the first story of the new building, 30x50 feet, was ready for the winter term. The following March, Rev. Thomas Douglas became president and was authorized to employ teachers for the coming year. An organ was purchased and a music teacher secured. Rev. C. G. Bisbee resigned, and Prof. J. J. Boulter was obtained to fill his place. Mrs. Boulter kept the boarding house, and both were faithful and efficient workers. But in 1872 the new building was visited by an unexpected calamity. It was surmounted by a heavy cupola and the upper story was not yet finished. A severe wind, amounting to something like a cyclone, struck the building, and helped by the insecure cupola, wrenched it out of place, thus rendering it unsafe for the school. Some work was done toward repairing the injury and more contemplated. A

subscription of fifteen hundred dollars by the citizens of Fontenelle was expected to meet all indebtedness. At a meeting of the Congregational association in Omaha, June, 1872, a vote was taken to place the Congregational college at Crete. Fontenelle was greatly disheartened but still hoped to save the buildings for a school. This pledge by the people of fifteen hundred dollars was partly collected. Then came the first grasshopper year. Because of this many *could not* pay what they had promised in more prosperous times. In 1874 the buildings were sold at auction. They were still standing in their places in 1876, but were afterwards removed. "The one hundred and sixty acres of choice land" was given on condition that the college should remain at Fontenelle. This reverted to the heirs of Deacon Keyes, of Quincy, who gave it on these conditions. Some other property was given in a similar way. Thus, for many years, says Rev. Mr. Bisbee, efforts were made to establish a Christian college at Fontenelle. Many prayers were offered and much self-denying labor put forth for its success. Encouragements and discouragements were experienced. Many were assisted in acquiring an education, and a goodly number found the Saviour. It did a good work in spite of great difficulties.

The above record from the pen of Mrs. Reuben Gaylord is a valuable contribution to the early history of Christian education in Nebraska. Few are now surviving who could tell the story as it is here done, by one who shared in all its chief events. It preserves some of the words, and shows the spirit, which always animated the heart of Rev. Reuben Gaylord, the acknowledged pioneer of both education and religious work in this state. It should be counted the first chapter in the history which here follows, of Doane College. Its success is but the realizing of the ideas, and carrying out of the plans, under another name, which Mr. Gaylord began at Fontenelle. The work is one. The history is, and will be one. In this just view of the case is found another bond of union for all friends of Christian education past and present, an added stimulus to help carry on to success and great usefulness what was so early and so well begun.

A. F. S.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

THROUGH NEBRASKA BEFORE ANY SETTLEMENTS—JOURNAL OF A JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA IN 1853.

[Read by Mr. John A. MacMurphy before the State Historical Society at Lincoln, January, 1886.]

The narrative below was written by a relative, and collated by Mrs. H. J. MacMurphy for the historical references to the country that is now Nebraska, and will be interesting to all old settlers who have watched the growth of the state in later years:

SCHUYLER, Neb., March 5.—Thirty-three years ago—April 20, 1853, a family consisting of father, mother, son and daughter started from Wisconsin to the then Eldorado—California—a journey of nearly 2,500 miles, to be made entirely by wagon.

The family which undertook and accomplished this great journey were not tillers of the soil, used to wrestle with nature, but that of a merchant accustomed to all the refinements procurable in the western state which had been their home; the wife a woman of very much more than ordinary intellectual culture for that day, and the daughter a highly accomplished musician; both mother and daughter possessing the gifts which eminently fitted them to call about them the best of whatever society they were thrown among. A journal of their travels with the sun, kept by such a woman, would possess many interesting features and, having it in my possession, I hasten to share with our readers a few of its daily records, mostly, in this short article, such as pertain to their progress through Nebraska—Nebraska as it was thirty-three years ago. Our journey with them will be typical of the contrast between their progress then and that of the present day, a rapid touch here and there, with

most of the disagreeables left out, and accomplishing in days what took them months to perform.

Let us, silent and invisible, but seeing through the magic of the chronicler's brain and fingers, drop into their wagon just as they come to the Mississippi.

UNDERWAY.

"April 28, 1853. The country presents an uneven, and in a cold rainstorm, a dreary and desolate appearance, and I could think of nothing except that it had received its impress from the hand of nature in a whirlwind. We had been climbing one long steep hill after another since we left Mineral Point, until just before we reached the Mississippi, when we entered a deep ravine between two steep rocky banks, which reached almost to the clouds, and when the river burst upon our view I at once recognized one of Catlin's beautiful views of the Mississippi. Here we crossed our first ferry and poor Frank suffered very much from fear; it was dark and dreary, the rain pouring in torrents, and just as we reached the opposite shore, a steamboat came puffing up to the wharf, when I think little Tony (a favorite horse) behaved himself much better than we did ourselves; but I assure you we were comfortable and happy when we seated ourselves in a pleasant parlor at Hewitt's city hotel at Dubuque, a fine, flourishing town numbering some 6,000 inhabitants, and increasing at the rate of 2,000 a year. The inhabitants seemed full of life and activity, and we met some very pleasant ladies, with one of whom Frank formed an acquaintance and found a piano, which she enjoyed very much."

Now, just a glimpse of them by their campfires of an evening and then we will leave them to their slow journey across the prairies and bluffs, and over the sloughs of Iowa, which we speed across in a night, comfortably snoozing in a Pullman 'lower berth middle section,' rejoining them as they approach the borders of Nebraska.

CAMPING FOR THE NIGHT.

"May 2, 1853.—We have progressed about fifteen miles and encamped for the night near a Scotch tavern, all preferring our tents and wagons to such accommodations as the place afforded. I think our friends would be much amused could they take a peep at us just now. Here I am sitting on the front seat of the wagon writing. Willie asleep beside me, Frank seated upon the bed playing her

guitar and singing 'I have Something Sweet to Tell You,' and just a few rods from us, seated around a blazing fire, are the gentlemen of our company, conversing as pleasantly as if we were at home in a parlor. Mrs. Sanborn and her little girls have retired for the night to their tent and Mr. Bradley is in his camp for the first time, from which sounds of mirth and hilarity come floating upon the evening breeze. Night cool, with strong indications of a storm.

"May 15, 1853—Morning warm and sultry, but oh, how unlike a Sabbath morn! We are all tired and would like very much to obey the command, 'remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy,' and to cease from our labors, but are compelled to travel in consequence of being quite late to commence our journey upon the plains. This eve we received a call from emigrants who had been at their camp through the day, who informed us that more than thirty wagons had passed them to-day. To-night we have a pleasant spot of earth with good wood and water, and a most beautiful moonlight eve. We are twenty-six miles from Kanesville, have seen several snakes and Frank fancied one sleeping with her.

"May 16, 1853—In the afternoon we heard startling reports of the horrors of the route. Were there none more courageous than myself in the company, I think we might possibly take our homeward way again, but our gentlemen paid but little heed to these stories. This afternoon we met the first Indians we have seen. At eve we encamped on a small stream near Council Bluffs, five miles, from Kanesville, thinking it best to remain here until we are prepared to cross the river.

MORE RAIN AND A DELUGE.

"May 17, 1853—The rain still pouring down in torrents, and a more cheerless, muddy set you could imagine in no other place except enroute for California. About 10 o'clock the clouds began to disperse, and our husbands left for Kanesville. At eve, soon after their return, the sky became completely over-shadowed by the most terrific looking clouds imaginable; the wind began to blow and the rain to pour in torrents. We had worked hard all day to dry our beds from the drenching of the previous night, and had made them up comfortably hoping to get a little sleep. I had just lost myself in a pleasant dream when some one called out, "The river is overflowing!" I started up and found that we were perfectly inundated, and such

a scramble for shoes and stockings, bed and bed clothes you cannot imagine. We ran to the wagon with all possible speed, and after tossing and tumbling we were at last ensconced in a wet bed in a wet wagon, with the wind blowing a perfect hurricane; and I thought if the doctor was with us he might possibly find something else besides fun in going to California. The next morning the first object which presented itself was my husband fishing for his boots with his whip, and I thought of the times when his slippers chanced to be moved a few inches from the place where he left them the previous night, and concluded he would be as patient as Job himself by the time he arrived in California.

May 18, 1853—Up in good season and soon bade adieu to our comfortable camping ground. There was little danger of our meeting the fate of Lot's wife, for sure am I that no one turned a face toward Sodom in our flight that morn. But we soon came to an apparently impassible gulf, and here our friend the Dutchman invited Frank to take a ride across upon his back, which she gladly accepted, and was soon landed upon the other side. The old greys made the first attempt, and came off victorious as usual; then the good little ponies jumped over. Now came Mr. Sanborn's turn and he was fast in the mud, from which the good old greys pulled him out; next the four fine horses of Mr. Bowinger came over finely; then Charley, too, was fast in the mire, but with much prying and pulling he was at length extricated, when without further accident, we came on to Mosquito creek, where we found the bridge completely submerged, and here we were compelled to remain until—

FORDING A SWOLLEN STREAM.

"Friday, May 20, 1853—Our husbands went into town yesterday, but the river is still rising and the bridge so impaired that we are unable to cross * * *. At noon, the water still rising and the bridge in a very bad condition our company thought it best to get over as soon as possible. They were obliged to swim their horses and draw their wagons over the bridge; we ourselves crossed in a canoe, were the last over, and happy indeed were we when we found ourselves in our good friend Mr. B.'s wagon, riding toward a beautiful camping-ground a mile from the creek, where we pitched our tents among the hills and passed a very pleasant eve, the moon shining as sweetly as if no cloud had ever obscured its brightness. Frank's playing and

a scramble for shoes and stockings, bed and bed clothes you cannot imagine. We ran to the wagon with all possible speed, and after tossing and tumbling we were at last ensconced in a wet bed in a wet wagon, with the wind blowing a perfect hurricane; and I thought if the doctor was with us he might possibly find something else besides fun in going to California. The next morning the first object which presented itself was my husband fishing for his boots with his whip, and I thought of the times when his slippers changed to be moved a few inches from the place where he left them the previous night, and concluded he would be as patient as Job himself by the time he arrived in California.

May 18, 1858.—Up in good season and soon back again to our comfortable camping ground. There was little danger of our meeting the fate of Lot's wife, for sure am I that no one turned a face toward Sodom in our flight that morn. But we soon came to an apparently impassable gulf, and here our friend the Dutchman invited Frank to take a ride across upon his back, which she gladly accepted, and was soon landed upon the other side. The old grays made the first attempt, and came off victorious as usual; then the good little ponies jumped over. Now came Mr. Sanborn's turn and he was fast in the mud, from which the good old grays pulled him out; next the four fine horses of Mr. Bowinger came over finely; then Charley, too, was fast in the mire, but with much prying and pulling he was at length extricated, when without further accident, we came on to Mosquito creek, where we found the bridge completely submerged, and here we were compelled to remain until—

FRIDAY A SWOLLEN STREAM.

"Friday, May 20, 1858.—Our husband went into town yesterday, but the river is still rising and the bridge so imperial that we are unable to cross. * * *. At noon, the water still rising and the bridge in a very bad condition our company thought it best to get over as soon as possible. They were obliged to swim their horses and draw their wagons over the bridge; we ourselves crossed in a canoe, were the last over, and happy indeed were we when we found ourselves in our good friend Mr. B.'s wagon, riding toward a beautiful camping ground a mile from the creek, where we pitched our tents among the hills and passed a very pleasant eve, the moon shining as sweetly as if no cloud had ever obscured its brightness. Frank's playing and

singing and the sound of Theodore's violin borne upon the evening breeze from Mr. Sanborn's tent is very sweet indeed.

May 21, 1853—We left the camp early for Kanesville where we remained some hours. The place presents a singular appearance from being built of logs. Is full of life and activity at present, being crowded with emigrants purchasing their stores for California. We know very little of the wickedness of mankind when at home, removed from the confusion and excitement of the world. Such profanity I had no idea was practised in the world as I have heard since we have been among the emigrants. Frank remarked that there was no God here except to be profaned. At night we encamped upon the shores of the Missouri six miles from Kanesville.

ON THE SHORES OF THE MISSOURI.

"May 22, 1853—Cold and rainy; traveled upon the shores of the Missouri until we came to Ferryville, where we had hoped to cross the river, but we must remain here until to-morrow in consequence of so many trains being here before us. Weather more pleasant, but no Sunday for us, surrounded by noise and confusion on the banks of the muddy Missouri, the water of which we are obliged to settle with milk before using.

May 23, 1853—Wind blowing and sand flying in every direction (that sounds natural). About two o'clock we commenced crossing the river and at eve are upon the western shore, waiting for our company to cross. Just at sunset we left the banks of the Missouri and proceeded seven miles, riding until 12 o'clock, and weary enough were we all, but found fine grass, which we considered sufficient compensation for all our trouble. Near our camping ground is a stream, which from appearances often overflows its banks, these being in some places thirty-five feet high. This afternoon we passed an old Mormon village, built of logs, where the Mormons first located after leaving Illinois, now entirely abandoned. It is situated upon the western shore of the Missouri about a mile from Ferryville. We now bid adieu to the world for a long, long time, and may, perchance, never mingle in its busy scenes again. We are in Nebraska, inhabited only by Indians.

IN THE GARDEN OF NEBRASKA.

May 24, 1853.—Left our encampment at 9 o'clock, all well and apparently in fine spirits. At noon we crossed the Pappeo creek.

We have encamped on a lovely spot of earth where the scenery from the bank of the river (Elkhorn) some thirty feet high, is truly delightful. It requires the pen of the poet or the pencil of the painter to portray its beauties, but it should remain sacred to the red men of the forest, for there is little to induce the white man to wrest it from them, in consequence of the scarcity of timber. To-night the boys are all excitement in consequence of the proximity of the Indians. Our horses are all near our tents and everyone is making his boast of what he will do should they attempt to steal them.

[Little the writer thought as she uttered that prophecy that eleven years only from that day her niece and namesake would attend a boarding school (Brownell hall) less than a mile from the spot where she crossed the Missouri.]

"May 25, 1853.—We are now, at eight o'clock, at Elkhorn ferry, and our gentlemen thinking their charges rather exhorbitant, seem inclined to be independent and provide themselves with some means of crossing. The river is very shallow. This was an erroneous idea which I derived from a guide; as I stood upon the shore I found the water to be at least twelve feet deep. After conversing with the ferryman, whom they found to be a gentlemanly man, who had been an officer in the United States army, and hearing that the ferry belonged to a St. Louis company who had purchased it of the Indians, they thought it best to pay their tonnage and cross without delay. We then proceeded over low wet lands for some miles and encamped upon the Elkhorn river, where we were obliged to take our horses across a deep ravine to enable them to secure sufficient grass. All the emigrant companies we have seen to-day have passed on to the river and we are left entirely alone.

THROUGH THE PLATTE VALLEY.

"May 25, 1853.—We are travelling near the Platte river, and as far as we have seen Nebraska I think the country much more beautiful than Iowa, but have never seen so few flowers in any other country at this season of the year. The snakes I have observed today are all of an entirely different character from those we have seen before and I should think much more harmless.

May 28, 1853.—We came on to the ferry at Loup Forks, where we shall be obliged to remain until to-morrow in consequence of the crowd here before us.

May 29, 1853.—Cold, the rain pouring down upon our horses, and we must remain until to-morrow.

May 30, 1853.—At 7 o'clock we left our encampment and went to the ferry, where we remained two or three hours waiting for the company with whom we intend to travel across. The river at the forks is seven or eight rods wide and twelve feet deep in the current of the stream; the bed and banks of the river are entirely composed of quicksand. The ferryman, Commodore Decatur, was very polite indeed, and when we left, bade us good-bye, calling Frank very familiarly by her name, and wishing the blessing of God might rest upon us, for which we felt truly grateful, as it was the first time we had heard the name of the Supreme Being spoken with reverence since we left Madison; but oh! how dreadfully profaned. * * *. To-night we have encamped near the river.

May 31, 1853.—We have traveled about twelve miles; our way has been somewhat diversified by hills and valleys; bluffs and prairies; have encamped near the river where we find wood, water and good grass. We have now ten wagons and twenty-eight horses in our train.

RED MEN IN LARGE NUMBERS.

"June 4, 1853.—The Indians are constantly committing depredations on the emigrants. Our company lost 148 head of cattle in the storm of Saturday night, but have recovered most of them. Another lost ten horses. Our company keep a double watch, but possibly the Indians may outwit them notwithstanding. This Nebraska is a miserable, unpleasant place indeed, and can never be inhabited, except by the Red men of the forest (prairies); the climate is very cold and it is almost impossible even for the grass to grow."

[Farther on she says, as the weather becomes pleasanter, "Nebraska is improving in appearance as the weather grows warmer; the soil is fine and it will probably be inhabited by a civilized race of beings in time," thus barely saving her reputation as a prophetess. Only about half way have we followed them on their travels, but having accomplished my object of giving some particulars of their journey through Nebraska, which might be interesting to old Nebraskans, we must leave them, with but a single further quotation announcing their final arrival in California.]

"Monday, Oct. 9, 1853.—At three o'clock we reached Indian Valley, where our wanderings cease for the winter, at least * * *. My husband having decided to remain here, has purchased an interest in a ranch situated in the center of the valley. The building was as rude and dreary looking as any human habitation your imagination can picture, having been occupied since the first settlement by dogs and Diggers (a low tribe of Indians), but we have made several additions and alterations until we think it quite comfortable in these wild mountains. The exterior is just as rough as unhewn logs piled up together can be made to look, and I had consoled myself with the hope of covering it with grape vines, or the wild honeysuckle, or some other climbing plant, but since the opening of spring I find there is not a single thing in the vegetable world of this region which depends upon another for support, but every plant stands upon its own ground and points directly to the heavens; therefore I shall be obliged to plant the wild roses and evergreens about it and make the interior as pleasant as possible. It contains two large rooms, which we use for parlor, dining room and kitchen and occasionally throw open the folding doors and make a ball room of them. Our family room is comfortable, with a large stone fire-place, but as for windows, all the sunlight we are blessed with comes peeping through holes cut in the logs. Our floors are uncarpeted, except my room, that has a blanket on the floor. Our furniture has been manufactured from pine trees, our tables are pine boards and can boast of four good legs; for seats we use little stools, except three small barrel chairs, and one large one, made from a pine tree and covered with a cayote's skin. Our walls are covered with furniture calicoes, and when we have a good blazing fire, and all sitting in its cheerful light with flute, guitar, books and papers, we can hardly realize that we are isolated from the whole world and completely hemmed in by the snowclad mountains of California. But so it is! Here we are, like Rasselas, shut up in the 'Happy Valley,' and like him wishing to be liberated and permitted to mingle with the world again."

[I hope some old resident of Nebraska will locate exactly some of

the points mentioned in the journal, notably Ferryville, Kanesville, the Mormon village, the points called Elkhorn ferry and Loup Forks, which, the last, must be nearer the mouth of the Loup than the present Loup Fork. Also the name of the officer in charge of ferry at Elkhorn.] S. W.

THE PAWNEE INDIAN WAR, 1859.

By Capt. R. W. Hazen.

Reprinted from the Omaha Daily Bee, February 17, 1890.

R. W. Hazen, who was captain of a company organized at Fremont in 1858, for the protection of the settlers from Indian depredations in those early days, contributes to the Tribune of that city the following interesting account of what is known as the Pawnee war:

In giving to the reader a history of the Pawnee expedition in July, 1859, I feel a degree of hesitancy. In the first place I take into consideration in the introduction the habits and character of the Indians and what the Pawnee Indians had to contend with—their natural enemy, the great Sioux nation.

In the winter of deep snow, in 1833, the Sioux in large numbers came down upon their village on the south side of the Platte river, opposite what was once known as the "Lone Tree" station, now Central City, pouncing upon them, butchering a large number, not even sparing the squaws or papooses, and no doubt the intention was to exterminate them, or at least weaken their tribe. The next great loss was their ponies, driven away by the Sioux at the same time. With their depleted numbers they removed to Southern bluffs, south of the Platte river, about three miles from Fremont.

The Pawnees were ripe for revenge and made raids upon the Sioux for ponies to replenish their stock, and to more securely hold them made a large stockade in the center of their village for the night.

In the summer of 1858, twelve of the young bloods of the Pawnees started out on the warpath, evidently to steal ponies, smarting under the whip of their defeat in former years. Going to the far westward the eagle eye of the Sioux sighted them and divining their object, they turned loose at night the same number of old horses they lately had taken. In the morning the Sioux found their trail, and overtak-

ing them, killed eleven of the Pawnees, and slitting the ears of the twelfth into shreds, sent him home to tell the tribe what had become of the others. The wailing of the tribe was heard at Fremont. On the last days of June, 1859, the Pawnees being menaced by the Sioux, and making preparations to go on their buffalo hunt, they moved to the north side of the river with their families and effects. The next day they had the discomfiture of seeing the principal part of their village, which had taken years to build, go up in smoke. Their council house, measuring sixty feet in diameter, was destroyed at this time.

The next day the tribe began to move their slow length along at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day. It was their usual custom to rise early in the morning and travel until midday and then rest themselves and stock for the next day's journey. Arrangements had been made with the Omaha tribe to meet them somewhere upon the Elkhorn river to give the tribes more strength against the Sioux in case necessity required it.

On the 29th the Pawnees camped on Cuming creek, and on that day and the next they made a raid upon Captain Thomas S. Parks' herd of cattle. Captain Parks had taken up quite a tract of fertile land, and before settling had purchased in Ohio a lot of thoroughbred stock. Most of this stock was killed or wounded as well as the other cattle in the herd. The loss was heavy, amounting to $1,100 or $1,200.

The loss could hardly be endured among the settlers of that early day. The word went around and the people became aroused at the situation.

As the Pawnees passed up the Elkhorn valley they continued their depredations, taking cattle and robbing families of their scanty supplies. At De Witt their depredations came to an end. Before this, word had been sent to Governor Black, then governor of the territory, for the protection of the settlers. Twenty-five men offered their services and went to DeWitt just in time to save the people and property of the last settlement. An engagement took place in which three Indians were shot and Dr. Peters wounded. The only alternative for the settlers and soldiers was to hustle themselves with their little effects and leave as fast as possible, in which they were successful, though they had been spied at the Pawnee camp

and were discovered catching their ponies, supposedly for an attack. The word went around and one can imagine the feeling of the people of the territory. Major General John M. Thayer was soon at Fontenelle, bringing word from Governor Black, then at Nebraska City, to rendezvous at the above place and call for a volunteer force of men to chastise the Indians. Word came to Fremont July 2d, from General Thayer asking for a volunteer force which should be ready when called for.

A meeting was called and the citizens responded to the call nobly. Additions came from North Bend and Maple Creek. The Fremont volunteer company consisted of forty men. They elected officers as follows: Captain, R. W. Hazen; first lieutenant, William West; second lieutenant, Henry Campbell; orderly sergeant, James Lee; wagon-master, W. F. Reynolds.

The formation of the company took quite all the available men in our little place and vicinity, leaving only a handful of men to protect our families, though we had no fears, as there was no enemy in the rear. And here it might not be out of place to mention the heads of families: Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kittle, Mrs. Margaret Turner, Mr. and Mrs. George Turner, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hazen, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flor, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moorland and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Smith. All lived in log houses except Mr. Heaton and family. E. H. Barnard and Herman Kountze also occupied a cabin.

When we were celebrating our natal day, the Fourth of July, General Thayer dispatched a messenger, Lieutenant George Hepburn, ordering us to rendezvous at Jalappa, on Maple creek, the next day. Upon arriving at the appointed place we met General Thayer and staff, Captain Ford and artillery of Omaha and Captain Kline of Fontenelle with about forty men. General Thayer immediately inquired about our provisions, and we were directed to have our wagon-master return to Fremont and get at least two weeks' provisions.

This day was well occupied in marching and countermarching, exercising the manual of arms and loading at three commands, which was much needed with raw recruits. In the meantime General Thayer received a message from Governor Black to make slow marches until his arrival. The next day, the 6th, we moved on to a

point of ground near J. B. Robinson's mill. Before evening, Governor Black came up with quite a force and was saluted with a hurrah. The force consisted of Lieutenant Robinson, United States army, with nineteen mounted men, and Major General Curtis, United States army, and Captain Kennedy, of Florence, with a company of mounted horse. We then numbered all told not exceeding two hundred men, but well equipped for the emergency. The governor thought a complete organization of officers should be made for our batallion, and it was, as follows: Major General Thayer, commander; General E. Esterbrook, of Omaha, adjutant general; Major Curtis, inspector general; Lieutenant R. N. Robinson, lieutenant colonel. Each captain retained his position as captain of his company, excepting Sergeant Robinson, who was made commander of the United States dragoons. Dr. Peck, of Omaha, was appointed army surgeon. A complete organization having been made, on the 8th we took up our line of march, making from twenty-five to thirty miles per day, following the Indian trail in its meanderings.

There was nothing to mar our feelings and the boys were jubilant and resolute, and many were speculating upon booty—the number of ponies they would take back to pay them for the expedition. Daily we found signs of the nearer approach of the Indians, and on the 12th in the afternoon, we spied a small group of tepees at a distance. It proved to be a camp of the Omaha tribe. From one of the Omahas we learned that the Pawnees were in camp some eight or ten miles in advance. Making friends with him and pursuading him to keep the matter of our intentions a secret, he was sent forward to the Omaha camp to instruct them to part from the Pawnees in the morning on seeing us coming. The order was carried out.

General Thayer visited his men in the evening, ordering them to be ready for the march at 2 o'clock in the morning. Under the excitement but very few closed their eyes that night, not knowing what the morning might bring forth. At 2 o'clock the bugle sounded the reveille. The men and teams were soon ready; we started in more than usual quick time to reach the Indians before daylight and in their camp. We reached their camp just as the sun was rising in the East. They, hearing the rumbling sounds of the train, quite all had left in a hurry, leaving their pots and kettles boiling their soups upon the crotches and poles. A detention of

thirty minutes occurred here in filling up the creek for our train to pass (now called Battle creek). We soon got under way again. In the haste of the Indians to get away they had cut loose their baggage and tent poles which lay promiscuously over the prairie. We went about three miles when we arrived on a rise of ground near the Elkhorn. A half mile away was the main body of the Pawnees and fifteen or twenty rods in our advance lay five or six hundred of the red skins in a dry creek, or draw, armed to do battle with bow and arrows. They had divested themselves of clothing, only wearing their moccasins and a breech-clout. All was excitement, as we had formed in line with our respective companies for the emergency, and at this moment Carrow-na-Sharrow, the head chief, came riding up. Sergeant Robinson fired his revolver at him, wounding his pony in the neck, no doubt to bring on an action. At this point the chief threw away his bow and arrows, saying: "Me no fight; me been to Washington; me saw the great father; me no fight." During this time Governor Black rode up and ordered no gun to be fired without his orders, though the match had been lit for the cannon, and men in readiness. At this instant one of the other chiefs had displayed the stars and stripes.

They had been taught when they formed a treaty at Washington in 1857, that the stars were an emblem of the United States and on presenting the flag they then received an opposing foe as an enemy to the United States.

A parley ensued. The reader can picture to himself the line of defense, and our foe upon a plateau of the Elkhorn. Some upon our right had swum the river, mounting the bluff; others escaping for dear life were crossing the prairie and mounting the bluff half a mile to our left, and when our troops found there would be no fighting, for their blood was up, there was no little cursing and swearing, when they remembered the attrocities and thefts of the Pawnees.

The chiefs made their appearance, carrying the stars and stripes unfurled, for a consultation. All were trembling with fear and shaking like an aspen leaf. The governor then told them, through an interpreter, his object and the depredations they had committed upon the inhabitants, their friends. Scarade-ne-Sal, their former chief and orator, made a speech through the interpreter, of great length, striking his breast with his fist at almost every word to confirm his state-

ments. He stated in his remarks that he thought his force sufficient to wipe us out of existence; "but," said he, "what is the use? The great father at Washington would send his men by thousands and wipe us off the face of the earth." Admitting the depredations which had been committed upon the inhabitants, he merely referred to their want and poverty. He agreed to pay all the sufferers and the expenses of the expedition. Governor Black here demanded that the desperadoes be given up who had been foremost in the depredations, and six were turned over, one of whom was wounded through the breast. Things being settled as fairly as could be, the command retraced their steps (many though reluctantly) recrossing Battle creek to a bluff in the vicinity, where there was plenty of wood and water, to rest up for the day.

In the afternoon the writer had occasion to reconnoiter a little over the prairie, when he met two well known persons with the wounded Indian. It was hinted at afterwards that the Indian was left in a secluded place with his blanket for a winding sheet.

On the morning of the 14th, being refreshed, the command started in a southerly direction, the five Indian prisoners securely bound, following in the rear of the train and a guard following to watch them. In the morning we struck the Pawnee trail in a southerly direction to reach Beaver creek. At noon we passed the camp of the Pawnees and Omahas.

A short distance after passing the camp, a halt was made, for reasons which were never understood. A squaw had been noticed following the young bloods, and at an opportune moment she severed their bonds and they bounded forth simultaneously. Marshal West, then marshal of the territory, followed two of them toward their camp, shooting one of them in the back, he threw up his hands and fell prostrate to the ground. Mr. Moorland, of the F. V. company, was not so successful. Following the prisoners and shooting at them, one ball penetrated the Omaha camp, wounding one of their number. On account of the excitement and commotion, the batallion was ordered into line for defense. Before the command was in line an Omaha came rapidly up, dressed in citizens clothing, probably the chief, informing General Thayer that one of his men had been wounded. Mr. Moorland was obliged to give the Omaha his horse.

Leaving their camp we passed on and in the afternoon reached

Beaver creek; men and horses rather famished and thirsty. Our horses were changed occasionally from the saddle to the harness. The wagon horses being without grain for a number of days had become greatly weakened. When descending towards Beaver creek, we could see the Sioux Indians in groups probably to intercept the Pawnees on their march. On the morning of the 15th, we took more of an easterly direction, following down the valley of Beaver creek, thinking more of our families and friends. Nothing occurred to cause any displeasure during the day, and the next, the 16th, before noon, we passed through Genoa. At this date the government had men employed erecting buildings for the Pawnees, school houses, grist mills, saw mills and other buildings, for their reception. At evening the command reached Columbus.

Now the Pawnee expedition was at an end. On the 18th of July we reached our respective homes and were happy to find our families in good health. But the result of our following the redskins was unfortunate. Our corn fields had required our attention and the result was not more than half a crop. But there was an advantage gained. The Pawnees were whipped. They ever afterward respected the white people and their rights as citizens of Nebraska.

It has been more than thirty years since the event and it may not be out of place to make some remarks in relation to the living and dead comrades.

Governor Black was succeeded as governor in 1860; returned to Pennsylvania, raised a regiment in 1861, rose to brigadier-general, and was killed, I think, at Gettysburg.

Major General J. M. Thayer is our worthy governor, and resides at Lincoln.

Major Curtis rose to major general during the rebellion, and died in Council Bluffs.

General E. Esterbrook, resides at Omaha.

Captain Ford, of the artillery, is dead.

Captain Kennedy died at Florence.

Captain Kline, of the Fontenelle volunteers, is dead.

Dr. Peck, our army surgeon, is dead.

Lieutenants William West and Henry Campbell, of the Fremont volunteer company, are dead.

George Turner, of Fremont volunteer company, is dead.

"Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn and death the journey's end."—DRYDEN.

Most of the Fremont volunteer force at the time were young men and those living now wear the frosty locks of age. Of Moorland it was reported he drove off some ponies from the Pawnees when they were upon their reservation. They found the trail toward Nebraska City. They took up their stock, killing Moorland on the prairie and leaving his flesh for the wolves and his bones to bleach in the sun.

We left the Pawnees between the Elkhorn and Beaver creek valleys. Their hunting was in the Sioux country, as the buffalo had been driven back by the white settlers, consequently their natural enemy, the Sioux, were contesting every inch of ground in their direction.

At Wood river, near Fort Kearney, they had a battle depleting their numbers and Icarrow-na-Sharrow received a wound; lingering a few days he passed to his happy hunting ground.

Being nearly famished for the want of food, about one hundred at night fall stole away from the eagle eye of the Sioux, going south into the buffalo country and in three days returned with their ponies loaded down with meat. In the early fall the Pawnees returned to harvest their corn, preparatory to going to their reservation; first finding out how well they were received by the people of Fremont. Finding them friendly and not enemies, they had permission to cache their corn in the limits of the place until winter or spring, taking their time to remove it.

In 1858, the Pawnees, were enumerated by the government and numbered 3,700. When they left the reservation for the Indian Territory in 1876, their number was a little over 2,600. By good authority, in 1887, they only numbered between ten and eleven hundred.

EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA.

A RUNNING FIGHT WITH THE LEADER OF A BAND OF DESPERADOES.

[From the Omaha Republican, January 29, 1888.]

It was the pleasure of a Republican representative a few evenings since to listen to a number of well-told reminiscences which were recounted by Captain G. M. Bailey, of this city. Captain Bailey, who was a private in the late war, and was taken prisoner, confined in Libby prison, and afterward paroled, came to Omaha when it was hardly a good-sized town. There were no railroads at that time entering this city. Communication with the outside world was had by means of a stage line to St. Joseph, thence by steamboat to St. Louis, and it was over this route, after many mishaps, that the captain first reached Omaha. Not long after he was, on account of ill-health, placed in the commissary department, with the rank of captain. It was while he was serving in this capacity that the incident we relate occurred. We give it as it came from his lips:

"In the spring of 1866, while I was assistant commissary on the staff of General Wheaton, then in command of the district of Nebraska, I received orders to go to the Pawnee reservation to muster out a battalion of Indians who had been enlisted under Major North to fight the Sioux, and who were at that time raising a great rumpus throughout the northwest. To carry out the order it required that I, with the army paymaster and our assistants, should traverse a distance of something over a hundred miles, through a region infested with desperadoes, in a lumbering army ambulance. It was on a bright and beautiful morning—in April, if I am not mistaken—when we left Fort Omaha, on what was destined to be an eventful trip. The ambulance contained four of us—Major Olmsted, the paymaster, his clerk, my clerk and myself. The driver and a mounted escort of

three made up the party. Our ambulance was drawn by four snow-white horses, perfect beauties, that were the pride of General Wheaton. Fremont was then the first station west of Omaha and was our objective point for the first day. We reached there without incident, but hungry and stiff from our long journey. We were thirsty, too, and right here let me tell you that I did not know what a really good drink was until that night. You see, Major Olmsted was one of those good old Germans whose love of the national beverage had not been lost when he left the fatherland, and when he learned that there was a barrel of beer at the station, he set about to concoct what he termed a "flip." He first beat up some eggs in a big tin bucket, filled it up with beer and stirred the whole with a red hot poker. To us, tired as we were, it was nectar fit for the gods, and the Fremonters, learning of the extra occasion, dropped in and kept the jolly Major busy making flips, until it was about as merry a party as you can imagine. There are several of that party left, and I'll wager that the memory of that night is a green oasis in a pretty generally barren desert."

"Next morning we started for the reservation, which was located near Genoa. It was the counterpart of the previous day in spring loveliness. Not a cloud in the bright sky. Not a soul did we meet as we travelled along, and we were congratulating ourselves that we were to make a safe journey. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we passed a ranch, one of the few in that part of the state at that time. Tethered in front of the ranch stood as noble a piece of horseflesh as I had ever set my eyes upon. He was a beautiful coal black fellow, as trimly built as a racer, and we all fell so greatly in love with him at first sight that we stopped to look him over. It was not until we had gone on some distance that I remembered that I had heard that just such a horse was in the possession of the leader of a band of marauders who had made much trouble in that section. The thought came over me in an instant that the presence of the horse on our route meant serious trouble for us. Major Olmstead laughed at me at first, but when I related some of the gang's exploits he became nervous and displayed the first signs of fear I had ever been able to detect in his nature. I stopped the ambulance and gave the escort orders to keep a sharp lookout, both ahead and in the rear, and then we started on as fast as we could, hoping to make Columbus before the gang could get together. About half an hour later one of the

escort rode up alongside and told me that the horse with a rider was coming up the trail behind us. Looking back I saw the beautiful steed coming toward us with the speed of a whirlwind, it seemed. I felt that there was trouble brewing, and had all our weapons examined and saw that there were plenty of cartridges in readiness for use."

"The fact was well known that the Pawnees were to be mustered out and paid off, and it was also known that the money would have to be brought overland by the paymaster. Our conveyance was therefore a signal that the money was coming for everyone knew who drove the four white horses. I was aware that the desperadoes would have no twinges of conscience if they could capture our money bags, and they would not hesitate to shoot us down like dogs if it were necessary to secure the money. So you will understand why I was suspicious and even fearful. When about half a mile in our rear, the rider veered off the trail and swept around to the southwest and passed us, coming up to within a short distance of the trail ahead of us. He halted on a little knoll alongside the trail, and when we were about three hundred yards away, he dismounted, dropped on one knee behind a rock and commenced to pump shots from a Henri rifle at us. We were in for it. One of the first shots hit one of the ambulance horses in the leg and disabled it. Now, I was perfectly well aware that this one man would never capture our party and that any man would be a fool who would attempt such a thing; but I was also well aware that within probably ten or fifteen miles there were many other members of the gang, and I divined, rightly, I think, that this man's object was to disable us and delay us until he could get reinforcements. Meanwhile the bullets were being poured in on us as rapidly as the Henri could speak, and our return fire was unavailing. We were armed only with army revolvers, and the long range destroyed their effect. Ordering the escort to charge the desperado, I climbed out of the ambulance and unhitched our disabled horse. Did the escort capture the fellow? Well, no. When they came within range of him, he coolly mounted and dashed off at a rate with which our tired horses could bear no comparison. When at a safe distance he halted again, and the guard returned to the ambulance. Hitching one of the escort's horses in place of the disabled one, we started on."

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Well, when we had again come within range of that fellow, he repeated his former dose of Henri bullets, and we again charged him and drove him further up the trail. I realized that the only thing that would save us was to keep moving toward Columbus, in hopes of reaching there before the gang would have time to reinforce their leader. The Shell creek country was so full of desperadoes at that time that I knew that in a short time the shots would be heard by some of the gang, and that the result would be our capture. We proceeded in this way the rest of the distance to Columbus. A charge, a hurried mounting and flight by the assailant, a slow following by the ambulance and another fusilade of bullets. The sides of the ambulance and the hubs and spokes were filled with bullet holes, but strange to say none of the shots took effect on either the horses or the party, after the disabling of the first horse in the beginning of the fight.

"Finally we reached Columbus about 8 o'clock that night, in pretty bad condition, I assure you. That fellow had dogged us until within sight of the town and had then made off over the hills. Sheriff Becker (I think that's his name) was one of the first to greet us. When he heard of our experience, he at once mustered a posse and gave chase, our escort accompanying them, and about eighteen hours later they succeeded in finding the headquarters of the gang and captured them. But they did not capture him of the beautiful horse, and I never saw either of them afterward. The gang was broken up, however, much to the relief of the settlers in the Shell Creek region.

"We went to Genoa the next afternoon, and the succeeding day paid off and mustered out the Indians. Our party had the pleasure of witnessing the novel war dance and other Indian ceremonies, and in the evening we were taken to the dormitory of the Indian school to see the little 'Injuns' sleeping. We went into the dormitory, and to our surprise found not a bed occupied. Then, after enjoying our amazement, the principal took us to a window opening on the piazza and showed us the little fellows, wrapped in blankets, sleeping peacefully in the open air, beneath the full moon's gentle rays. It seems they preferred the hard side of a plank and a blanket to the soft beds of the dormitory, and I sometimes think that their tastes, not ours, are after all correct."

"How did we come to be so nearly unarmed, you ask? Well, that's something I could never satisfactorily explain to myself. It was simply a foolish bit of carelessness. Why, if that fellow had succeeded in disabling us so that we could not proceed to Columbus, we should have been at his mercy. He could easily have called his gang together and compelled us to give up the money, or—well, perhaps I shouldn't be here to tell this story. You can be sure that the next trip I took we were armed with rifles. I am not particularly possessed of fear, but I don't like to court death by traveling unarmed in an infested region, particularly when there is treasure aboard."

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS IN NEBRASKA.

By D. C. Beam.

Being in St. Louis in the spring of 1852, without any special object in view, and seeing a steamer firing up to make the trip to St. Joseph, Missouri, the thought struck me to make the trip, thinking that I might wander to the Pacific coast.

In less than half an hour I was on board with passage paid. * * Coming up the Missouri I made the acquaintance of the Post Quartermaster of Fort Leavenworth, who proffered me employment, and gained my consent. Upon landing and finding myself at home among the soldiers, the second day I was again enlisted for five years in the First Regiment, Dragoons, U. S. A., June 1, 1852.

With these * * * remarks we will now confine ourselves to the country bounded as follows: On the east by Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri river and Missouri; south by the Indian Territory; west, the Rocky mountains; north, the British possessions. All within these bounds was called Nebraska at the date of my entrance.

About the last of June or the first of July, Company B, First Regiment, U. S. A. Dragoons, was ordered to proceed to and along the Arkansas river, to protect the travel and keep the road open between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico. Passing southwest, crossing the Stranger and the Grasshopper, we struck the Kaw river at a ferry about fifty miles from the place of starting, near the lower missionary establishment. The country passed over made one of the most beautiful panoramas I had ever seen, and the best agricultural part of the present state of Kansas.

Here we met our first Indians, about thirty Pottawatomies, the first I had seen, though the Kickapoos were nearer Leavenworth. They made no prepossessing appearance in my view. They were called semi-civilized. Crossing the Kansas river and continuing

southwest to the intersection of the road from Independence to Santa Fe, on to Council Grove, we passed some very broken country with beautiful valleys, susceptible of bountiful production whilst the ridges look barren. At the Grove was a missionary school, with a large and beautiful stone building, belonging to the Baptist denomination. Proceeding we passed a more level but less fertile country. At Cow creek we saw our first buffalo, and the country was alive with them for seventy-five miles up the Arkansas river. From the highest elevation, where the eye could sweep over a radius of twenty miles, nothing was to be seen but buffalo. I have no doubt but each square mile on an average contained two thousand of them. The year previous the troops passing over the same country had to bring a battery of artillery to play on them to save their train and open the way. It is a curious feature of theirs that they will always pass a moving object to the front.

Passing up the river one hundred and twenty-five miles, we arrived at what was called Fort McKey; dried mud shelters for the men and a trading post for Indians. Here we spent some two months or more with the Kiowas, camped near by. These Indians were great horsemen, and would run races, bet their tepees and everything they had on their favorite horse. Besides they were superb with the bow. I have seen one of them send an arrow clear through a buffalo at fifteen paces; and he got his meat in the river. Another curiosity to me was the burial of their old chief. He was placed in the ground in a sitting position with bow and arrows by his side, and some buffalo meat; then covered with robes and earth until there was a large mound; after which they led his war horses around his grave, and then pierced them to the heart with a long lance, and had them fall on his grave, to the number of thirteen. After which the whole tribe made the circle and cut off some of the hair from their ponies' tails and threw it on his grave. Next came the squaws in almost a nude condition with knife in hand, going around the same, howling, and cutting their arms and breasts until their bodies were covered with blood, keeping up their lament all the while. Sickening of the scene, we turned away in disgust, and not long after they all went to their camp; but kept mourning for many nights after.

We made a week's trip up the river; and whilst gone, eight Paw-

nees came out spying for a raid, and finding the 'Rapahoes camped on the river in two villages about three miles apart and their horses grazing between, they took the most favorable opportunity and stampeded the horses, and run off most all, not leaving them enough to follow. They were mad and threatened to go to the Pawnee village and annihilate them. It was amusing to see their gestures and learn through an interpreter, what they said; and sure enough the following spring they got allies among the Cheyennes, Comanches, and Prairie Paches, and started to execute their threat. The Pawnees, learning of their designs, traded ponies for arms and recruits among the Kickapoos, Wyandots, Otoes, Pottawatomies, and most likely the Omahas, met them on the Smoky Hill fork of the Kansas river, and whipped them badly—very badly. It is the writer's opinion, that the Pawnees were the greatest thieves and the bravest Indians west of the Missouri. They were always at war with the Sioux and frequently with other tribes. Previous to my entering into Nebraska, they gave the government troops a great deal of trouble by their thieving propensities.

In the fall we returned to winter quarters at Leavenworth by the same route, crossing Kansas a little higher up. Shortly after returning twelve or fifteen of us were ordered to escort Major Ogden and three other officers to the junction of the Smoky Hill and the Republican fork of the Kansas river, for the purpose of choosing a site and laying off a Fort. Passing a little more to the north and west of our usual route, we struck the river higher up, continuing up the north side to our destination, passing St. Mary's mission—a Catholic institution. If I remember right it was a nunnery. The following day I was ordered to take five men and three teams and go back to the mission for corn. We felt much elated to think that we would get something to eat, for we had had no vegetables all summer; but we had to work hard shelling corn for three days and only shelled one hundred and twenty-five bushels. The Priest in charge would come and invite us to meals which were anything but inviting. If a soldier's mess room in barracks was as filthy, some one would be walked to the guard house. Before we got back to camp we suffered much with cold, and snow had fallen six inches deep; but it was cheering to find the boys sitting around rousing fires, with numbers of wild turkeys strung up to roast and many

hung on trees for future use. Our work was now done and the ground work of Fort Riley was laid. We broke camp and started for winter quarters.

In the spring and summer of 1853, we passed over the route of '52 on the same duties at Fort McKey. We again found the Arapahoes, who had some time before arrived from their annihilating trip. As long as we lay there they kept mourning their dead. They would commence at dark, howling, dogs howling, keeping the air filled with sounds until near morning, reminding me of New York, at a distance. This season we passed as far west as the big timbers on the Arkansas river, five or six hundred miles out. After standing the mosquitoes one night, we started on our return by easy marches. At Fort McKey we met Maj. Fitzpatrick, who had come out with a large train laden with presents for the wild Indians. Learning that the Indians had got a Mexican merchant with his train in trouble, boots and saddles were sounded and we were off for the crossing of the road to Santa Fe, some twenty-five miles above. Here we found he had got part of his train across. The river here was about forty rods wide with quicksand bottom, but shallow. The Indians seeing an opportunity to take them in detail intended to rob them. Learning of our near approach they left. We followed about ten miles, spied their camp and got within half a mile of them before they discovered us. We charged into their camp but they scattered in every direction. There was a man sent out and had them return, when they were scolded and invited to meet Fitzpatrick, to make a Cracker and Molasses Treaty, as Gen'l. Harney called it. After the presents were distributed, we remained some time, then returned to Leavenworth.

In the year 1854 there was more stirring in Kansas than any year previous, and to me it was the most unfortunate in the early spring. Whilst on drill, I got the hammer of a carbine crammed into my leg which sent me to the hospital, where it was poulticed, blistered, burned, and scarrified. After all the treatment, I was discharged for disability. Going to the company's quarters, I tore up my discharge without reading it through. I went to the orderly Sergeant's room and sat down, not knowing what to do. Having no money, or very little, and not being able to walk away, I sat there feeling very blue. In the course of an hour the boss herder at Pilot

Knob came around enquiring for me and told me to be ready, as a wagon would be along soon and I should go to the herd with him. I suppose some of the officers had spoken to the Quartermaster, and I was put on his list at twenty dollars a month. At the herd the boys would catch a quiet mule for me and I would go with them to the grazing grounds and they would do their herding. In the course of two weeks I had become rugged, but could not walk any distance.

This was the year of the organizing of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. People began to come in. Steve Atchison, who was, or had been, a U. S. Senator, crossed the Missouri river above the fort with a horde of Missourians, at what is now called Atchison, to lay the foundation of a slave state. His home was in Platte City, Missouri. On the 12th of July, Major Ogden sent for me and put me in command of five men and a string of fifty-two horses, with rope from the tongue of the wagon to a pair of leaders, directing me to proceed to the Stranger and choose a camp and receive four hundred horses which he would send out. By hard work we reached it and formed our camp, as the sun was setting, traveling twelve miles in seven hours. In the night three or four more strings came in, some with half or more of their horses gone; and from one string three men deserted. In the night I sent back to the Fort to report the condition of the horses. I received orders to gather them up, count them and report. We scoured the country for five miles around and got a good many; and to count them we tied them to a new stake-and-ridered fence; and before I got them counted they scared and pulled about sixty rods of the fence down. Then we had a circus: horses snorting, running, with rails flying in the air, and men using their best endeavors to escape injuries. As luck would have it no more came out, but they sent five more men, and then we gathered them again, and formed a square by placing a wagon on each corner, and stretching our lead lines from wagon to wagon, to which we tied them with halter. Counting them we found only seven missing. After a couple of days the balance were sent out and men enough to take care of them in a way, and I was relieved from charge of all but my fifty-two. Then came companies B and E, First Dragoons, and some thirty officers and cadets for New Mexico. Our route was the same we had traveled the two previous years, as far as we had gone. At Walnut creek we had some

trouble through the interference of so many young officers; but it was settled by raising our pay ten dollars per month. There were one hundred and six citizens, teamsters, and horsemen in the command. We crossed the Arkansas at the regular crossing and went into camp on a low bottom. Our camp formed with the two companies on the flanks, and the train drawn along parallel with the river and far enough back from it to give us room to picket on half lariat. The train consisted of seventy wagons with six mules to each wagon. Noticing the horses appeared restless, I refrained from lying down, and kept my men up conversing on various subjects. About ten o'clock they made a break. We ran to save our horses and turned the balance off, thereby saving most all of mine and the companies' that were below me. Here was a catastrophe. Seven or eight hundred animals on a stampede, picket pins flying in the air, but too dark to see them. Those who have heard the charge of a thousand cavalrymen may know the noise, minus the yell. After my horses became quiet, I took three men and went in pursuit, finding a number whose picket ropes had become entangled in different squads. I sent them with the men to camp and proceeded down the river some ten miles when my horse took to acting strangely and refused to be urged on. Believing myself in the vicinity of Indians, and without arms, I thought it policy to return. After riding far enough, as I thought, to be at camp, and coming to the river I got off and went down the bank, which is hardly ever more than three feet high, and put my hand into the water to tell which way it flowed. Finding myself right, I mounted and started on, but did not go far before I was hailed. Answering "friend," I was told to advance and give the countersign, and there within twenty feet of me was Lieutenant Hastings with twenty-five men. I had not heard them nor could I see them; the night had become so foggy, but I was near camp. Lying down I slept three or four hours and had something to eat when I woke up. We were then sent out to scour the country for the horses and got many, myself taking a course a little more south of my night ride. About two miles out I came upon three dead horses with no signs of injuries about them that I could discover. I believe they ran themselves to death. Continuing my course for about an hour, and getting into more broken country, as I ascended an eminence I spied near by two small pack

mules with packs lying on the ground and a man eighty rods away hurrying to his camp. I put spurs to my horse and beat him. Seeing a gun, I jumped off and got it and remounted. Seeing he hesitated, I motioned him to advance, which he did very deliberately. He proved to be the poorest specimen of the human race I had ever seen. By signs, together with what little Spanish I could speak, he was given to understand that his business was to pack up and go to camp, thinking he might prove to be the cause of our stampede, or at least could be made useful. After turning him over to the commanding officer I saw no more of him. After three or four days the Indians brought in some horses for which they were paid ten dollars a head in gold. I got a number of the ten dollar pieces for a pint cup of sugar, and might have got all if my sugar had held out. I had always taken some extra coffee and sugar with me when going on the plains. Having got most all our animals, we broke camp and recrossed the river, and continued up the north side to Bent's Fort, a trading post, where we were not far from Pike's Peak. We next crossed the Arkansas, and went up a stream properly called Purgatory, which we followed to the summit of the Rattone mountains. Passing down on the southwest side, we came to the ranch of Maxwell and Kit Carson, consisting of a few log cabins covered with earth, numerous Indians and half breeds. Continuing south and west we arrived at Fort Union. The next day we turned our horses over to the quartermaster, who placed them in a two-acre corral built of pine trees from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter, placed in the ground about three feet, and eight feet high, close together, with good plank doors. He counted them and receipted, and we had not got twenty rods away when out they broke at the door, and cramming through, broke down three rods of the corral, and the last I saw of them was a cloud of dust away off toward Santa Fe. We were paid off here, and after our teams rested a few days, we returned in wagons by what is known as the Cimeron route, crossing the Arkansas at our stampede ground. As we got near Leavenworth we would meet occasionally a white man. When we arrived at the Fort we were again paid off and discharged.

Hearing that the town of Leavenworth was laid off at Three Mile creek, I went down to see it and find out what show there would be for winter quarters. I found the brush cut out of the streets and a

stone foundation laid for a hotel, with the frame going up. I noticed two or three piles of lumber on the ground for other buildings. Seeing no show for quarters, I returned to the Fort and had a talk with Major Ogden regarding the town. I wanted to buy a share or two that he said would be worth five hundred dollars a share, but the company had not arranged to make them transferable. I had in my possession something over one thousand dollars at that time. Having no place to stay, I got a hack going to Weston, Mo. There I fitted myself out with wearing apparel and took a steamer for St. Louis, going to southeastern Iowa for winter quarters. Early in March I crossed northern Missouri on horseback, and when I arrived at Leavenworth, I found the hotel running. Russell and Majors—these were the great freighters—were erecting a store building and a printing press on the levee, near a big tree. They had a rousing big log fire by which they cooked their grub and published their paper. The shares of the town company had risen to three thousand dollars. Probably there were ten or a dozen houses up at that time. After spending a month in town, I sold my horse and went on the herd at the knob, going to town two or three times a week. Here I saw some sixty or seventy-five men march from the town with arms, pistols, guns and blankets on their back for the sacking of Lawrence. Some of them I knew to be free state men. Why they went has always been a query in my mind. At the first election, men came in companies and tied their horses to trees and bushes till they covered the ground for three quarters of a mile around; also a steam-boat load from the town of Weston, Mo. I do not believe that ten of every hundred were entitled to vote, but they did all the same, making the election for slavery. A month later they took a free state man to Weston, tarred and feathered him and had him sold to a negro for a cent. He came back to town and some time after he was shot dead. I believe his name was Phillips.

Whilst herding we noticed men going around and blazing trees or driving stakes in the ground, marking them with the name and the part of the claim they were on. In the course of a day or two others would come along and put others in their place, obliterating all previous marks. Whether any of them ever settled on the ground they marked, I know not. Some, if they were not, should

have been settled six feet under the surface. It is a defect in the government that the most desirable land is not surveyed before opening for settlement. Before leaving this locality, let me describe it. As last seen Leavenworth was about two-thirds as large as Blair at the present time, but had not as good buildings. Russell and Majors were the moving force. I heard Majors say they had cattle enough, when yoked and strung out, to reach fifty-six miles, to the Kaw river. Their shops were located in Leavenworth. Their great wagons were like schooners, which they loaded with seventy hundred for six yoke of oxen and one bull whacker. Where ever sent, the wagons in town covered about five acres of ground. Ox-yokes, all that would lie on a city block, were piled up, and log chains, two hundred feet square, were piled to a pyramid.

On the 5th of August, 1855, I was called to the Fort and put in charge of staff, baggage and ordnance train in General Harney's expedition against the Sioux, consisting of Company B, First Artillery as Cavalry, four companies of the Sixth Infantry with a large train. Reaching our camping grounds on the Stranger, twelve miles out, at dark, with many mules given out, the General called me, ordering me to return to the Post and bring out twelve of the best mules. Then I got something to eat and returned for my orders, when he repeated the "best mules." I got there at two in the morning, and it was so dark that nothing could be done. I lay down and slept an hour and at the peep of day was pounding on the door of the Quartermaster. After arousing him, I presented him my order. He sent me for Mr. Wilson, Post wagon-master, who was ordered to fill the order. Wilson said to me not to take the water team, thereby showing he knew I was to have my choice. Knowing the pride that was taken in that team, I would have been a vandal to have robbed them of it if it had suited me. Getting my mules and three men, we returned to camp. When reporting to the General, I told him that I had heard that the cholera had broken out at Fort Riley; that men were dying very fast, and that the doctor had deserted his post. He broke out in a great rage, swearing he would arrest and cashier him. Reminding him that my news was only rumor, and his mail would soon be in with more definite news, he was pacified. That evening our surgeon was ordered to Fort Riley, and the command proceeded on its way the next day. Crossing the Big

Blue on a small ferry boat, one of the teamsters brought his whip onto the off-wheeler to bring him into place. Harney, seeing him, broke out with the greatest volley of oaths we had ever heard, abusing him outrageously, and he was one of the best teamsters in the command. Afterwards the teamsters were afraid of him and would sooner take their mules a half mile to water than anywhere near his tent.

Continuing on the old military road, we soon came into the present State, then Territory, of Nebraska. At Kearney, the command was strengthened with four or six companies of Infantry, if my memory is right, mounted on ponies, with fifteen scouts, Jim Baker, Joe Laflesh and others whose names have been forgotten. About half of them were Indians. Who was Adjutant, memory fails to say. Captain VanVleet was Quartermaster; Lieutenant Warren was topographical engineer. We also had a gentleman from Paris, France, who said that in his own country he was a grand count, but in America he was no account at all. But he was mistaken, for he was good to eat putrid chickens. The Kearney troops had for wagon-master a Sergeant by name of Avery, who now resides in Herman, this county. He has always been a picture to memory, as seen riding along his train. Wm. Drummond was head wagon master. Passing up the Platte to Laramie, we crossed but one stream of running water, and that was the South Platte; and for two or three hundred miles we saw not a tree. At this time there was a trader at O'Fallon's Bluff, and at old Julesburg, and one some five miles below. Crossing at Julesburg we traveled for the North Platte. At the head of Ash Hollow we met a train that had corraled three times that day on account of Indians, who wanted to trade for arms and ammunition; telling them they did not want to fight them, but the soldiers, who were coming. We could see with a spy glass their camp off to the northwest. Passing down the hollow to the river we went into camp at midnight. The troops crossed the river. The cavalry was sent to get around back of them whilst the infantry were to attack them in front. As the infantry got close to their camp they were spied, and Little Thunder, their chief, came out to meet Harney and have a talk. The latter kept him in conversation till he could learn of his cavalry's whereabouts. Gaining his desires, he told the chief he had been sent to fight him,

and he should go and get his men ready. As he started, the troops started to follow. When within hailing distance, he motioned them to run. As they did so, firing was opened on them. As they ran into the cavalry they got it again and then went to fighting for their lives. One, who was supposed dead, and had a death wound, raised up and shot a soldier. Then another soldier went to finish him with his sabre. As the soldier struck at him the Indian threw up and received the blow on his gun, thus breaking the sabre at the hilt. An officer then thought to try his hand and rode up for that purpose, when the Indian grasped the broken sabre and with it nearly severed the leg of the officer's horse. The Indian was at last finished by a revolver ball. Other Indians got in "cache holes" from which they killed the most of those who were killed—thirteen in all. If I remember rightly one hundred and twenty-six Indians were slain. Whilst the fight was going on we train men brought our train into corral, making the river the base and forming a half circle with wagons, mules on the inside, front wheel locked in hind wheel ahead. After the fight, I was sent with six or eight wagons out to haul in the plunder from the camp which was about six miles from the river on a nice stream of water called the Blue or Brule. For the first three miles I met the troops guarding the prisoners, squaws with tepees on ponies and children riding in the usual way. I do not think I saw a dozen bucks amongst them. Being told that there were two camps, one a mile farther up, I thought to take the upper first and finish at the other as I returned. Passing the lower one a mile or more away, I heard the bugle sound rally on the chief. Turning at right angles, by persevering use of the whip we got the teams into a dog trot and kept it up till we got where we were wanted. Here were some as pretty tepees as I ever saw; new hides stretching over a circumference of eighteen feet, and running to an apex twenty feet high. Inside were bales of dried buffalo meat in skins piled three feet high all around next the outside. By order of the General we loaded the meat and lodges, as they were taken down by two or three squaws, into the wagons, and such other things as were to be found, and started on our return to camp. Crossing the river, which had quick-sand bottom, we lost many of those long poles by the jarring and shaking of the wagons, and for which we dared not stop as our wagons would sink, and thus they floated off

in the current. The river was near half a mile wide and not over a foot deep in any place. It was after dark when we got to camp.

The next morning Harney came to me inquiring after the buffalo robes, saying he wanted them for his old regiment and that I should get them. Thinking my turn had now come for a cursing, I says, "how many, General?" and he turns off and says, "no more." But he had scared a nice large robe out of one of the teamsters, who brought it to me. I searched the wagons but found no more, neither had I seen any put in the wagons. They had buried our dead whilst I was on the battlefield, a little to the west of Ash Hollow and not far from the bluff, on rising ground. Learning that a man by the name of McDonald, with whom I had served two years in the first dragoons, was buried there, I went to pay my last respects to his grave, which was marked with a cedar post. Leaving two companies here with the largest number of prisoners, to build a post, which was called Fort Grafton, after a Lieutenant by that name, who was sent with eighteen men to punish them for killing a Mormon's cow. They proved too many for him, killing his whole party but one, and he was wounded. This was the year previous—1855. Passing on to Laramie, there was nothing unusual except in the vicinity of Courthouse Rock, where we had encamped about 3 o'clock on a clear, bright day with a gentle breeze from the south. We had our first sight of grass-hoppers. An hour after camping the ground was covered one inch thick with them. At every step we would tread numbers of them. The air was full of them so you could hardly discern the sun. Before night there was not a spear of grass left for our animals.

Whilst passing up the Platte some of the Indians, twelve in number, who had saved themselves, were ahead of us, and coming into Laramie as if on a trading expedition. They got between the herd and the Mexican herders, who were along the walls of the Fort. They raised a yell, swinging their blankets, and stampeded one hundred and fifty animals. The post wagon-master being saddled, mounted and put after them and saved a good many. Major How who was up the Laramie nine miles, with four companies of cavalry, was sent for; he followed them two days and returned. When he reported to Harney, it was better than any tragedy Shakespeare ever wrote. He cursed him and swore till everything was blue. I think

he was put under arrest; at last he was taken to Fort Pierre. After remaining ten days to rest the animals, he took all the spare troops, leaving some prisoners there. We started out to build a fort on White River. The first day we camped on Running Water river. The next we went down a dry draw till we came to water, the head of White River, which we followed down three days, and then abandoned the building of the fort, the Laramie. Our troops were sent back, and with the infantry we started for Pierre on the ninth of October. Here on the head of the river we had snow twelve inches deep, and had frost every night for a month. The snow soon disappeared, but it left our mules weak. Every morning we would have to help some of them up before putting the harness on them; they would travel fifteen or twenty miles a day. I should be pardoned if I swore here, for we crossed this stream thirteen times in one day. At every crossing there would be a lot of soldiers to help the teams across, they standing on the bank yelling and doing no earthly good. We soon after bid adieu to White River, and passing up a long gradual slope for ten miles, we camped on a high piece of ground with a swale on it with good grass and water. The next morning we had to let our wagons down from this hill with both wheels locked, and long ropes attached, with men to hold them back. This hill was sand, three or four hundred feet high, the descent being about sixty degrees. At the bottom we found ourselves in the Bad Lands which it took us two days to cross. How many men found a road through them is a question to me. Here were brought to the train many specimens of petrifications, amongst which was a turtle three feet long; it looked as if it might have been just caught on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. We had a night's camp on alkali water that looked like strained honey, which we could not drink without mixing with coffee. After getting out of these lands we came to a more beautiful country, which is destined to be a great wheat field. Two days more brought us to Pierre, in a cold rain, when our mules were turned loose with picket ropes dragging. In the morning, going to look after them, I found a great many of them dead; on the ends of the ropes were frozen three to five hundred pounds of mud which was gathered as they dragged them. Some could no longer pull their ropes and were anchored. These were fine Kentucky mules, but too young

for the trip, many only two years old. This day the Quartermaster told me the General wanted me to stay with him. I told him I would do so for sixty-five dollars a month. He thought it was more than they could pay. I felt a little sore, as I had done my own duty and a good deal of the head wagon-master's, for which he received the pay, my pay being only forty-five dollars. After spending a week above Pierre, in crossing the Missouri, I was sent after, but I declined the call and have not regretted it. Pierre was an old trading post built of adobe brick, half a mile from the river, and eight miles from timber, a desolate, bleak looking place. I left there without going back to bid the General farewell, who had always treated me with respect, I think from the fact that we had traveled a good deal over Florida, known to each other. With Quartermaster VanVleet, his brother, teamsters, and fourteen teams, we started down the north side of the river, crossing Jim River about fifty miles north of its mouth. Then taking a southeast course we came to the Big Sioux, west of Sioux City. We continued on to Leavenworth, where we were paid off and sent into Platt county, Mo., with a herd of mules to winter. Here, in the early March of 1856, I made up my mind to quit the government employ, and going to the Fort drew my pay. Being asked where I was going, I told them twenty miles beyond the last white settlement up the Missouri, thinking I should hardly go so far, but I went one hundred. At Sioux City I took a contract of Frame & Rustin to get out thirty thousand rails at thirty dollars per thousand, in Dakota county, Nebraska. Employing two men, I went to where we were to board, got mauls and wedge timber from the bluff at St. Johns, and was ready for work. The next morning, seeing a grove of timber off to the southwest, and thinking we might as well have a claim apiece, we started for it. After walking two or three miles we found ourselves on low ground with water on it, but pushing on through snow and water till it came above our boots, and finding ourselves still a mile from the objective point, we had to beat a retreat, returning to our boarding places tired out and weary. Here all was confusion; the beds out and things torn up generally. On making inquiries, the lady told us (and she was a lady) that she could not keep us. With tears in her eyes she pointed out the lice in her beds. She had a boarder whom she called Posey, an Indianian, for

a week, who had inoculated the whole house. Sioux City was a lousy place, but I and my men had changed our clothes and put on some new ones before leaving there. She gave us something to eat and we wormed ourselves back over six long miles. I threw up my contract. I then pulled at an oar on the first ferry that crossed the river here, and made the acquaintance of Melchisadeck Huddleson, by some called Hairie, by others Harry. As I may have considerable to say of him, I will give his description: A man six feet two inches tall, straight as a soldier, with dark complexion, brown eyes, long heavy beard which he had a habit of pulling frequently; he was of a quiet and peaceful habit and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds, and as strong as an ox; he was between thirty-five and forty years of age at that time. My next employ was to hold down a claim for Joe Holman which he turned into Pacific City. I built the first frame of a house in Dakota county, for him. Whilst doing so, and working round the saw mill there, I would frequently attend Father Martin's prayer meetings and listen to his Sabbath discourses. He had bought thirteen acres of timber land near by, calculating to get from it so many thousand feet of lumber and two hundred cords of wood. The wood would be worth six hundred dollars an acre, to say nothing of the lumber. I happened to be in Sioux City when he arrived by steamer, and was amused to see him hunting for a barrel of soft soap while his family were standing on the bank waiting for him. He found it, and has been using it for many years on the people of Dakota county through the columns of the Eagle. In November there was a claim meeting called at Sioux City, of claim holders of the Niobrara, consisting of B. Y. Shelly, Judge Hubbard, Frank West, George Detwilder, Treadway, Holman and some others. Huddleson, I believe, had taken one on the Bazill. I had none, but was hired to go up and hold the claims at sixty-five dollars per month, with grub, by the town company, and was elected recorder of the club. We had a constitution and by-laws, which allowed me one dollar for recording a claim. But I never charged and was glad to see people come in. Buying nine pair of fine large white bed blankets of Holman, and one hundred pounds of sugar, some coffee and beads to trade on, and loading some provisions of the company's, Harry Huddleson, Vogleson, Smith and myself, with a yoke of oxen, started for our destined

home. At St. Johns, on the Dakota bottom, was an Irish colony of Catholics. After that there was neither a settlement nor a house for a hundred miles. Following an Indian trail, we crossed Iowa Creek, where Ponca is now located; following up the west branch to its head we crossed to the Lime Creek hills, passing on to Bean where we camped for the night. These valleys are the best part of North Nebraska. The next night we were at Secre Grove, and the last night we lay out on a hill about eight miles from our destination with the wind blowing a gale; all our bed clothes would not keep us warm. At dawn of day we proceeded, keeping an Indian trail which we had followed from the Dakota bottom. Harry had been over the route in August previous and had assisted in putting up a cabin and stable, which we were to occupy. Arriving at our destination we found ourselves on a bottom five miles long, one and a half wide, bounded on the west by the Running Water, or Niobrara; Missouri river on the north, Bazill on the east and high bluffs on the south. The cabin was situated about central, close to a willow bed and two hundred yards from the Missouri. It was built three logs on a side and four on ends, one across the top, and covered with willows, grass, and a foot of earth. The logs would average about two and a half feet in diameter. A twelve-light window of 7x9 glass, placed horizontally in the south, with a good strong door at the east, completed the house. Inside the dimensions were 14x16 feet, and banked up with earth three feet high. Three or four rods to the east was the stable. I would not have been so descriptive here, but as there have been some high and almost tragic scenes taken place which nothing but unbounded courage and good judgment could or did avoid. Here we were in a village of one thousand hostile savages camped all around us, claiming the country. The old settlers who, Mr. Draper, in his history, says, were burned out and took refuge in the old Fort, were R. R. Cowan and James Small, the ashes of whose houses were never seen. If Cowan had been there in '53, he must have been a Mormon. The only evidence of their having been there was a pair of mill buhrs cut in scientific form from a boulder, about two feet and a half in diameter.

After a day or two Cowan, not liking the situation left, I believe, on foot and alone, for Sioux City, leaving five of us there to contend with the Indians; they became more ugly each day. But we went

on with our work, paying no attention to them, getting our logs for the purpose of building a double log house. We would cut them sixteen or eighteen feet long, two or more feet in diameter, to be split and hewn to seven inches; we thus had quite a log yard near our cabin. When the Indians appeared to be very much excited, every once and awhile one would make a speech, going through camp; not knowing a word of what he said, but by his gestures and emphasis and modulation of voice, I could imagine a Cicero on the stage. Afterwards numbers of them would walk and stand in our way. I walked round a number of them, when one came up and stopped, stiffened himself so I saw it was design. I gave him a push and sent him about a rod. The whole tribe, I noticed, were on the watch. They did not bother me any more that day. The next day we had a visit from Michel Whip Hard-Walker, Antoine Bear-Claws, and maybe one more, at our cabin. They came in, we offered them seats as far as we could. They sat down remaining quiet for some time. I noticed that they felt elated. When Michel pulled out a big envelope and looking around he at last handed it to me. I took it, looked at the address and saw it was addressed to R. R. Cowan, below the Running Water. I made him understand, that it was for the man, who had gone to Sioux City. I wanted him to take it to him or send it. He would not. Then he wanted me to open it. I gave him to understand, that I dare not. I could see him getting mad, and I handed it back to him and told him to open it. It nonplussed him. He remained quiet for some time, then got up, laying the letter on the table, and they all left. Knowing by intuition that there was something in it that we should know, after consultation, it was agreed it should be opened. Doing so I read it, finding it a very abusive document, ordering us away, signed Col. Lee, commanding Fort Randal. Handing it to Small I called Harry out; we took our axes and worked near each other. I told him the contents and what I thought best to do. Smith was so scared that his eyes protruded from their sockets; and thinking it would probably get us into worse trouble, I sent him and Vogleson down with it. He thought Smith might take it alone. Going in, I told Small to read the letter to Harry, Smith and Vogleson; to watch that no Indians came around. After a general talk, my proposition was accepted; they left early the next morning. On Cowan's receiving the letter, it was posted to

the Bluffs, where one of the company resided, a relative of the Secretary of the Interior, and by him sent to Washington, where it kicked up a fuss with Secretary of War Davis, who ordered Lee to countermand his order and apologize for the language it contained. This order and apology, I never saw, but was told of it. The Indians, who had been delayed from going on their fall hunt by our presence, now started out, leaving an old squaw to die of old age. She fixed herself a hut and was comfortable, until some young bucks came along and destroyed it. She fixed up again and we gave her some provisions.

We were now at peace, three of us alone. On the first, second and third of December, 1856, there was one of the most terrific blizzards, ever known to this country. We hewed down the inside of our cabin for fuel. Snow fell four feet on the bottom, and ravines were piled in places twenty feet deep. Prior to this the weather had been warm and pleasant. We had to shovel our cattle out, although their stable was warm, and melt snow for them, till we could shovel a road to the river. In a couple of days, we got things straightened out, and started out to see what we could do, one going ahead awhile, then the other. I would frequently have to butt the snow with my shoulder to get through. After going to where we knew some logs lay, we returned tired out. Not giving up we made a log sled, and when the snow settled a little, we went to pulling logs in, with the view to have on hand what we wanted before the Indians returned. About the twentieth of December an officer and a man came along on their way to the Fort, traveling on the river, where the snow was not so deep. They stopped and had some dinner with us, relating their experience which was that they had got west of Jim River with corn for Fort Randal, when the storm struck them. Some of their animals froze, and others were turned loose. What fire they could keep up was made out of shelled corn. After the storm, they abandoned the train. I remarked that it would make corn dear with them. Replying he said, every bushel cost them four dollars and ten cents delivered. After discussing the news, Harry remarked that east of Peoria, Ill., they sometimes raised one hundred bushels to the acre; one man would plough the ground and cultivate forty acres. Taking my pencil I went to figuring: $16,400.00. That is better than town-site speculation, I replied, and I would take a claim and

go to growing corn, and as soon as I could, I climbed the highest hills south of the town-site. Finding a level piece of ground, I stuck my stake and recorded my claim. Now the Indians began to come back from a poor hunt, tired and starved. After a week they all arrived but Hard Walker, a chief, who was found a month or six weeks later on an island in the Niobrara, starved to skin and bones. He was carried in by his tribe to his tepee, where they all brought him something to eat. Wanting to be in fashion, I took a pint of sugar and went to his tepee, and gave it to him. He was the best looking one of them all when in health and would weigh two hundred pounds. When leaving I thought I could see gratitude in his eyes. From now on our cabin window was darkened with squaws watching Small cook. Studying their signs and learning some of their words I began to trade with them. During the winter I got three hundred dollars worth of furs. When they wanted to trade, they would cross their fingers and say swap. Letting them in they would stay till I told them to go. Sometimes they would get saucy and refuse. I would open the door and tell them to "git;" if they stiffened themselves up, I would grab them and throw them through it, their heads striking the top. Harry who was bothered by their stealing his cattle ropes, found, one day, a young buck with one under his blanket. He took it from him, the Indian trying to hold it. Small came up, handed out a pistol and told him to shoot him. Harry says "You take that thing in the house." I had never seen him so mad before. It took a couple of days to work off, and I don't think he ever after felt the same friendship for Small. Another day we were hewing logs when the Indians put a mark on the tree and went to shoot at it. From where they shot we were not more than eight feet from the line of sight. Not liking balls coming quite so close, I told them to go farther away, and if they did not I would knock them down. One who was, I should judge, about twenty-five years old came up out of the willows and blazed away. I went up to him and struck him hard in the mouth with my glove on, knocking his front teeth out but not flooring him. He got on a high mole with his gun raised in the most awkward position to strike, tears running from his eyes. Laughing at him I told him to go to his tepee. He went while the whole tribe were looking on. This shooting was a design, either to intimidate us or to shoot us and then say

it was an accident. Our last fracas was with Antoine. He got drunk. Where he got his liquor, I don't know, unless some Frenchman came along. There had been a couple passing during the winter who told us if we did not go away from there the Indians would scalp us and that we had no right there. Asking them how they knew we had no right there, their reply would be Maj. Sarpy said so. This was a Frenchman, a trader, who lived at St. Mary's, opposite Bellevue. Antoine was full and wild. We could hear him yell every once in awhile. At last he made a break for our cabin, with an old sword and three or four Indians after him. We shut the door and he pounded at it with his sword till he broke it; then the others got him away. Fred Vogleson got back about the first of February, how I do not remember. We were glad to see him; but the poor fellow had frozen his feet so badly that he could not get around; when they began to slough the stench was sickening in the cabin. He bore his suffering with fortitude, and we could do nothing for him. Through January and February, I do not think there was a cloud in the sky, yet the snow did not melt on the south side of the cabin. We were living on soda-bread, salt pork which had become rusty, beans and coffee. About the last of the month I was taken with scurvy in my knee. Looking at it, I found it was blue. Thinking that I had strained it and that it would soon get well, I did not pay it attention for some time; but it became more painful. I examined it and found it more black. I put cold water on it, which I continued to do a week, it getting worse all the time. Then I poulticed it, all to no effect. The other knee commenced in the same way. Not knowing what to do, I commenced to consult the Indians. They would wash their mouths and chew up roots and spit on it, making signs, continuing the same treatment every day for three weeks, when they came to the conclusion that it would have to be scarrified and the bad blood taken out. Antoine was chief doctor. I made up my mind to bear it till we could get away. In March the snow began to go away, the river rising surrounded us with water; the Indians fled to the bluffs. On the first of April, a steamboat came up loaded for Fort Randal, but not being able to stem the current, she unloaded opposite to us, and sent her yawl over. It came within ten feet of our door. I think Detwilder and one other man came in it. Our baggage was loaded on; Harry, Vogleson and I

bidding good bye to the boys were soon on the boat. The captain examined me and pronounced my disease scurvy, and supplied me with canned fruit to eat between meals. Within an hour after eating a few peaches, I became very sick. On the following day we arrived at Sioux City, where the town turned out as was the custom, on the arrival of a boat. As soon as we were seen, they greeted us with cheers. When the boat landed it was hand-shaking for some time, they giving us a regular ovation. I was cared for tenderly, taken to the Hagy House which was the Terrific when we left. Here we held a levee, receiving congratulations and telling our story. Doctors Cook and Shelly amputated Fred's toes at the first joint and prescribed a vegetable diet with vinegar for me. Raw potatoes I could not eat, but onions and vinegar were palatable. Vegetables were scarce, but the boys vied with each other in hunting them up. Every once in awhile, I could hear the leaders of my arms snap, as they were straightened out. Inside of three weeks I threw my crutches away; Harry and myself took stage to Council Bluffs, where I disposed of my furs; he and I went to look for a team. Finding a man who would sell us two yoke of oxen, a wagon and a load of corn, we bought them; and driving to a livery stable, we put up there and sold the liveryman two thirds of the corn. Buying a breaking plow, four bushels of potatoes—paying twenty dollars for them—a bushel of beans, one hundred pounds of bacon, a keg of molasses, one of vinegar, one hundred pounds of sugar, coffee and garden seeds, axes, spades, ammunition, and whatever we thought we should need for the season, we started on our return to Nebraska. At the Little Sioux we bought three bushels more potatoes and some butter; at Sioux City we got an augur or two and a whetstone, the half of it I have yet, and a little cook stove. Taking Fred and our blankets we proceeded on our way, crossing all streams on snow bridges the tenth of May. On the 12th we arrived at our destination on the Bazill, in a snow storm; the snow covered the ground four inches deep, but went off that night. The following day, we put up our cabin. After getting the things partially fixed, we went to the town-site, leaving Fred at our camp. Meeting the Indians first who appeared surprised to see me, we would shake hands and say "How, How." Going to the cabin we found Small all right, with five or six others. After exchanging news, which took the greater

part of the day, we returned. As soon as the ground got a little dry, we went to plowing for a garden and potato patch. After three days hard work, we had got one and a half acres loosened up in a weed patch at the foot of the ravine. Taking our hoes we leveled off the ground and planted a patch of beans sixty feet square, and beds of various garden vegetables. The balance we planted in potatoes, keeping a few for Sunday dinners. Then we went to breaking sod for corn, I driving, Harry holding the plow. As I had to watch where I was driving, I could not look back, but had to keep whipping all the time, the oxen pulling all they could. When Harry said "Wo," looking at him I saw the sweat streaming from his face. Asking him what was the matter, he said the blamed plow wanted to turn over. We had pulled it sixty rods tolerably straight, cutting three inches deep and sixteen wide. The whole lay under the sod. After he and the cattle had got their wind, I said "Lets go on." He said "You try it;" I took hold of the plow and started, and the plow shoved out of the ground on the land side. Backing up I got it in place again. Putting my back against the land side handle and seizing the other with both hands, we started. I held it up for two rods, when out it came. Talking with him I found out that they generally broke two inches deep, and that he had never broken any himself. We were down three and a half or four inches; setting the gauge wheel down to make it run shallower, I found that it run easier for the cattle but not much for us. We then thought it too dull. We got an ax and hammer and went to pounding it, and in doing so got the lay bent up a little, and it did better. We got sixteen acres broke and planted in sod corn on Harry's, and two acres on my claim. Result: our corn was frost-bitten, our beans never set till September, the potatoes we had to sit up nights to keep the Indians from stealing. We had onions, radishes and summer truck. I will not go over the history of Knox county any further. Those who wish to know more, I refer to Mr. Draper's history.

In 1859, we organized a company of about sixty men with twenty teams to go to Pike's Peak. We started out under the commissioner system—three men to choose the road and to have command of the company. This commission consisted of R. N. Day, now of Tecomah, Wm. Benner, and another, whose name I have forgotten. We went up the Running Water, making a road to draw travel through

Knox county. We got along finely till after crossing the Long Pine, we came to the running Water bottom where we were met by twenty Sioux Indians who said that we should go no further, and that we must go back. Not being of the go-back kind, they were told to get out of the way, when they showed signs of fight. In a moment they were covered by twenty guns, and again ordered off, and they went threatening to meet us further on, but they did not. We crossed the Running Water a little west of where Fort Niobrara now is and got into the sands west of Valentine. We broke for the mouth of Snake river and re-crossed to the south side. Again following it up till we came to Harvey's route, we crossed to the Platte. Our organization was changed at the Snake River; why, I do not know, as everything was going finely. They elected me captain at this point. On the Platte bottom the roads were lined with men and teams; hearing that the ferryboat was gone, and that men were trying to get across in wagon boxes, I drove in where there were some fine large cottonwood trees and camped two miles from Laramie. Finding the trees large and hollow for some way up, we cut down the best three and made canoes of them eighteen feet long. Placing timbers across each end and lashing them to the corners, we had a boat that would carry a wagon and its load. After getting some wagons across, we tried to swim our cattle. Some went across, others we had to tow. One man lost his wagon by his cattle getting on the canoes and upsetting them. We followed the Laramie to the Chugwater and then went up it after Majors and Russell. They had broken two hundred acres, but whether it was productive, I can not say. On the Lodge Pole at Cheyenne there were some vacant houses built by the soldiers. A day's journey south we met Mr. Greeley on his famous overland journey. He told us what he saw in the mines. Continuing along the mountains we crossed the *Cache le Peau*, and the Boulder where we had our Fourth of July dinner; and then we disbanded, going to the mountains in squads of five and ten. * *

* * * * Denver had about a dozen houses built of cottonwood lumber. One was an express office where you paid twenty-five cents to mail or receive a letter. Aurora was on the west side of Cherry Creek. Starting for the Missouri down the South Platte, I crossed it at Kearney on the Wood River. Dr. Henery had built a good log house at Grand Island. Columbus was a German colony at Loup

Fork. Fremont had two cabins half a mile apart. There I sold four dollars and ninety-five cents worth of gold dust, all I had. I also learned that the Indians were raising the devil on the Niobrara where I had some relatives. Thinking it my duty to return to them I went to Elk City: then striking north-east I met Judge Bowen; passing by Colby's on the Pappio, where Swyhart and another man lived, I came in on the hills west of Blair. Coming down to Cuming City, which was the largest place I had seen since leaving Sioux City—continuing to Dakota City, I learned that "all was quiet at Niobrara." This had become as famous a saying at that time as the saying "all is quiet on the Potomac" did afterwards to the people of the northern states. It was late, if not winter, when I arrived at the picket post of civilization in the North-west. Of those who stood guard the first winter, Frederic Vogleson was killed by lightning, on his claim two miles up the Bazill from its mouth, James Small was killed by Indians in a cedar ravine some six miles up the Niobrara, Harry Huddleson is passing his declining years near Ponca. It is unnecessary to say that I am here in the best agricultural county that this sketch describes. Of those who went to Pike's Peak, I know only of R. N. Day and Foster, who resided here in Blair for some time.

Here you have my story written by request of Mr. Eller, from tablets of memory in the long past. Some are dim whilst others are as vivid as when first painted. Should it prove interesting, instructive, or amusing to its readers, I shall feel paid for the trouble.

TABOR, IOWA, January 28, 1891.

GEORGE E. HOWARD:

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for your favor of the 17th inst. Your explanation with regard to the non-appearance of my article, is certainly satisfactory.

You ask that I send you a short account of Samuel Allis which you may print.

I have re-read his article in the History of Nebraska, and I think of nothing I can write of him which would add to the lustre of his name, so prefer to wait for the proof sheets of eternity to level that portion of his life which lay parallel with mine.

I mentioned that he was not a Rev. because I supposed you desired to be correct in each particular in your historical records, and judged he had received that title from some one who thought all missionaries sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. were ministers of the Gospel. He is recorded as "Mr. Samuel Allis, teacher," in the Missionary Herald, the organ of the A. B. C. F. M., and never essayed to preach.

He afterwards was appointed teacher by our government, and it was while acting in that capacity that he made the effort to improve the condition of the Pawnees by permitting the braves to drive their boys and girls in herds to his intellectual pasture grounds, which he records as a failure.

In his article, Vol. 2, Page 155, of your Historical Records, he has given the date of the attack of the Sioux upon the Pawnees, as occurring in 1845. This does not accord with the date of that attack as given in my article, and I think, if you refer to the report of the Secretary of the Interior, you will find it was in 1843.

This may have been a misprint, and I am reminded by it to ask, as a special favor, that the proof sheets of my article be sent me, that I may verify their correctness before they appear as permanent record on your pages. Respectfully,

GEO. E. HOWARD, MRS. E. G. PLATT.
Sec'y Neb. State Historical Society.

TABOR, IOWA, February 26, 1891.

GEORGE E. HOWARD:

DEAR SIR:—In writing, I would not forget to tender thanks for your report received, though to do this is not my special reason for appearing again before you.

In reading Mr. Allis' paper, reported by the Nebraska Historical Society, I see he is made to say that among the annuiting goods delivered to the Pawnees were shrouds.

I judge that the compositor, not being acquainted with articles of Indian barter, mistook a "t" for an "h" and thus made this most ludicrous error, and I feel impelled to call your attention to it, because it is approved by "The Nebraska Historical Society," whose design no doubt is to be correct in every minute particular.

Strouds, a heavy woolen goods manufactured in the town of Stroud, Gloucestershire, England, is the cloth used by the Indian women for dress goods, and by the men for leggins and waist cloths, and it was no doubt written thus by Mr. Allis.

Can this error be corrected so that future readers may not be stumbled by the absurd representation that our government sent shrouds to our wild Indians? Hoping I may not seem intrusive in this, I am

Yours Respectfully,

MR. GEO. E. HOWARD. MRS. E. G. PLATT.

LINCOLN, NEB., January 2, 1888.

PROF. GEORGE E. HOWARD,

Secretary State Historical Society, Lincoln, Neb.

DEAR SIR:—

After the publication last year of my article entitled, "Notes on the Military History of Nebraska," two questions were asked me by a member of your society regarding it.

The first question was, whether the name "Kearney" (Gen. W. S. Kearney), should not be spelled "Kearny?"

On examination of the Army Register of the United States from 1876 to 1886, published by L. R. Hammersly, I found the name spelled "Kearny;" but I have since still further investigated the matter and find in the report of the Adjutant Acting General of the army, March 13, 1824, in the Army Register for 1831, and in the report of a committee of Congress on claims, April 9, 1832, (Am. State Papers, "Military Affairs," Vol. 2, Page 7), that the name is spelled "Kearney." It is also found in the report of Gen. Gaines, in 1834, and, finally, his signature to a letter, dated Fort Leavenworth, Kan., June 20, 1837, published in Am. State Papers, "Military Affairs," Vol. 7, Page 961, is printed Stephen W. *Kearney*, and I infer, in the absence of stronger authority to the contrary, that my original spelling is correct.

The second question was, why I did not mention "Booneville's" expedition.

This, although not strictly a military expedition, being rather a personal exploration, might well have been mentioned.

Captain B. L. E. Booneville was granted a leave of absence from the regular army, (being then Captain of the 7th Infantry), from August 3, 1831, to October, 1833, for the purpose of exploration. He left Fort Osage on the Missouri May 1, 1832, with 110 men, most of whom had been in the Indian country, and many being experienced hunters and trappers. He also took with him some Delaware Indians. He reached the main stream of the Nebraska or Platte river about twenty-five miles below the head of Great (Grand) Island, June 2, 1832. He measured the width of the river at this point and found it 2200 yards from bank to bank. Its depth was, at that time, from 3 to 6 feet, and was full of quick sand. Cottonwoods were growing on the numerous islands. On the 11th of the same month, they came to the forks of the Nebraska and resolved to follow the north branch. He states that a few days after this date he ascended a high bluff, and "as far as his eye could reach, the country seemed absolutely blackened by innumerable herds." No language, he says, could convey an adequate idea of the vast living mass thus presented to the eye. His expedition then followed the north fork of the Platte, passed beyond the present boundaries of the state. I have seen no record of it, except the work of Washington Irving. He lived to perform duty in his later days, during the Civil War, and I found his name as mustering officer of Nebraska troops, upon papers now on file in the Adjutant General's office of the state.

If he made any official report of his expedition, which has been published by the war department, I have not been able to find it.

The official report of Col. Dodge's expedition, mentioned in the paper, may be found in Am. State Papers, "Military Affairs," Vol. 6, Page 130.

Since the last meeting of the "Historical Society," I have, under the authority of Governor Thayer and Adjutant General Cole, been at work assorting, collecting and filing, so as to be accessible, papers relating to the service of the Nebraska troops in the late war. I have discovered many valuable papers, and have so numbered and filed them, that I believe information can hereafter be obtained with comparatively little trouble. Company histories and records have been found, but many of the original papers are not on file. A careful study of each man's record has, however, been made from the

material on hand and a book showing the principal points of the military history of each officer and soldier, is now being prepared for the Adjutant General's office.

This contains a "Record of Nebraska Volunteers from 1861 to 1869, including therefore, in the later dates troops called into the service of the state only.

The following are the organizations included in it:

First Regiment Nebraska Veteran Volunteers.

First Battalion Nebraska Veteran Volunteers.

Second Regiment Nebraska Cavalry Volunteers.

Curtis "Horse," Nebraska Volunteers.

Company A, First Regiment, First Brigade, Nebraska Militia.

Companies A, B, C, First Regiment, Second Brigade, Nebraska Militia.

"Artillery Detachment" Nebraska Militia.

Company A, Pawnee Scouts.

Company A, Omaha Scouts.

Company A, First Regiment Cavalry, Nebraska Militia, 1867.

Company A, First Cavalry, Nebraska Militia, 1869.

This book will also show what records are on file, with each organization. In the absence of any fund available for printing of this record of service, this seems to be the best that can be done to preserve these papers from loss and ensure their safety for future use.

I am, yours very truly,

EDGAR S. DUDLEY,
First Lieut. 2nd U. S. Art'y.

FORT BARRANCAS, WARRINGTON, FLORIDA, Feb. 2, 1889.

PROF. GEO. E. HOWARD,

Secretary Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln, Neb.

DEAR PROF:—I wrote you a few days ago asking for a copy of the third volume of your proceedings. Soon after, I noticed, that you were just holding your annual meeting so that it will be some time before it is published.

I want to say that the "Roster of Nebraska Volunteers," upon which I was at work for a long time in the Adjutant General's office has, since my departure from the state, been published and it will be a valuable addition to your library. I noticed some typographical

errors in it, but have as yet discovered nothing very important, that is wrong. You remember probably, the condition in which the records of this office were in, when I started on this work. The papers accumulated for years were unassorted, except that a few of those of the two or three years prior to that time, were in packages by themselves, but the great mass of papers were "all in a heap." I have tried to fix it so that hereafter, those important records, still on hand, shall not be lost, by putting them together in packages, numbering the package and making a list of them under the head where they most appropriately belong.

You will see an example of it on the first printed page (page 3) beginning the record. An examination of that list, and following ones, will show you what there is now in existence, from which to draw the History of the First Nebraska Volunteers.

I regret very much that I was unable to write up the history of this regiment, and in fact to continue the "Notes on the Military History of Nebraska," from the point where I left off in your last proceedings. But the amount of work to do, even what I did do, is inconceivable to any one who has not tried it. The note which appears printed as "preface," indicates something of what I tried to do.

Another thing I think ought to be mentioned. A large number of desertions are reported—*not from the front facing the enemy*, but from western Nebraska,—and chiefly of men who enlisted in the 1st Battalion Nebraska Veteran Volunteers. This Batallion instead of being sent to the front was consolidated with the 1st Regiment and put on duty "on the plains." It is evident that this was not what the men who enlisted in it expected, for dissatisfaction appears from the number of desertions which followed. They all, it is to be presumed (and in original records it is shown for many, that they were veterans), had seen prior service and received honorable discharge, so that it must have been a strong cause for dissatisfaction, that would induce them to desert. I infer that it is due to the fact that they felt that the spirit of their contract had not been lived up to, that they had expected to go to *the front*, and the change of destination, and the placing them under new officers not chosen by them, caused by the consolidation, created the feeling, which led to numerous desertions. Again it was in the closing days of the war when the 1st

Battalion was raised and after its close that the desertions took place—the consolidation taking place July 10, 1865, so that, as they saw or heard of other volunteers going home for discharge, they undoubtedly thought their own service ought to terminate and conceived the idea, perhaps, that they were not being treated rightly, in being kept in service on the plains in Indian warfare.

One un-explained case occurs, where a bugler, Chas. Slater, Co. "A" 1st Regiment, whose term of service expired June 26, 1865, was retained in service until Jan. 15, 1866, when he "discharged himself," unlawfully of course by "desertion."

All these circumstances of course constitute no excuse for the crime of desertion. But I felt, that it is due these men, many of whom had previously good war records, and to the regiment, that I should state the impressions made upon me by the examination of these records. So that should you review the book, or others write the history of the regiment, the circumstances might be known.

Some day, if other and better hands do not undertake it, I hope to be so situated as to complete the work I have begun, and write what can now be ascertained concerning Nebraska's part in preserving the Union during the late war of the rebellion.

With kindest regards to all, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

EDGAR S. DUDLEY,
1st Lieut. 2nd Artillery.

P. S.—If you desire to do so I shall have no objection to your publishing what I say about the records, of deserters, etc. D.

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One un-explained case occurs, where a Sergt. (Chas. Slater, Co. "A" 1st Regiment, whose term of service expired June 29, 1865, was retained in service until Jan. 15, 1866, when he "discharged himself," unlawfully of course by "desertion."

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II.—PROCEEDINGS.

SECRETARY'S RECORD AND REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

ANNUAL SESSION, JAN. 11–12, 1887.

January 11, Afternoon Meeting.

Met pursuant to call of the Secretary at 4 p. m., in the chapel of the University, President Furnas in the chair. Minutes of the preceding meeting read and approved.

The Treasurer, Col. W. W. Wilson, submitted a report, which was received and referred to an auditing committee, consisting of Judge Crounse, C. H. Gere and Edson P. Rich.

A report was also made by the Secretary and Librarian which was approved and placed on file. On motion the offices of corresponding and recording secretary were united in the hands of one officer to be known as secretary.

The following named persons were elected members of the Society: F. W. Lewis, S. L. Geisthardt, Albert Watkins, C. R. Chaney, L. B. Treeman, J. T. Mallalieu, and J. M. Hoffman. A. G. Warner, of Baltimore, was also elected corresponding member.

On motion of C. H. Gere, the Society then proceeded to ballot for officers for the ensuing year. The vote resulted as follows:

President—R. W. Furnas.

First Vice President—Lorenzo Crounse.

Second Vice President—J. M. Woolworth.

Treasurer—Chas. H. Gere.

Secretary—Geo. E. Howard.

Board of Managers—J. Sterling Morton, Irving J. Manatt, J. A. MacMurphy, Clara B. Colby, H. T. Clarke.

The committee appointed to audit the Treasurer's report, reported that the same was found correct.

A manuscript meteorological record kept in Plattsmouth, 1866–82, presented to the society by Dr. A. L. Child, of Kansas City, was accepted, and Hon. C. H. Gere appointed to return the thanks of the Society therefor.

On motion of C. H. Gere, Mr. Warner was allowed forty dollars for expenses in collecting material for his paper.

Adjourned till 8 p. m.

JANUARY 11, EVENING MEETING.

The Society listened to a valuable paper by the Hon. Hadley D. Johnson, of Salt Lake, on the "Establishment of the Kansas–Nebraska Line." On motion a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Johnson for the paper and a copy requested for publication. By unanimous vote Mr. Johnson was made an honorary member of the Society.

Hon. J. A. MacMurphy, then read interesting extracts from a diary kept by a lady, while crossing Nebraska in early days. J. W. Paddock was elected an active member.

Adjourned.

JANUARY 12, EVENING MEETING.

Met pursuant to adjournment at 8:00 P. M., in Representative Hall.

An interesting and scholarly paper on the "Relation of Law to the Study of History," was read by H. H. Wilson. Mr. Wilson was followed by Lieut. E. S. Dudley in an excellent paper, drawn from original documents on the "Early Military History of Nebraska." A vote of thanks was tendered both gentlemen and copies of their papers requested for publication.

At the close of the addresses Chancellor Manatt offered the following, which was adopted by the Society.

"The Nebraska State Historical Society in annual session assembled, in grateful recognition of the debt of the New Northwest to the statesmen of 1787 and the pioneers of 1788, sends greeting to the Washington County Pioneers' Association and the Ohio Archæological and Historical Society and pledges its hearty assistance in promoting the success of the Centennial Commemoration of the settlement of the Northwest territory.

This Society further requests the senators and representatives in Congress from this state to support any proper measure for making this centennial observance commensurate with the enduring national importance of the event to be commemorated."

Messrs C. A. Holmes, of Tecumseh, N. K. Griggs, of Beatrice, and E. P. Child, of Lincoln, were elected to active membership.

The Society then adjourned to meet on the call of the secretary.

ANNUAL SESSION JAN. 10, 1888.

Afternoon Meeting.

Met pursuant to call of the Secretary. The President being detained on account of illness, on motion of C. H. Gere, Chancellor Manatt took the chair.

Minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved. Treasurer Gere submitted his report, which was received and referred to a committee consisting of S. D. Cox, S. L. Geisthardt, and E. S. Dudley.

A report was also read by the Secretary which was received and placed on file. A communication from Mrs. E. G. Platt, promising a paper for the next volume of the Transactions, was read and placed on file. Also a communication from Lieutenant E. S. Dudley, relative to his present work in classifying the records of the Adjutant General's office was read by the Secretary.

A committee consisting of the Secretary, C. H. Gere, and F. W. Lewis was appointed to consider the practicability of publishing portions of the documents referred to in Lieut. Dudley's paper. On motion the committee was given power to take action in the matter.

The following named persons were elected to active membership: Principal Geo. L. Farnham, Peru; Prof. A. B. Show, Crete; Jos. E. Lamaster, Lincoln; Byron Reed, Omaha; W. D. Bowers, Seward; W. W. Cox, Seward; Rev. T. B. Lemon, Lincoln; Judge T. L. Norval, Seward; Lieut. E. S. Dudley; H. M. Bushnell; Miss S. W. Moore, Lincoln; E. M. McIntyre, Seward.

Mrs. E. G. Platt, Tabor, Iowa, was elected an honorary member.

A committee consisting of I. J. Manatt, W. W. Wilson, and C. H. Gere was appointed to consult the authorities of the State University and the State Board of Public Lands and Buildings with a view to securing a suite of rooms for the permanent use of the Society.

A committee composed of Gov. R. W. Furnas, Prof. A. B. Show, H. W. Caldwell, F. W. Lewis, and the Secretary was appointed to mature a plan for securing the co-operation of local historical bodies in the work of the State Historical Society, and devise other means of extending the usefulness of the latter.

A design for an official seal was presented to the Society by Miss

S. W. Moore. On motion of C. H. Gere it was approved and a vote of thanks extended to Miss Moore for the same.

On motion the Secretary was instructed to cast the ballot of the Society for the following officers to serve the ensuing year:

President—R. W. Furnas.

First Vice President—Lorenzo Crounse.

Second Vice President—J. M. Woolworth.

Treasurer—C. H. Gere.

Secretary—Geo. E. Howard.

Board of Managers—J. Sterling Morton, Irving J. Manatt, J. A. MacMurphy, Clara B. Colby, H. T. Clarke.

JANUARY 10, EVENING SESSION.

On motion Judge and Mrs. S. B. Pound, were elected active members of the Society.

The principal object of the meeting was to listen to the reading of various papers, more particularly the entertaining and exceedingly valuable address of Hon. W. W. Cox, of Seward, on the "Settlement and Early History of Lincoln and Lancaster County."

The address of Mr. Cox was followed by a paper on "History and Art" by Miss S. W. Moore of the art department of the State University.

The session closed with an entertaining address by Hon. J. A. MacMurphy, of Omaha. A vote of thanks was tendered for each paper and copies of the latter requested for publication.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING, JAN. 8–9, 1889.

JANUARY 8, AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Society met in the Chapel of the University building, pursuant to the call of the Secretary, President Furnas in the chair.

Minutes of the preceding annual meeting read and approved.

The Secretary and Librarian then read a report showing the business of the Society during the year, and the present condition of the library. The report was accepted and placed on file.

The report of the Treasurer was then read and submitted to a committee of audit, consisting of S. L. Geisthardt and J. A. MacMurphy; the report was approved.

The question of securing better rooms for the accommodation of the Society, was discussed at some length. On motion, C. H. Gere and J. A. MacMurphy were appointed as a committee to consult with a committee of the State Agricultural Society with reference to securing rooms for their joint accommodation.

A vote of thanks was tendered to all persons named in the Secretary's report, as having made contributions to the collections of the Society.

The thanks of the Society were also tendered to Miss S. W. Moore for her courtesy in procuring the electrotype and engraving of the official seal.

A. G. Warner, J. S. Phoebus, T. H. Leavitt and Chas. E. Bennett were elected active members.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—R. W. Furnas.

First Vice President—Lorenzo Crounse.

Second Vice President—J. M. Woolworth.

Treasurer—C. H. Gere.

Secretary—Geo. E. Howard.

Board of Managers—J. Sterling Morton, Mrs. Clara B. Colby, H. T. Clarke, I. J. Manatt, J. A. MacMurphy.

Adjourned.

JANUARY 8, EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was opened with the reading, by Secretary Howard, of extracts from the valuable manuscript of Mrs. Elvira Gaston Platt, now of Tabor, Iowa, who with her husband, L. W. Platt, was sent to Nebraska in 1843, as teacher among the Pawnees.

The principal paper of the evening was then read by Prof. H. W. Caldwell. The subject of the paper was "Higher Education in Nebraska; the State University." It consisted of a most interesting and scientific discussion of the early educational period of the state and particularly of the evolution of the University, the matter being drawn from original sources. The value of the paper was greatly

increased by a series of tables and line diagrams, which the Professor had placed upon the blackboard for the benefit of the audience.

A vote of thanks was tendered Professor Caldwell and a copy of his paper requested for publication in the transactions of the Society.

Adjourned.

JANUARY 9, EVENING SESSION.

The first paper of the evening was a "History of the State Home of the Friendless," by Mrs. R. C. Manley. This was followed by an elaborate address by Dr. A. G. Warner on "Political Science in American State Universities." Both papers were greatly appreciated by the Society and copies solicited for publication.

After the audience retired, a business meeting was held. On motion a sum not to exceed $250, was apportioned for the purpose of procuring portraits of the governors of Nebraska. The money was placed at the disposal of a committee, consisting of W. W. Wilson, C. H. Gere and Geo. E. Howard.

Adjourned.

ANNUAL MEETING, JAN. 14–15, 1890.

JANUARY 14, EVENING SESSION.

The Society met in the University Chapel, pursuant to call of the Secretary, President Furnas in the chair; meeting called to order at 8 P. M.

The Secretary, Geo. E. Howard, being absent on account of illness, on motion of C. H. Gere, S. L. Geisthardt was elected secretary pro tempore.

President Furnas introduced Judge James W. Savage, of Omaha, who delivered an address entitled, "The Christening of the Platte."

At the close of this address, the President introduced Mrs. M. B. Newton, of Omaha, who read an address entitled, "The Educational History of Omaha."

Hon. W. H. Eller, of Blair, next read an address on "The Development of the Free Soil Doctrine."

On motion of Prof. L. E. Hicks, the thanks of the Society and audience were tendered to those who had read papers and copies requested for publication.

The report of Treasurer C. H. Gere, was read, ordered adopted, and placed on file.

The names of Rev. John Gallagher, of Tecumseh, Andrew J. Sawyer, of Lincoln, and Mrs. M. B. Newton, of Omaha, were proposed as active members of the Society.

On motion, carried unanimously, the Secretary was ordered to cast the ballot of the Society for the admission of each of the applicants, as members. The ballot was so cast and the above named persons declared elected as active members of the Society.

The meeting adjourned to meet at 8 P. M., Wednesday, Jan. 15th, in the same place.

JANUARY 15, EVENING SESSION.

The Society met at 8:00 P. M., in the University Chapel pursuant to adjournment, President Furnas in the chair, S. L. Geisthardt acting as Secretary pro tempore.

The first exercise was the reading of a paper by Hon. Albert Watkins, of Lincoln, entitled "American State Legislatures and Legislation."

At the conclusion of this address, Prof. J. S. Kingsley, of the State University read an address on "Salem Witchcraft."

On motion of Prof. L. E. Hicks, which prevailed unanimously, the thanks of the Society and audience were extended to the speakers and copies of their addresses requested for publication.

Mr. William Henry Smith, of Lincoln, was proposed as an active member of the Society. On motion of Chas. H. Gere, which prevailed unanimously the Secretary was ordered to cast the ballot of the Society for the admission of the applicant. The ballot was so cast and Mr. Smith was declared elected an active member of the Society.

An informal discussion followed on the advisability of holding the annual or intermediate meetings in the city of Omaha.

On motion of C. H. Gere, it was voted unanimously "That a committee of five, with the President as Chairman, be appointed to consider the question of more complete organization for the Society, of obtaining assistance from the state and elsewhere to procure grounds and a building, the committee to report at a regular meeting

to be held in the city of Lincoln in April, 1890, to be called, as provided by the constitution and by-laws."

The President named as the four remaining member of the committee, C. H. Gere, J. Sterling Morton, Lorenzo Crounse, and Albert Watkins.

Rev. Lewis Gregory and Rev. E. H. Chapin, both of Lincoln, were proposed, as active members of the Society. On motion of C. H. Gere, the Secretary was ordered, by a unanimous vote, to cast the ballot of the Society for the admission of the applicants. The ballot was so cast and Messrs. Gregory and Chapin were declared elected active members of the Society.

The Secretary was ordered by unanimous vote to cast the ballot of the Society for the following persons, as officers for the ensuing year:

President—R. W. Furnas.

First Vice President—Lorenzo Crounse.

Second Vice President—J. M. Woolworth.

Treasurer—C. H. Gere.

Secretary—George E. Howard.

Board of Directors—J. Sterling Morton, Chas. E. Bessey, Mrs. Clara B. Colby, J. A. MacMurphy, H. T. Clarke.

The ballot was so cast and the above named persons were declared elected as officers for the ensuing year.

On motion of J. Sterling Morton, it was voted "That the Secretary be instructed to correspond with Mr. Joseph H. Millard, of Omaha, and ascertain, if possible, the present location of the papers and documents of the Nebraska Relief and Aid Society, concerning the so-called grasshopper years, and procure the papers, if possible, for this Society."

The meeting adjourned.

S. L. GEISTHARDT,
Secretary pro tempore.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1887.—Continued.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Salary of Librarian	$	100 00
Salary of Treasurer		25 00
Incidental expenses of President		8 25
A. G. Warner, expenses of publication		40 00
Hardy & Pitcher, furniture and sundries		48 50
Secretary, for books, expressage, postage, etc		739 33
Total	$	961 08
Balance	$	902 00
Interest on deposits from January 1, 1887, to January 1, 1888		53 03
Total amount in treasury	$	955 82

Respectfully,

C. H. GERE, Treasurer.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1888.

JANUARY 8, 1889.

I have the honor to transmit the following annual report of receipts and expenditures of the Nebraska Historical Society for the year ending Jan. 1, '89.

RECEIPTS.

Amount on hand January 1, 1888	$	955 82
Initiation fees of six new members		12 00
Warrant for state appropriation		500 00
Interest on deposits, First National Bank		42 73
Total	$	1,510 55

EXPENDITURES.

W. W. Cox, expenses of attendance to read paper	$	10 00
R. W. Furnas, incidental expenses during meeting		7 25
J. A. MacMurphy, expenses of attendance to read paper		10 00
George E. Howard, salary as secretary one year		100 00
George E. Howard, incidental expenses as per vouchers		15 70
W. W. Cox, twenty-five copies of History of Seward County		28 75
George E. Howard, books and incidental expenses as per vouchers		58 52
George E. Howard, sundries as per vouchers		8 35

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1888.—Continued.

Sarah W. Moore, seal, electrotype and expressage		28 60
State Journal Co., printing as per vouchers		30 00
C. H. Gere, salary as treasurer one year.		25 00
Total	$	322 17
Balance on hand	$	1,188 38

Very Respectfully,

C. H. GERE, Treasurer.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1889.

I have the honor of making the following report of the receipts and expenses, and the balance on hand, for the year ending January 14, 1890, accompanied by the books and vouchers in my possession.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury January 8, 1889	$	1,188 38
Initiation fees		16 00
State warrant (by check of Prest. of State Horticultural Society)		500 00
Interest on bank deposits		45 55
Total	$	1,749 93

EXPENDITURES.

Expenses of R. W. Furnas, President	$	10 15
Salary of Secretary		100 00
Salary of Treasurer		25 00
Books, stationery, freight, and incidental expenses		210 55
Total	$	336 70
Bal. on deposit in First National Bank of Lincoln, Jan. 6, '90	$	1,413 25

Very Respectfully,

C. H. GERE, Treasurer.

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